No. 287

COME ON, MY PINK also known as Come, My Little Pink

This song comes down to us from the river steamboat era, when it was popular up and down the Mississippi. For a version called <u>Careless Love</u>, see Randolph, IV, 307 B. I don't know Randolph's reasons for associating <u>Come On</u>, <u>My Pink with Careless Love</u>, and he didn't explain why he did it.

For another river-boat version, see Wheeler (SD), 88.

Also see White Oak <u>Trees D</u> in MB.

Come On, My Pink

Come on, my pink, an' tell me what you think.
You're a long time makin' up your mind.
You told more lies than there's stars in the skies,
And your heart ain't no more mine.
Your heart ain't no more mine,
Your heart ain't no more mine.

O late last night when my baby came home,
I heard a heavy knockin' at the door.
I stepped across the floor in my stockin' feet:
Baby, don't you knock no more.
Baby, don't you knock no more.
Baby, don't you knock no more.

O yonder she comes, that old steamboat,
And that ol' boat is sixteen barges long.
If you should hear my sweetheart a-calling me,
Just tell her I'm dead and gone.
Just tell her I'm dead and gone.
Just tell her I'm dead and gone.

No. 288 COME TREMBLING DOWN

J 10 1

According to Krehbiel, p. 85, this is a slave spiritual. Actually, it is an adaptation of a revivalist hymn bearing an identical title. The hymn appeared in both the <u>Sacred Harp</u> and the <u>Social Harp</u>, two old shape-note hymnals.

Come Trembling Down

Come trembling down,
Go shouting home,
Safe in the sweet arms of Jesus.
Come trembling down,
Go shouting home,
Safe in the sweet arms of Jesus.

*Twas just about the break of day, King Jesus stole my heart away. *Twas just about the break of day, King Jesus stole my heart away.

King Jesus lives within my soul, And heaven is my only goal. King Jesus lives within my soul, And heaven is my only goal.

When I arrive beyond the blue, I'll pray and wait for all of you. When I arrive beyond the blue, I'll pray and wait for all of you.

保持保护保护保持保护保持保持保持保持保持

No. 289

come Yourselves and see also known as You Who Don't Believe It

A song from the California goldrush. Like most the other songs sung by the miners, this one is sung to a borrowed tune.

REFERENCES

Dwyer, 24

Ives (BA), 190

Ives (SB), 259

Come Yourselves and See Tune: Blue Tail Fly

There is no land upon this earth Contains the same amount of worth. And he that could not here reside Had ought to freeze the other side.

Chorus

You who don't believe it,
You who don't believe it,
You who don't believe it,
Come yourselves and see!

We've got more gold than all the world,

A flag that wins whene'er unfurled,

And smarter men to help us know

Than England, France, or Mexico.

We've smarted ships than Johnny Bull, Larger sheep with finer wool; A prison too! you cannot fail To throw a bull thro' by the tail.

We raise the largest cabbage heads, Got more and better feather beds. Of everything we've got the best, Including thieves who never rest.

We've got the highest mountains here, Taller trees and faster deer. We travel more, at higher rates, Than people in the Eastern States.

We've got a few unmarried gals, Railroads, ditches, and canals; Although we did repudiate A joke 'twas only to create.

To one and all, both young and old, You're welcome to the land of gold: So come along, be not afraid, We guarantee you'll be well paid.

No. 290

coming Around the Horn
also known as
Sailing Around the Horn

This is another of the California goldrush songs, with words by J. A. (Old Put) Stone. The original text, set to the tune of <u>Dearest Mae</u>, was published by Stone in <u>The Original California Songster</u>, San Francisco, 1855, p. 37.

REFERENCES

Black, 28-29 Dwyer, 29-30 Grant (SF), 103-104 Lengyel, 24-25 Lengyel (HB), 9-10

Lingenfelter, 23-24 Lomax (ABFS), 429-430 Sherwin (SGM), 40-41 Silber (SGAW), 27-29

Coming Around the Horn

Tune: Dearest Mae

Now people, if you'll listen,

I'll tell you quite a tale,

About our trip around the Horn

And how we came to sell.

We bought a ship and had her stowed

With lumber, tools and grub,

Then cursed the day we ever sailed

Aboard that rotten tub.

We left old New York City
With the weather very thick;
The second day we puked up boots—
Oh, wasn't we all sea-sick!
I swallowed pork tied to a string,
Which made a dreadful shout;
I felt it strike the bottom,
But I could not pull it out!

We all were owners in the ship,
And soon began to growl,
Because we hadn't ham and eggs,
And now and then a fowl.
We told the captain what to do,
As him we had to pay;
The captain swore that he was boss,
And we should him obey.

We stopped at Valparaiso,
Where the women are so loose,
And all got drunk as usual,
Got shoved in the Calaboose.
Our ragged, rotten sails were patched,
The ship made ready for the sea,
But every man, except the cook,
Was up town on a spree.

We sobered up, set sail again—
On short allowance, of course,
With water thick as castor oil,
And stinking beef much worse.
We had the scurvy and the itch,
And any amount of lice;
The medicine chest went overboard,
With bluemass, cards and dice.

We arrived at San Francisco
And all went to the mines;
We left an agent back
To sell our goods of various kinds.
A friend wrote up to let us know
Our agent, Mr. Gates,
Had sold the ship and cargo,
Sent the money to the States!

No. 291

coming through the RYE also known as Gin a Body Meet a Body

Source Song. This Scottish song is well and widely known in the English-speaking world. Author is unknown. Robert Burns did not, as is sometimes suggested, write the words; he merely touched up the text here and there, at the close of 1795. The tune is from an older song, The Miller's Daughter.

The popular idea of the song, understood as having references to passing through a field of grain, is erroneous. The song refers to the Rye River. Custom established a toll of kisses to be exacted from girls

who were met in crossing the stream on steppingstones—and this what "coming through the rye" acutally means.

REFERENCES

Chapple (HS), 113
Elson, 88-89
Ford (OTFM), 11
Gems, 132
Gilbert (100), 19
Hopekirk, 46-47
Johnson (FS), 403-404

Knight, 226
Macfarren, 30-31

Mackenzie (SH), 27

McCaskey, I, 64

Oberndorfer, 44

Silverman, I, 281

Songs (15), 15

Staton, 24

Wier (LS), 79-80

Wier (SWWS), 47

Wier (YAM), III, 112

Coming Through the Rye Tune: Miller's Daughter

If a body meet a body coming thro' the Rye,
If a body kiss a body, need a body cry?
Ev'ry lassie has her laddie,
None, they say say, have I;
Yet all the lads they smile at me,
When coming thro' the Rye.

If a body meet a body
Coming from the town,
If a body greet a body,
Need a body frown?
Ev'ry lassie has her laddie,
None, they say, have I;
Yet all the lads they smile at me,
When coming thro' the Rye.

No. 292

COMMON BILL

also known as

Bill

I Will Tell You of a Fellow

Hardly Think I Will

Billy Bill

I Know I Never Will

Woman's Resolution

Thought to be of English origin, this humorous old song was well-suited to the psychology of the American frontier. Several songs (some derived from this one) have the same theme, and this could be considered an example of the type.

REFERENCES

Broadwood (ECS), 52-53
Brown, II, 469-470; IV,
252-255
Davis (FSV), 176-177
Eddy, 160-162
Gardner (BSSM), 430-431
Hudson (FSM), 173-174
Jour (AFL), XXXV, 363364; XXXIX, 158
Linscott, 187-188
Lomax (ABFS), 325-326
Memiors (AFLS), XXIX, 90

Morris, 372-373
Perrow, XXVIII, 173
Pound, 214-215
Pound (SFSN), XXII, No. 12
Randolph, I, 427-428
Sandburg (AS), 62-63
Scarborough (SC), 308,
437
Shearin (SKFS), 29
Shekerjian, 144-146
Stout, 90
Tolman, XXIX), 171

Common Bill

I will tell you of a fellow
Who treats me like a queen,
But when it comes to courtin'
He's the worst I've ever seen.
Tho' his name is really William,
Everybody calls him Bill;

And he's after me to marry him, But the thought gives me a chill.

Last Sunday he came calling
And ruined my whole day!
And it seemed as if the blockhead
Would never go away.
From the first I learned to hate him,
And I swear I hate him still!
But he's after me to marry him,
Tho' I know I never will.

I wonder why I listen
To what he has to say,
For he says unless we marry
He won't live another day.
You know the Holy Bible plainly says
"Thou shalt not kill"—
I have thought the matter over,
And I guess I'll marry Bill.

No. 293

THE CONSTITUTION AND THE GUERRIERE also known as

Hull-and Victory Hull's Victory Yanke Doodle Dandy O!

This is one of several songs dealing with a naval battle in the War of 1812. The battle was celebrated in song because it was the first great naval victory of the Americans: Isaac Hull, commanding the US's Constitution, defeated the British frigate Guerriere on Aug. 19, 1812. As a result of that battle, the Constitution became known as Old Ironsides.

It is difficult to estimate the number of songs called <u>Constitution</u> and <u>Guerriers</u>, but all of them, including this one, were in celebration of Hull's victory. British revenge songs came later, when the <u>Shannon</u> engaged and defeated the American ship <u>Chesapeake</u>. See <u>The Shannon and the Chesapeake</u> in this <u>Master Book</u>.

Of this song, Jackson (ESUS) says it was written to be sung to an older tune, that it was published in the Popular National Songster, and listed neither the name of the tune or the page number in the Songster. In fact, the tune is an alteration of A Drop of Brandy, O! or The Landlady of France, depending upon the version known to you.

Early versions of this song are in the <u>Bulletin of</u>
the <u>Essex Institute</u>, IX, 88-89; <u>The Minstrel Boy</u>,
1830, 135; <u>Singer's Own Bong Book</u>, 1837, 24; and
Stevenson's <u>Poems of American History</u>, 288. There is
also an undated broadside copy, printed at Boston,
said to be almost contemporary with the battle, on
file at Harvard Gollege Library.

At the time of the Civil War this song was imitated by Yankee Boye So Handy, O!, published as a broadside at Boston (Partridge, No. 520).

REFERENCES

Amer (7-1916), 3-4
Botkin (NEF), 854-856
Burchenal (ACD), 30
Colcord, 130-132
Columbian (1-1814), 134-136
Cox (FSS), 257-258
Durlacher, 154
Eggleston, I, 115
Firth (NSB), 309, 361
Pord (BB), No. 3027
Ford (TMA), 74

Friedman, 291-293
Glass (SS-1), 16-17
Gray, 144-147
Greig & Duncan, No. 43
Harlow, 184-186
Jackson (ESUS), 89
Lawrence, 194-195
Laws (NAB), 121
Linscott, 87
Lomax (FSNA), 49
Luce (1902), 28-29

McCarty, II, 216-218 Scott (BA), 108-110 Shaw, 388 Shay (ASSC), 161-164 Silber (SI), 191-193 Songster (14-1817), 122 Songster (161), 297-299 Songster (164-1829), 44 Trident, 8-9

The Constitution and the Guerriere

It oft*times has been told that the British seaman bold

Could flog the tars of France so neat and dandy, 0! But they never found their match till the Yankees they did catch,

For the Yankee boys for fighting are the dandy, 0!

The Guerriere, a frigate bold, on the foamy ocean rolled.

Commanded by proud Dacres, the gran-dee, 0! With as choice a British crew as a rammer ever drew, They could flog the Frenchmen two to one so handy, 0!

When this frigate hove in view, says proud Dacres to his crew,

"Come, clear the ship for action, and be handy, 0! To the weather gauge, boys, get her," and to make his men fight better,

Gave them to drink gun-powder mixed with brandy, 0!

The British shot flew hot, which the Yankees answered not,

Till they got within the distance they called handy, O! Then said Hull unto his crew, "Boys, let's see what they can do.

If we take these boasting Britons, we're the dandy, O!"

Then the first broadside we poured, carried their mainmast by the board,

Which made the lofty frigate look abandoned, O!
Then Dacres shook his head and to his officers said,
"Lord, I didn't think those Yankess were so handy, O!"

Then Dacres came on board to deliver up his sword,

Loath was he to part with it—it was so handy, 0!

"Oh, keep your sword," says Hull, "It only makes you dull.

Cheer up, let's have a little bit of brandy, o!"

No. 294

CONUNDRUM SONG

This is one of a large group of songs using words in a series of questions designed to be humorous. For another version, see Ford (TMA), 439-440.

Conundrum Song Tune: Wearing of the Green

Do ships have eyes when they go to sea? Are there springs in the ocean bed?

Does the jolly tar flow from a tree?

Does a river ever lose its head?

Are fishes crazy when they go in seine? Can an old hen sing her lay? Can you give relief to a windowpane? Can you mend the break of day?

What vegetable is a policeman's beat?

Is a newspaper white when it's read?

Is a baker broke when he's making dough?

Is an undertaker's business dead?

Would a wall-paper store make a good hotel.

Because of the borders there?

Would you paint a rabbit on a bald man's

head,

3130 701

Just to give him a little hair?

No. 295

CORNWALLIS' COUNTRY DANCE

This old song, published in 1781, can be sung to two different melodies. According to Burl Ives, it was where sung to a tune that later became Pop! Goes the Weasel. Perhaps. But every version I have seen is set to the tune of Yankee Doodle.

The text of the song deals with the military campaign of General Cornwallis of England in the Carolinas and Virginia. Cornwallis captured Charleston and Savannah, but with very disappointing results. Guerrila warfare by Francis Marion, Sumter, and the Mountain Boys, rendered Cornwallis' campaign fruitless. However, the song deals only with the way Cornwallis and America's General Greene fought back and forth through North Carolina and Virginia.

These back and forth battles brought to mind the old Contre Dance, in which two facing lines move alternately forward and backward. Authors wrote of Cornwallis and Greene as if they were engaged in a comic versions of the old dance.

REFERENCES

Brand (S-76), 156-157

Ives (SA), 270-271

Ives (SB), 104-105

Lawrence, 93

Vinson, 54-55

Cornwallia: Country Dance Tune: Yankee Doodle

Cornwallis led a country dance, The like was never seen, sir; Much retrograde, and much advance, And all with General Greene, sir.

They rambled up, and rambled down, Joined hands, then off they run, sir: Our General Greene to Charlestown And the Earl to Wilmington, sir.

Greene in the South then danced a set, And got a mighty name, sir; Cornwallis jigged with Lafayette, But suffered in his fame, sir.

Quoth he, "My guards are weary grown With footing country dances; They never at St. James' shown At capers, kicks, or prances.

"The men so gallant ne'er were seen While sauntering on parade, sir, Or wriggling o'er the Park's smooth green, Or at a masquerade, sir."

Now house in York he challenged all To minuet or all mande, And lessons for a courtly ball His guards by day and night conn'd.

The challenge aired, full soon there came A set who knew the dance, sir:

De Grasse, and Rochambeau, whose fame

Proved certain to advance, sir.

And Washington, Columbia's son, Whom easy nature taught, sir,

That grace which con't by pains be won, Or Pluto's gold be bought, sir.

Now hand and hand they circle round This ever-dancing peer, sir; Their gentle movements soon confound The Earl as they draw near, sir.

His music he forgets to play, His feet can move no more, sir; And all his hands now curse the day They jigg'd it to our shore, sir.

Now, Tories all, what can you say?

Come, is not this a griper?

That while your hipes are danced away,

*Tis you must pay the piper.

No. 296

CORPORAL SCHNAPPS

This humorous song was published by Root and Cady, Philadelphia, 1864. It is one of many popular songs written by Henry Clay Work (1834-1884). This song recounts the experiences of one of the thousands of German volunteers in the Union Army.

REFERENCES

Cox (FSS), 283 Dolph, 308-311 Glass (SS-2), 110

Corporal Schnapps

My health is broken into little pits, I tell you, friend, what for: Mine sweetheart, von coot patriotic kirl, She drives me off mit der war. I fights for her der pattles of te flag, I schtrikes so prave as I can; Put now long time she nix remembers me, And coes mit another man.

Chorus

Ah! Mein fraulein!
You ish so ferry unkind!
You coes mit Hans
To Zhermany to live,
And leaves poor Schnapps pehind.

I march all tay, no matter if der schterm

Pe worse ash Moses' flood;

I lays all night, mine head upon a schtump,

And sinks to sleep in der mud.

Der nightmare comes, I catch him ferry bad,

I dreams I sleeps mit der ghost;

I wakes next morning frozen in der cround,

So schtiff as von schtone post.

"Hart times!" you say, "what for you wolunteer?"
I tolt you, friend, what for:
Mine schweet-heart, won coot patriotic kirl,
She trove me off mit der war.
Alas! alas! mine bretty little won
Vill schmile no more on me;
Put schtill I fights de pattles of te flag,
To set mine countries free.

No. 297

COTTON-EYED JOE I

What we have here is probably a fragment of a much longer song, with the emphasis on "probably." I do know that two songs share this title, and that the

second is available in more published collections and in more versions than the first (this one). Whether there is a distant and firm relationship, aside from the title, I do not know. I do know that the tune for this was borrowed for a song called Black Bart (see in MB).

See and compare, Lomax (OSC), 99 and Winn (1), 25. Also see Cotton-Eyed Joe II in MB.

Cotton-Eyed Joe I

Where did you come from? Where did you go? What did you see there, Cotton-eyed Joe?

Come for to see you, come for to sing, Come for to show you my big diamond ring.

Got me a fiddle, and got me a bow, And I'll learn to play like Cotton-eyed Joe.

Over the mountains now I must go; It's farewell to you, Cotton-eyed Joe.

Maybe I'll be back, but I don't think so.

Farewell forever, Cotton-eyed Joe!

No. 298

COTTON-EYED JOE II

This is a square-dance, or breakdown piece, and it has a much wider circulation than the preceding song. For another song set to the tune of this one, see Page's Train Runs So Fast in Brown, III, 138-139.

REFERENCES

Edwards (CGSB), 72
Ford (OTFM), 10
Ford (TMA), 60
Ives (SA), 143
Lomax (ABFS), 262
Lomax (OSC), 99
Lomax (PB), 58

Scarborough (NFS), 69 Silverman, I, 354 Talley, 32 Thede, 26-27 Thomas (SG), 60 White, 359 Winn (1), 25

Cotton-Eyed Joe II

Don't you remember, don't you know,
Don't you remember Cotton-Eyed Joe?
Cotton-Eyed Joe, Cotton-Eyed Joe,
Tell me why you treat me so?
I'd-a been married twenty years ago
If I'd never met ol' Cotton-Eyed Joe!

Haven't seen Joe since way last fall.

Has anybody seen him at all?

He stole my gal away from me,

Took her off to Tennessee.

I'd-a been married twenty years ago

If I'd never met ol' Cotton-Eyed Joe!

His teeth were gone, his nose was flat,
His eyes were crossed—she didn't mind that!
Cotton-Eyed Joe was tall and slim,
Which is why she followed him.
I'd-a been married twenty years ago
If I'd never met ol' Cotton-Eyed Joe!

No. 299

courting case I

A Fair Proposal

If You Will Marry Me

If You Will Walk With Me

I'll Give to You a Paper

of Pins

Dress
The Lovers' Quarrel
A Paper of Pins
A Row of Pins

C# 13 1 1 15 14

This is one of a series of male-female dialoguecourting songs. The dialogues of courtship are among
the oldest and most widely diffused of traditional
songs. The situation in texts may vary but the theme
is always the same. In some the wooer is at first rejected, or, at least, resisted, then is finally accepted. In others the wooer is refused despite all the
possessions offered, usually because of age difference,
some personal fault, such as being a drunkard, a gambler, etc. By and large, the songs are satirical and
humorous, although one or two may reveal a sadistic
streak.

This particular song has a long tradition on both sides of the Atlantic. However, its development in the U. S. was somewhat different from the course it followed in Great Britain. Here it has survived in two forms: as a game song and as a song of entertainment. The major difference between American and English versions is more cultural than conceptual. Which explains why endings are never the same in the two countries. For example, in English versions the wooer is sincerely romantic. This sincerity is either omitted or parodied in most American versions. In all versions, however, the female generally rejects all offers of marriage until she is offered a chest of gold, or keys to the chest, or some other treasure. Thus revealed as a

greedy wence, the wooer rejects her and ends the song.

Mewell, who takes credit for being the first to print this song in America (and rightly), says "a paper of pins" is merely a substitute for "a pennorth of pine." The song is merely an Americanized version of <u>Courting</u> Case II, which follows it.

REFERENCES

Agay (1), 39 Arnold, 138-139 Belden (BS), 507-509 Bertail, 93 Brown, III, 6-9; ₹, 3 Campbell & Sharp, No. 92 Chase (OSSG), 20-21 Collins. 56 Davie (FSV). 229-231 Eddy. 120-125 Emrich (CBF), 14 Farnsworth, 51-53 Flanders (VFSB), 160-161 Fuson, 82, 152 Gainer, 184-186 Gardner (BSSM), 428-429 Halliwell (NR), 92 Henry (FSSH), 291-295 Hubbard, 378-380 Hudson (FSM), 276-277 Hudson (SMFS), No. 113 Ives (SA), 40-41 Ives (SB), 40-41 Jour (AFL), XXIX, 198; XXXIX, 180; XL, 9; XLIV, 103; XLV, 118; XLIX. 260; LVI. 109

Jour (FSS), II. 85-88; IV. 297: VII. 92 Kincaid No. 1, 34 Langstaff (1), 18-19 Leisy, 261-262 Leisy (LAS), 39 Leisy (SPS), 84-85 Linscott. 20-23 Lomax (ABFS), 323-324 Mason, 27 McIntosh (FSSG), 87-89 Memoirs (AFL), XXIX, 42 Moore (BFSS), 256-259 Morris, 422-425 Meely, 192-195 Newell, 51-55 Niles (MSHF), 10-11 Pound, 226-228 Pound (SFSN), XIII, No. 7 Quarterly (SFL), VI, 224-230 Randolph. III. 40-45 Randolph (Ozarks), 217 Roberts (SBS), 162-164 Scarborough (SC), 299,

435

Scott (RA), 11-13

Sharp, II, 45-49
Sharp (ECFS), 32
Sharp (EFS), II, 110
Sharp (FSFS), 33-35
Shearin (SKFS), 29
Silverman, I, 106
Stout, 42

Thomas (DD), 160-161
Thomas (SG), 2-3
Whiting (FLM), 150
Williams (FSUT), 80-81
Wier (YAM), I, 146
Winn (2), 78

Courting Case I

I'll give to you a paper of pins, And that is how our love begins, If you will marry me, me, me, If you will marry me.

I do not want a paper of pins.
That's not the way our love begins,
And I'll not marry you, you, you,
And I'll not marry you.

If I give you a gown of green,
And dress you like some foreign queen,
Will you then marry me, me, me,
Will you then marry me?

If you gave me a gown of green,
To dress me like some foreign queen,
I would not marry you, you, you,
I would not marry you.

I'll give to you a dress of red, All stitched around with golden thread, If you will marry me, me, me, If you will marry me.

I do not want your dress of red, All stitched around with golden thread, And I won't marry you, you, you, And I won't marry you.

I'll give to you my golden chest And all the money I possess, If you will marry me, me, me, If you will marry me.

I'll take from you your golden chest And all the money you possess, And I will marry you, you, you, And I will marry you.

Ho, ho, ho, if my wealth is all, My offer now I must recall, For I won't marry you, you, you, Ho, I won't marry you!

No. 300

COURTING CASE II

The Bells of Canterbury
Blue Muslin
If Thou Wilt Walk With Me
I Will Give You the Keys
of Heaven

of the Kingdom
The Keys of Canterbury
The Keys of Heaven
Keys of the Kingdom
Keys to Heaven

This is the English form of the preceding song, and it is much older. Versions of this piece have been collected from oral sources in America, but only in a few localities.

For comparative reasons, the version below is from Parnsworth, 51-53.

REFERENCES

Baring-Gould (SW), I,

46-47
Broadwood (ECS), 32-33
Chambers (PRS), 213
Halliwell (NR), 96, 234
Halliwell (PRNT), 21
Ives (SA), 40-41
Jour (FSS), II, 85

Mason, 67
Randolph, III, 42-43
Reeves, 140-143
Reeves (EC), 169-170
Richardson (AMS), 52-53
Sharp (100), 148-149
Williams (FSUT), 81-82

Courting Case II

O Madam, I will give to you
The keys of Canterbury,
And all the bells in London
Shall ring to make us merry,
If you will be my joy,
My sweet and only dear,
And walk along with me, anywhere.

I shall not, sir, accept of you
The keys of Canterbury,
Nor all the bells in London
Shall ring to make us merry;
I will not be your joy,
Your sweet and only dear,
Nor walk along with you, anywhere.

O Madam, I will give to you
A little golden bell,
To ring for all your servants
And make them serve you well,
If you will be my joy, etc.

I shall not, sir, accept of you A little golden bell,
To ring for all your servants
And make them serve me well.
I will not be your joy, etc.

O Madam, I will give to you A gallant silver chest, With a key of gold and silver And jewels of the best, If you will be my joy, etc.

I shall not, sir, accept of you A gallant silver chest, A key of gold and silver And jewels of the best. I will not be your joy, etc.

O Madam, I will give to you A broidered silken gown, With nine yards a-drooping And training on the ground, If you will be my joy, etc.

O Sir, I will accept of you

A broidered silken gown,

With nine yards a-drooping

And training on the ground.

Then I will be your joy,

Your sweet and only dear,

And walk along with you, anywhere.

No. 301

COURTING CASE III

All Her Answers to Me Were

The Courting Song

Madam, I Am Come a-Courting

Madam, I've Come a-Courting

The Old Quaker

O, Madam, I Have Come

A Quaker Goes a-Courtin'
The Quaker's Courtship
The Quaker's Song
The Quaker's Wooing
The Sober Quaker

This courting-dialogue song is far more popular in America than in Britain, where it originated. There are many varying versions, but most of them tell the same story.

With this song we have a good example of how professional collectors often confuse non-professionals through unclear and unwarranted statements about song relationship. Both Belden and Lomax say this song is related to Paper of Pins (Courting Case I). Linscott states it this way: It is a variation of Keys to Heaven (Courting Case II) "from which the old singing game, I'll Give To You A Paper Of Pins, is derived." As a matter of hard fact, the only relation between the first two songs (Courting Case I & II) and this one is the general theme of the subject matter; the courting, the offers and the rejections. None of this, however, indicates that this song is derived from either one or the other of the designated songs. For an interesting song with an identical theme, see Madam, You Came Courting in Creighton (MFS), 121.

REFERENCES

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Cox (FSS), 465-466
Creighton (SBNS), 46-47
Creighton (TSNS), 199-200
Davis (FSV), 235-236
Eddy, 293-294
Focus, III, 276
Gardner (BSSM), 424-427
Jackson (ASWS), No. 70
Jour (AFL), XVIII, 55;
XXIV, 343; XXIX,
198; XLIX, 247; LIX,
460; LXVI, 50
Linscott, 276-278
Lomax (FSNA), 28

Mackenzie, 380, 408

Moore (BFSS), 215-217

Morris, 378-379

Newell, 94-95

Pound, 223-224

Pound (SFSN), XIII, No. 9

Quarterly (SFL), III, 206;

V, 182

Randolph, III, 55-60

Sandburg (AS), 71

Shay (DFW), 127

Shekerjian, 148-149

Silverman, I, 108

Courting Case III

O Madam, I have come a-courtin'.
O dear me!

Come for pleasure not for sportin*.

O dear me!

Don't want none of your Quaker action, Listen to what I say: You're gonna drive me to distraction! Please get away, get away!

I'll buy the ring if thou art willing?
O dear me!

Life with thee would be quite thrilling!
O dear me!

Keep your ring and save your money, Listen to what I say: I want a man who'll call me honey. Please get away, get away! My love, I'll be a Presbyterian.

O dear me!

Then we'll be of one persausion.

O dear me!

There's no need to change your religion,

Listen to what I say:

I wouldn't have no turn-coat Christian!

Please get away, get away!

Must I leave you without a token?

O dear me!

Would thou see my poor heart broken?

O dear me!

I have no token for you, my brother,

Listen to what I say:

Better you go and chase another.

Please get away, get away!

No. 302

COURTING CASE IV

also known as

Lovely Creature

My Father Was a Spanish

Captain

My Father Was a Spanish

Merchant

No. John

No, John, No!

No. Sir!

Mo. Sir! No. Sir!

Oh, No, John!

Oh. No. John, No!

Oh, No! No, Sir, No!

The Scottish Merchant's

Daughter

The Spanish Lady

Spanish Merchant

There She Stands, a Lovely

Creature

Yonder Stands a Lovely

Creature

This courting-dialogue song dates back to the 17th century. It has undergone some changes in its journey down to the present time. Frequently published

in folios and song-books, the song is widely known. In many recovered versions we find that the song has "picked up" lines and stanzas from other songs of the same form, specially the "Madam, I have gold and silver" stanza.

This song exists in two forms, one with and one without the O No, John or No, Sir, No refrain. For a version of the latter form, see Courting Case V in this MB. Both forms are usually confused and blended together in most American collections, particularly through reference lists, but a sampling of each form is given below.

For a combination of the two forms, see <u>Uh-Huh</u>, <u>No</u> in Lomax (FSNA), 314 and Silverman, I, 96. For an interesting discussion of this form, see Reeves, 162. For a modern version of the song below, see <u>ETUDE</u>, Feb. 1934, p. 100.

REFERENCES

Armitage, I, 15 Best. 41 Brown, III, 25-27; V, 15-17 Buck (OSB), 147 Bulletin (TFS), III, 96 Cole. 30-31 Davis (FSV), 237 Ebsworth (RB), VIII, 852 Eddy, 146 Farnsworth, 30-31 Puson, 81 Jour (AFL), XXIV, 341; XXXV, 405 Jour (FSS), IV, 297

Kidson (ESG), 84

Kincaid No. 1, 44 Korson (PSL), 50-51 Leisy. 246-247 Leisy (GTS), 282-283 Leisy (SPS), 86-87 Memoirs (AFL), XXIX, 44 Moore (BFSS), 217-218 Morris. 358-359 Oberndorfer, 38-39 Pound (SFSN), XIII, 43 Randolph. III. 104-105 Roberts (IP), 217-218 Scott (FSS), 11 Sedley, 30 Sharp (EFS), II, 116 Sharp (FSFS), 46-47 Sharp (100), 154-155

Shay (PF-2), 82-84 Wier (LS), 63 Shay (PF-3), 154-155 Songs (15), 149 Stout, 44

Wolford, 73-74 Wyman (TKMS), 98-101

Courting Case IV

My father was a traveling salesman, Where he is I do not know. Before he died he made me promise Always to answer a young man "no." No. no. no. sir, no! Always to answer a young man "no."

"Madam, if you were out walking In the evening's early dew, Would you be happy or offended If I were to come and walk with you?" No. no, no, sir, no! Always to answer a young man "no."

"If one evening you were sitting 'Neath an evening sky so blue, Would you be offended, Madam, If I were to come and sit with you?" No. no. no. sir, no! Always to answer a young man "no."

When one evening we were sitting, And her blushes she did show. "Is there any real objection To the kiss I now bestow?" No, no, no, sir, no! Always to answer a young man "no."

(Version B)

On yonder hill there stands a creature, Who she is I do not know; I'll go and court her for her beauty— She must answer Yes or No.

O no, John! No, John! No, John, No!

Upon her dress she's wearing posies, On her breast the flowers glow; If I should remove a posy, She must answer Yes or No.

O no, John! No, John! No, John, No!

Now Madam, I have come to woo you, For your favor I must gain; If you will allow the courting, Perhaps 'twill not be in vain. O no, John! No, John! No, John, No!

My husband is a Spanish merchant, Sailed away a month ago; When we kissed, as he departed, Made me swear to answer "No."

O no, John! No, John! No, John, No!

Upon her face I see much beauty,
Beauty few will ever know;
In my bed there is much pleasure—
Will she share it, Yes or No?
O no, John! No, John! No, John, No!

Now here we are in bed together. Did you hear the whistle blow? Take your arms from all around me, Turn me loose and let me go.

O no, John! No, John! No, John, No!

No. 303

COURTING CASE V

Bachelor's Song Come, My Little Roving Sailor The Courting Cage Dance Up The Drunkard's Courtship The Gambling Suitor Here She Stands, a Lovely Creature If You Will Early Be My Bride If You Will Only Be My Bride Kind Miss Kind Sir Kind Sir. I See You've Come Again Lady on the Mountain Lady on Yonder Hill Madam, I Have Gold and Silver Oh, Pretty Girl Oh, Pretty Miss O Madam. I Have a Fine

House

O Madam, I Have Come A-Courtin' On a Mountain Stands a Lady The Ripest Apples The Roving Sailor Seven Long Years The Spanish Lady The Spanish Maiden There She Stands, A Lovely Creature There Stands a Lady There Stands a Lady on a Mountain Twenty, Eighteen The Unsuccessful Suitor What Care I For Gold and Silver? The Wooing Yankee Boys Yonder Comes a Heavenly Creature Yonder Comes a Lovely Creature Yonder Stands a Lovely

Creature

It has been suggested that this whole family of courting-dialogue pieces probably derived from the English song, No, John, Ho! (Courting Case IV). Maybe. It is true, however, that a number of versions are combined and fused with No. John, No! Versions of the song given below are also set down in several published collections as though they were actually versions of other songs. Northall, 276, has it as a version of Sally Water (see Sally Walker in MB). In fact, this is one of those folk songs with such a long tradition that collectors and singers are tempted to alter it, or to add to it lines and stanzas from other songs. The opposite is also true, and we find lines from this song in others; and this presents us with a problem. Because time has spawned so many versions, it is difficult to know which version came first. The six versions given below $(\underline{A} \text{ thro: } \underline{F})$ are offered merely as representatives of the whole family of such songs. Those desiring to examine additional versions should consult the works listed immediately below.

REFERENCES

Belden (BS), 506-507

Botkin (AFL), 804-805

Botkin (APPS), 356-357

Broadwood (ECS), 90-91

Brown, III, 9-10, 13;

V, 6, 11

Burne, 551, 652

Butterworth, 2-3

Chappell (FSRA), 199-200

Chase (AFTS), 146-147

Cox (PSS), 465-466

Babcock, 247

Davis (FSV), 232-234
Douglas, 85
Eddy, 222-223
Emrich (FAL), 555-556
Farnsworth, 88-89
Flanders (VFSB), 154-155
Gardiner, 41
Gardner (BSSM), 417-419
Gillington (SOR), 22
Gomme, I, 320-324
Hornby, 40
Hudson (FSM), 167-169

Jour (AFL), XXVII, 299;
XXXI, 40; XXXII,
126; XLVI, 36; XLIX,
247

Jour (EFDSS), I, 134
Jour (FSS), II, 87-88
Kidson (ESG), 84
Lomax (FSNA), 210, 314
Hewell, 55-56
Forthall, 376
Quarterly (SFL), V, 182
Randolph, III, 361-363

Randolph (Ozarks), 216
Reeves, 163-164
Reeves (EC), 220-221
Sandburg (AS), 144
Scarborough (SC), 304308, 436-437
Sedley, 41
Sharp, II, 249-251, 279
Sharp (FSE), III, 41
Silverman, I, 122
Thomas (SG), 4-5
Williams (FSUT), 196

Courting Case V

O pretty Miss, why are you frowning? The whole wide world is surely yours; And isn't it a lovely morning To take a stroll and be out doors?

Well, Sir, it seems you are back again.

Pray tell me why you're at my door?

When we parted the other evening,

I thought you gone forever-more.

O pretty Miss, go ask your father
If you and I can married be;
If he says "No," go ask your mother.
If she says "Yes," then come to me.

No, Sir, I will not ask my father If you and I can married be.

Wor will I ask my mother either,

For you will never marry me.

O pretty Miss, I have some money, I have a house and lots of land, All of which I will gladly give you, If you will wear my wedding band.

Kind Sir, you can keep your money, And keep your house and lots of land; I wish you'd go and woo another— I'll never wear your wedding band;

O pretty Miss, you're so cold-hearted, I think it best to change my mind; I will go and seek another, One of the warmer-hearted kind.

Well, Sir, you make me very happy.
At last I've got my message through:
Were you the only man on this earth,
I doubt that I would marry you!

Version B, or The Roving Sailor
Oh, my handsome roving sailor,
Sailing far across the sea;
Oh, my handsome roving sailor,
Sailing home to marry me.

Madam, I have gold and silver, Madam, I have house and land, Madam, I have a world of treasure, All shall be at your command.

What care I for gold and silver? What care I for house and land? What care I for all that treasure? I just want a handsome man. Madam, do not stand on beauty,
For beauty is a fading flower:
The reddest rose in yonder garden
Will fade away in half an hour.

Version C, or Spanish Maiden

Yonder stands a Spanish maiden—
Who she is I do not know.
But I will court her for her beauty,
And let her answer Yes or No.

O fair maid, I've come a-courtin', Some kind favor for to win. If you agree to entertain me, Perhaps I will come again.

I have built a very fine house, All neat and rectified, Which you shall have at your command, If you'll but be my bride.

I know you have a very fine house, And I have seen your barn; But you're too bold and far too old, And to be your bride I scorn.

Madam, I have a very fine horse,
A beauty for to ride,
Which you shall have at your command,
If you will be my bride.

I know you have a very fine horse,
And I do like to ride;
But you're too fond of drinking wine,
And I cannot be your bride.

Madam, you're such a scornful dame, So very hard to please; When you get old and pinched with cold, I hope to God you'll freeze!

While I am young, with flattering tongue, I keep myself from harm;
When I am old and pinched with cold,
My clothes will keep me warm.

Version D, or There She Stands

There she stand's, a lovely creature—
Who she is I do not know;
I have claimed her for her beauty,
Let her answer Yes or No.

Madam, I have gold and silver, And I have a house and land; Madam, I have ships on the ocean, And ev'rything's at your command.

What care I for your gold and silver? What care I for your house and land? What care I for ships upon the sea? All I want is a nice young man.

Version E, or Kind Sir

O Madam, I'm a courting case, A lover on a string; To you I'd give up all my store, If it cost me everything.

Kind Sir, you are a courting case, Like many I have seen; But if you think you're courting me, I think you're rather green.

O Madam, I've a very fine farm, Pull sixty acres wide; I shall place it at your command, If you will be my bride.

Kind Sir, you've got a very fine farm And a stand of woods to boot, But if I get on that fine farm I'll hang you on a root.

O Madam, I've a very fine house, It's plastered white inside; I shall place it at your command, If you will be my bride.

Kind Sir, you've got a very fine house, It's waiting for your bride; But if I get in that fine house, I'll soon shut you outside.

O Madam, you have rosy cheeks,

And I have got my land;

And you have got your coal-black hair,

But no ring on your hand.

Kind Sir, I have my rosy cheeks, And welcome to your land. O yes, I have my coal-black hair, And want no weding band.

The ripest apples soonest rot,
The hottest love grows cold;
But I will have a nice young man,
For you are much too old!

Version P, or Lady on the Mountain

There she stands, a lady on the mountain, Who she is I do not know; All she wants is gold and silver, All she wants is a nice young man.

Madam, will you walk? Madam, will you talk? Madam, will you marry me?

No!

Not if I buy you A nice arm chair. To sit in your garden When you take the air?

No!

No. 304

COURTING CASE VI also known as

A California Boy Miss. Will You Have a

Miss, Will You Have a Farmer's Son Farmer's Boy? A Southern Lad

This particular courting-dialogue song was recovered in North Carolina by Frank C. Brown. I have not seen it in any other published collection. This song is quite different from the preceding family of courtingdialogue songs, for it concentrates on the type of man rather than on his possessions. See Brown, III, 14.

Miss, will you have a farmer's son?

No, no, not a farmer's son!

He is tough and he is so rough—

No, no, not a farmer's son!

Miss, will you have a shoemaker's son?
No, no, not a shoemaker's son!
It's peg it here, peg a little there—
No, no, not a shoemaker's son!

Miss, will you have a California Boy?
Yes, yes, a California boy:
He looks so bold with pockets full of gold—
Yes, yes, a California boy!

Miss, will you have a Dutchman's son?

No, no, not a Dutchman's son!

He makes such a fuss, don't know how to cuss—

No, no, not a Dutchman's son!

Miss, will you have a Southern lad?
Yes, yes, a Southern lad!
He looks so neat and he kisses so sweet—
Yes, yes, a Southern lad!

No. 305

COURTING CASE VII also known as

Dutchman, Dutchman, Won't
You Marry Me?
Soldier, Soldier, Marry Me
Soldier, Soldier, Will You Marry Me?
Soldier, Soldier, Will You
Marry Me?

Me?

The tables are reversed in this courting-dialogue song;

it is the woman doing the courting and the man doing the rejecting. The song has been popular in America since the Revolution, and before. An English army song, it was probably brought to America during colonial times by British troops. Later, it was used as a game song by children.

REFERENCES

Bertail, 55 Brewster (BSI), 357 Brown. III. 15; V. 8-9 Brown (BLNC), 10 Bulletin (TFS), V, 35 Campbell & Sharp, No. 90 Cox (FSS), 467 Davis (FSV), 236 Dearmer (ST), 82 Eddy, 211-212 Emrich (CBF), 7 Flanders (GGMS), 60 Flanders (VFSB), 61 Fuson, 77-78 Gainer, 157-158 Hubbard, 120 Jour (AFL), XXXIII, 158 Jour (EFDSS), III, 121

Jour (FSS), V, 56 Karpeles, 234 Karpeles (FSN), II, 140 Kincaid No. 1. 31 Leisy, 304-305 Lloyd, 72-73 Newell, 93-94 Perrow. XXVIII, 158 Pound, 224-225 Pound (SFSN), XXII, No. 21 Randolph, I, 289-290 Richardson (AMS), 51 Roberts (SBS), 164-165 Scott (BA), 30-31 Scott (SA), 53 Sharp, II, 40-41 Silverman, I, 99 Wier (YAM), I, 155 Winn (2), 80-83

Courting Case VII

Soldier, soldier, will you marry me, With your knapsack, fife, and drum? O no, my pretty maiden, I cannot marry you, For I have no coat to put on. So away she ran to the tailor's shop, As fast as she could run, And brought him one of the very best, And the soldier put it on.

Soldier, soldier, will you marry me, With your knapsack, fife, and drum? O no, my pretty maiden, I cannot marry you, For I have no shoes to put on.

Then away she ran to the old shoe shop, As fast as she could run, And bought a pair of the very best, And the soldier put them on.

Soldier, soldier, will you marry me, With your knapsack, fife, and drum? O no, my pretty maiden, I cannot marry you, For I have a good wife at home.

No. 306

COURTING CASE VIII

A-Shining
His Old Gray Beard
Newly Shaven
His Old Guitar and Banjo
His Old Shoes and Leggins
My Mother Bid Me
Oh! But I Won't Have Him
Old Beard A-Shakin'
Old Beard Newly Shaven
Old Black Booger
Old Boots and Leggins

Old Grey-Man
Old Guitar and Banjo
The Old Man
An Old Man Came to See Me
An Old Man He Courted Me
The Old Man's Courtship
The Old Man That Came
Over the Lea
The Old Man Who Came Over
the Moor
Old Shiboots and Leggins
Old Shoes and Leggins

Old Taffyham Shoes, Boots and Leggins Skiboots and Leggins
With His Old Gray Beard
A-Hanging

This is a courting song without the dialogue treatment, and the story is told by the female that is being courted. This, too, is an ancient theme in European folklore. The oldest version (see A below) dates back to at least the first part of the 18th century; it came to America from Great Britain.

Version B is more recent, and it originated in America sometime after 1920.

A version of the song was printed in the London <u>Musical Miscellany</u>, <u>III</u>, p. 10 (1730), and was already well-known prior to that time.

REFERENCES

Arnold, 22 Belden (BS), 264 Bell (APBS), 237 Brewster (BSI), 255-256 Brown, III, 17-20; V. 9-10 Campbell & Sharp, No. 108 Christie. II. 96-97 Cox (FSS), 489 Creighton (TSNS), 190-191 Davis (FSV). 489 Eddy, 132-135 Ford (VSBS), 130 Gardner (BSSM), 413-414 Graham (DSNE), 11 Greig, II, art. 149 Henry (BMFB), No. 4

Henry (FSSH), 301-302 Henry (SSSA), 9-10 Herd, II, 33-34 Hubbard, 152-153 Jour (AFL), XXVIII, 158 Jour (EFDSS), III, 130 Jour (FSS). II. 273 Johnson (SMM), IV, 429 Kidson (FSNC), 60-61 Kidson (TT). 92 Kincaid No. 1, 47 Lomax (OSC), 132-133 Lomax (PB), 49 Mason, 33 Memoirs (AFL), XXII, 30 Moore (BFSS), 253-254 Morris, 376-378 Owens (TFS), 217 Perrow, XXVII, 185

Quarterly (SFL), III, 207 Randolph, I, 291-294 Sharp, II, 93-95 Sharp (FSEO), 66 Shoemaker (MMP), 307-308 Stout, 30 Thomson (OC), I, 102-103 Tolman, 185 Williams (FSUT), 73

Courting Case VIII (Version A)

A rich old man came over the lea, But no, indeed, I won't have him! Came over the lea a-courtin' me, With his old shoes and leggins.

My mom told me to open the door,
But no, indeed, I won't have him!
I opened the door, he bowed to the floor,
In his old shoes and leggins.

My mom told me, "Invite him to eat."

But no, indeed, I won't have him!

He took him a seat and ate all the meat,

With his old shoes and leggins.

My mom told me to light him to bed, But no, indeed, I won't have him! I showed him to bed, he asked me to wed, In his old shoes and leggins.

My mom told me to lead him to church,
But no, indeed, I won't have him!
And there at the church he stood in a lurch,
With his old shoes and leggins.

(Version B)

A brash young man came over the hill, And he was quite the dandy, O! He crossed the hill my heart to thrill, With his old guitar and banjo.

He walked right up and rang the bell, And sang and danced a little jig, O! He rang our bell and gave a yell, With his old guitar and banjo.

He asked me out to see the moon, To go with him a-walking, O! He sanga tune to make me swoon, With his old guitar and banjo.

I told him "No," he wasn't for me,
No need to keep a-talking, O!
He wasn't for me and never would be,
With his old guitar and banjo.

He never combed nor cut his hair, And wore it longer far then mine, 0! His beard and hair I could not bear, With his old guitar and banjo.

He begged for me to be his wife, And offered me a diamond, 0! 'Twould be but strife to share his life With his old guitar and banjo.

I never thought he'd really go, But now he's in the city, O! He's singing on the radio With his old guitar and banjo!

No. 307

COURTING CASE IX

also known as

Aunt Leah's Song

The Courting Song

Aunt Sal's Song

A Gentleman Came to Our House

The Bashful Courtship The Unknowing Suitor

Yet another courting song told entirely from the Female's point of view.

REFERENCES

Botsford. I. 31

Lomax (FSNA). 207-208

Brown, III, 27-28

Ritchie (SFC). 255-256

Chase (AFTS). 140-141

Wells, 123

Courting Case IX

A gentleman came to our house, He couldn't tell his name; I knew he'd come a-courtin', Although he was ashamed.

He drew his chair up by my side, His manner pleased me well; I hoped the spirit would move him A loving tale to tell.

O there he sat all thro! the night, And not a word did say; With many a sigh and bitter groan, I often wished for day.

The chickens they began to crow As daylight did appear: "Howdy do. good morning, sir, I'm glad to see you here."

O weary was he of the night, And leary, too, of life: "If this be courtin'," said he, "I'll never take a wife!"

No. 308

COWBOY AGAIN FOR A DAY

In this fairly modern song of rememberance and longing we have some unknown author's parody of Elizabeth Akers Allen's immensely popular song, ROCK ME TO SLEEP. According to Fife, "Two manuscript texts of a fragment of this song, one in the Robert W. Gordon Collection and another in the John A. Lomax papers, ascribe the song to Resodore Theovelt." The name seems to be a mixed-letter spelling of "Theodore Roosevelt." Fife also reprinted a text of the song from Hoof and Horns, Vol. 4, Jan, 1935, p. 6. On p. 313 B, he reprinted a parody, Moving Picture Cowboy, which begins:

Backward, turn backward, film guy in your flight, And turn out a cowboy that does the game right. Put on a picture that won't look so strange To us old punchers who've rode on the range.

A text of the same parody is also in the Lomax papers. Versions of Cowboy Again For A Day was frequently published in song folios issued by various music publishers.

REFERENCES

Allen (CL), 143-144 Pife, 312-313 Ohrlin, 135-137
Patterson (SRR), 34-35

Cowboy Again for a Day

Backward, turn backward, O time with your wheels, Airplanes and wagons and automobiles; Give me once more my sombrero and flaps, Spurs, flannel shirt, slicker, and chaps. Put a six-shooter or two in my hand, Show me a yearling to rope and to brand, Out where the sage-brush is duety and gray Make me a cowboy again for a day.

Give me a bronc that knows how to dance,
Buckskin in color and wicked of glance;
Now to the feeling of bridle and bit—
Give me a quirt that will sting when it hits.
Strap on the blanket behind in a roll,
Pass me the rope that is dear to my soul;
Over the trail let me gallop away—
Make me a cowboy again for a day.

Thunder of hoofs on the range as you ride,
Hissing of iron and sizzling of hide;
Bellows of cattle and snort of cayuse,
Longhorns from Texas as wild as the deuce.
Midnight stampedes and milling of herds,
Yells of the cowboys too angry for words;
Right in the thick of it all I would stay—
Make me a cowboy again for a day.

Under the star-studded heavens so vast,
Campfire and coffee and comfort at last;
Bacon that sizzles and crises in the pan
After a round-up smells good to a man.
Stories of cowmen and rustlers retold
Over the pipe as the embers grow cold;
Those are the times that old memories play—
Make me a cowboy again for a day.

No. 309

COWBOY JACK

also known as

Jack Was A Lonely Cowboy

Versions of this widely circulated song appear in at least thirty or forty "cowboy folios" issued by commercial music publishers. Author and composer unknown.

REFFRENCES

Bulletin (CFS), II, 27 Davis (FSV), 220-231 Laws (AB), 24 <u>B</u>

Leisy (LAS), 53-54 Lomax (CS-1938), 230-231 Ohrlin, 10-11 Roberts (IP), 184-186 Roberts (SBS), 115-116

Roberts (TSCF), No. 22

Cowboy Jack

He was just a lonely cowboy, With a heart so brave and true, And he learned to love a maiden With eyes of heavenly blue.

They really loved each other And named their wedding day, But trouble came between them And Jack he rode away.

When night when work was over, Just at the close of day, Someone said, "Sing a song, Jack, And drive our cares away."

When Jack began his singing, His mem'ry wandered back; He thought of a lovely meiden With hair so soft and black. He left the camp next morning,
And spoke his sweetheart's name;
He said, "I'll beg forgiveness—
I know I was to blame."

But when he reached his old home, He saw a new-made mound, And friends then sadly told him His love slept under ground.

They said as she lay dying,

She called her sweetheart's name,

Requesting those around her

To tell him when he came.

"Your sweetheart waits for you, Jack, Your sweetheart waits for you, Out on the lonely prairie Where skies are always blue."

No. 310

COWBOY'S LAST REQUEST
also known as

Bury Me Not On The Lone
Prairie
The Dying Cowboy
The Dying Cowboy's Prayer

The Lone Prairie
The Lonesome Prairie
O Bury Me Not On The
Lone Prairie

This is an American adaptation of the old English song, The Ocean Burial (see in MB). The new text and old tune became one of the most popular cowboy songs in the United States. Two versions (A & B) given below. For Civil War adaptation, Bury Me Not On Chickamauga, see Moore (BFSS), 308-309.

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Cowboy's Last Request (Version A)

Oh, bury me not on the lone prairie!

These words came low and mournfully,

As we listened to words of a youth who lay

On his dying bed at the close of day.

Oh, bury me not on the lone prairie,

Where the wild coyotes will howl o'er me,

Where the buzzard flies and the wind goes free,

Oh, bury me not on the lone prairie.

Oh, bury me not on the lone prairie,

In a narrow grave six-foot by three,

Where the buffalo paws o'er a prairie sea,

Oh, bury me not on the lone prairie.

Oh, bury me not on the lone prairie.

Oh, bury me not his voice failed there;

But we took no heed of his dying prayer.

In a narrow grave just six by three,

Version B

O bury me not on the lone prairie!

His words came low and mournfully.

O we listened to words of a youth who lay

On his dying bed at the close of day.

We buried him there on the lone prairie.

O he cried in pain 'til o'er his brow Death's shadows fast were gathering now. He spoke of his home and the loved ones nigh, To the cowboys gathered to see him die.

"How well I remember the well-known words
Of the free, wild winds and the songs of birds;
I think of home, and the cottage in the bower,
And the friends I loved in childhood's hour.

*O there's another whose tears will be shed For one who lies in a prairie bed; It pained me then, and it pains me now— She curled these locks and kissed this brow.

"These locks she curled, shall the rattlesnake kiss?

This brow she pressed, shall the grave enlist?

For the sake of those who will weep o'er me, O bury me not on the lone prairie.

"O bury me not on the lone prairie,
Where the wild coyotes will howl o'er me,
Where the rattlesnakes hiss and crows fly
free.—

O bury me not on the lone prairie."

No. 311

A COWBOY'S LIFE

A Cowboy's Life is a The Drearisome Life The Dreary Life Ro

A Cowboy's Life is a Wearisome Life

The Dreary Life
The Kansas Line
The Pecos Stream
Roll Out, Cowboys
A Wearisome Life

This is a cowboy adaptation of the old American forest song, Lumberman's Life (see in MB). Earliest version probably was The Pecos Stream which was published by Thorp in his little collection in 1904. A Cowboy's Life seems to be a catch-all title, for it is used for versions of many songs that describe the life and work

of cowboys. For example, the song given here is not related to The Cowboy's Life, a poem by John B. Adams, which begins:

The bawl of a steer to a cowboy's ear

Is music of sweetest strain:

And the whelping notes of the gray coyotes

To him are a glad refrain.

Versions of the Adams poem may be seen in Fife, 236; Lomax (CS-1919), 20-21; Lomax (CS-1938), 281-283; and Thorp & Fife, 235.

Another unrelated song is given by Fife, 236, as version C of The Cowboy's Life, and is set down as A Border Ballad. It begins:

Oh, the cowboy's life is the life of the wind

As he clatters across the plains,

With a laugh and a yell and a hearty word,

And a smile at the driving rains.

The same text is reprinted in Thorp & Fife, 236 D. Yet another song known as The Cowboy's Life is in Dobie (MBS), 174; Lingenfelter, 347; Thorp (1921), 44-45; Thorp & Fife, 236 E, and begins:

The cowboy's life is a dreary old life,

All out in the sleet and snow.

When winter time comes, he begins to think

Where his summer wages go.

Our song, however, is an extension of <u>The Pecos Stream</u>, a piece of five stanzas that floated around the American frontier since the 1870s and were, finally, put together by Thorp. Later, Lomax turned Thorp's five stanzas into two distinct songs: <u>The Dreary</u>, <u>Dreary Life</u> and <u>The Kansas Line</u>. Thorp, in turn, combined some of Lomax's stanzas with his own in the 1921 edition of <u>Songs of</u> the Cowboys.

Our text is a composite of scattered versions, with some lines and stanzas found in other songs.

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A Cowboy's Life Tune: A Lumberman's Life

Oh, the cowboy's life is a drearisome life,

If the truth must finally be told;

And between me and you, I'd like to start new,

Far away from the heat and the cold.

In the saddle all day for damn little pay, Over the hill and across the plain, With no shelter in sight from morning to night, And bunk on the ground in the rain.

Oh, the cowboy's life is seldom void of strife,
And danger is always near;
With the hoot of the owl is the coyote's howl
Night after night and year after year.

At half-past four we hear the cook roar, "Wake up, Jacob! and earn your pay!"

And you got to rise with red, sleepy eyes, And stuff all the groceries away.

Oh, a cowboy's life is a dreary, dreary life, Tho' some say it's all free of care, Rounding up cattle from morning till night On the plains and the valleys somewhere.

When spring work sets in, our troubles begin, The weather always fierce and cold; If we're not froze, with water on our clothes, Then the cattle we can scarcely hold.

Oh, a cowboy's life is a dreary, weary one—
He works all day to setting of sun,
And even then his work is not done,
For there's night guard that's never much fun.

You're speaking of farms, and speaking of charms, And talking of your silver and gold;
But a cowboy's life is a drearisome life,
Always riding through the heat and the cold.

Oh, the cowboy's life is a drearisome life, With none of the joys of home.

So take my advice, find a gal that is nice And never, never start out to roam.

No. 312

COWBOY'S LULLABY also known as

Lay Down, Dogies
Move On. Dogies

Move Slow, Dogies, Move Slow Night Herding Song

According to Lomax, this haunting song was composed by Harry Stephens, a working Texas cowboy, in 1909.

The song was standard material to country-western groups, such as Foy Willing's Riders of the Purple Sage and The Sons of the Pioneers. Many phonograph recordings are available, sung by various artists. In the early 1950s, the tune was used by George Duning as main theme for the motion picture COWBOY, starring Glenn Ford, Jack Lemmon, and others, and the words were written by Dickson Hall.

In 1927 the text was doctored by Vernon Dalhart, who set it to a minor tune arrangement and recorded it as Cowboy's Herding Song.

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Felton, 8-12
Fife, 224-225
Frey, 50
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Hull (B), 59-60
Larkin (1931), 10-12
Larkin (1963), 26-29
Leisy (LAS), 61-62
Lingenfelter, 382-383

Lomax (CS-1919), 324-326 Lomax (CS-1938), 60-61 Lomax (FSNA), 376 Luther, 204 Patterson (SRR), 32 Sackett, 21 Siegmeister, 30-31 Silverman, I, 27 Sires, 50-51 Thorp (1921), 108 Warner, 135 White (GALD), 54-55

Cowboy's Lullaby

O may, little dogies, why don't you slow down?
You've wander'd and tramp'd all over the ground.
Just graze along, dogies, and move kinda slow,
And don't be forever on the go.
Move slow, little dogies, move slow.
Hee-up! Hee-up! Hee-up!

I've cross-herded, trail-hered, and circle-herded too.

But to keep you together is what I can't do!

My hoss is leg-weary, and I'm awful tired,

But if I let you get away, I'm sure to get

fired.

Bunch up, little dogies, bunch up! Hee-up! Hee-up! Hee-up!

O say, little dogies, when you goin' to lay down,
And quit this forever a-shiftin' around?

My back is weary, my seat is kinda sore—

Lay down, little dogies, lay down, like you laid

down before;

Lay, down little dogies, lay down.

Hee-up! Hee-up! Hee-up!

O lay still, little dogies, now that you've laid down;

Stretch away out on the big, open ground.

Snore loud, little dogies, and drown the wild sound,

That will all go away when the day rolls around.

Lay still, little dogies, lay still.

Hee-up! Hee-up! Hee-up!

No. 313

COWBOY'S MEDITATION I

also known as

The Cowboy's Dream
The Cowboy's Heaven
The Cowboy's Hymn
Cowboy's Sweet Bye and Bye
The Cowboy's Vision
The Grand Round-Up

The Great Roundup in the
Skies
The Last Great Round-Up
Last Night As I Lay on the
Prairie
Last Round-Up

One Night As I Lay on the Prairie

Roll On, Little Dogies,
Roll On

We are dealing here with two songs that somehow fused and became one, or one song that spawned a distinct variation. We also have to contend with a great many rewrites-adaptations and parodies-which repeatedly show-up in reference lists of collectors who apparently didn't want to attempt the seemingly impossible task of sorting them out. One variation replaces the cowboy with a cowgirl, resulting in The Cowgirl's Dream (aka as Cowgirl's Hymn, Cowgirl's Thoughts, or Cowgirl's Vision). A parody, The Cowboy's Mother, was written and sung in the 1930s by Tex Fletcher, and may be seen in Fletcher (4), 22-23 and Thorp & Fife, 77. An adaptation, Home Corral, is in Hendren, 46 and Thorp & Fife, 79. Another adaptation, Will There Be Any Cowboys in Heaven, is also in Thorp & Fife, 79. The A and B versions given below are really two distinct songs, and both are widely known and sung. But somewhere along the way the two songs were combined. Unfortunately, the original authors are unknown. But the man most likely responsible for combining the two songs is Will C. Barnes, who had it sung by the main character in his short story, The Stampede on the Turkey Track Ranch (Cosmopolitan Magazine, Aug., 1895). Barnes had his character sing the words to the wellknown tune of Bring Back My Bonnie To Me (see in MB). We don't know much about who? where? or how?, and can only report what has been previously reported. Based on the little that is really known, these songs originated sometime during the the final quarter of the 19th century. According to Hudson (FSM), it was "evidently" based upon the Protestant hymn In The Sweet Bye and Bye. This supposition is supported by John White (Cowboy Poet, Westfield, N. J., 1934, p. 7), who

also attributed authorship to D. J. O'Malley in the mid-1880s. O'Malley's version, published as Sweet Bye and Bye Revised, appeared in the mid-1880s in the Stock Growers Journal. On the other hand, there is Thorp's claim that the song was written by the father of Captain Roberts, of the Texas Rangers, also in the 1880s. White and Thorp are probably referring to two different versions, because the text of version B (below) is the one that can be easily sung to the hymn tune, In the Sweet Bye and Bye, while version A almost exactly fits the tune of Bring Back My Bonnie to Me.

The fact remains that most reprints of the song came from the text that Barnes used in his short story.

For example, Fred R. Reed, a writer for The American, a newspaper in Prosser, Washinton, included most of the Barnes text in a dialogue article, Cowboy Jack and the Angels. Reed's version was reprinted in the Oct., 1895 issue of Northwest Magazine, St. Paul, Minnesota. The same piece was again reprinted in the weekly Field and Farm, Denver, Colorado, Aug. 28, 1897, p. 6. The text in Field and Farm was reprinted by Clifford P. Westermeier in his Trailing the Cowboy, Caldwell, Idaho, 1955, pp. 252-253. So, as we see, the song really got around.

Similar in theme but unrelated to our song is the Cowboy's Meditation, which begins:

At midnight when cattle are sleeping On my saddle I pillow my head, And up at the heavens lie peeping From out of my cold, grassy bed.

A complete text of that <u>Cowboy's Meditation</u> may be seen in the following works: Allen (CL), 26; Autry (RR), 24; Leisy (LAS), 54; Lomax (CS-1919 & 1938), 297, 122; and Luther, 201.

A few collectors have separated these two songs (A B), but most have given them together as versions of one another. Version B, for example, was printed in 1893 by W. S. James, Cowboy Life in Texas (Donohue, Henneberry & Co., Chicago, pp. 212-213). Sometimes known as The Last Round-Up, this song is not related in any way to the popular song of that title by the late Billy Hill.

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Jour (AFL), XXXIX, 170-171 Klickmann, 43-45 Koch (2), 20-21Larkin (1930), 99-102 Lingenfelter, 428-429 Lindroth, 20-21, 30 Lomax (ABFS), 410-411 Lomax (CS-1919), 18-19 Lomax (CS-1938), 44-49 Lomax (USA), 210-211 Moore (BFSS), 305-307 Nebraska I, 10-11 Pound, 166-167 Randolph, II, 187-189 Sackett, 66-67 Sing, 56-58 Sires, 24, 36 Sullivan (TY), 258-259 Surprise, No. 87 Texas, I, 13 Thorp (1908), 19 Thorp (1921), 40, 75 Thorp & Fife, 71-82 Treasure, 30, 38 White (CS), 32 White (GALD), 62-67 White (SPH), 32-35

Cowboy's Meditation I Tune: Bring Back My Bonnie to Me

(Version A)

Last night as I lay on the prairie

And looked at the stars in the sky,
I wondered if ever a cowboy

Would be with his Maker on high.

The road to that bright, happy region
Is a dim, marrow trail, so they say,
While the wide one that leads to perdition
Is posted and blazed all the way.

Chorus

Roll on, roll on, little dogies, roll on;

Roll on, roll on, little dogies, roll on.

They say there will be a great round-up,
And cowboys, like dogies, will stand,
To be marked by the riders of Judgment,
Who are posted and know every brand.

I know there are many stray cowboys
Who'll be lost at that great final sale,
When they might have gone to green pastures
Had they known of that dim, narrow trail.

For they, like steers running loco,
Stampede at the sight of a hand;
They're dragged with a rope to the round-up,
Or get marked by some crooked man's brand.
I'm scared that I'll be a stray yearling,
A maverick unbranded on high,
And get put with a bunch of ol' rustlers
When the Boss of the riders goes by.

I've heard of that Heavenly Owner,

He's ne'er o'er stocked, so they say,

And He'll always find room for the sinner

Who drifts from the straight, narrow way.

They say He will never forget you,

That He knows every action and look—

So, for safety, you'd better be branded—

Get your name in the Great Talley Book.

How sad, as we come to that round-up,
If our souls do not have the right brand,
For no maverick or stray in the Judgment
Will ever be able to stand.
O brother, let us go to the branding,
Our owner is calling today;
If He touches and blesses and owns you,
You'll be glad on that great Judgment Day.

(Version B)

Cowboy's Meditation I Tune: Sweet Bye and Bye

When I think of the last great round-up
On the Eve of Eternity's dawn,
I think of the host of cowboys
Who have been here and are now gone.
O, I wonder if any will greet me
On the sands of the evergreen shore,
With a hearty "God bless you, ol' fellow,"
That I've met with so often before.

I think of the kind-hearted fellows
Who'll divide with you blanket and bread,
With a hunk of stray beef well-roasted,
And charge for it never a "red."
I often look upward and wonder
If the green fields will seem half so fair;

If any the wrong trail have taken And fail to "get in" over there.

For the trail that leads down to perdition Is paved all the way with good deeds, But in the great round-up of ages, Such things just won't answer your needs. O, the way to green pastures, tho' narrow, Leads straight to a home in the sky. And Jesus will issue the passports To the land of the Sweet bye-and-bye.

The Saviour has taken the contract To deliver all those who believe, At the headquarters ranch of His Father. In the range where none can deceive. The Inspector will stand at the gate-way, And the herd, one and all must pass by; The round-up by the angels of Judgment Must pass 'neath His all-searching eye.

No maverick or slick will be tallied In the great Book of Life in His home, For He knows all the brands and the ear-marks That down through the ages did roam. Along with the strays and the sleepers The tailings must turn from the gate; No raod brand to gain them admission-Just the awful, sad cry, "Too late!"

No. 314

COWBOY'S MEDITATION II also known as

The Cowboy!s Dream Tonight I'm a Tired, Weary, Tired Cowboy Weary Cowboy

The Weary Cowboy

This song, like the preceding one, is a cowboy hymn. It says the same things, too, but is not a version of Cowboy's Meditation I A & B. However, the preceding song may very well have inspired the writing of this one.

The version below was obtained from Tex Ritter in the 1930s; he said he had "picked it up somewhere, probably from another cowboy singer." I have not seen a version in any folk song collection, except those published as folios by music publishers. For another version, see Autry (RR), 26.

Cowboy's Meditation II

Tonight I'm a tired, weary cowboy;
I've been in the saddle all day,
Searching the hills and the valleys
For cattle that wandered away.
Ol' Paint is tire and leg-weary,
His feet are all broken and sore;
Like me, I guess he is ready
To retire and ride herd no more.

Lying wrarped-up in my blanket,
With ol' Paint hobbled nearby,
I watch the bright stars a-twinlin'
'Way up yonder on high.
Sometimes I think that they see me,
And wonder if they understand?
Maybe they're the souls of cow-punchers
Who have gone to that sweet Promised Land.

If ever I journey up yonder,

Away from this world and its woe,

I'll whistle and ol' Paint will come runnin'

From some green pasture, I know.

I'll feed him a handful of sugar
And watch him say "thanks" with his eyes;
Then I'll saddle and mount him
For that great round-up in the skies.

No. 315

THE CRAFTY LOVER also known as

The Councillor's Daughter
I'll Love Thee More and More
The Lawyer Outwitted

The Old Counselor
The Rich Counsellor
The Young Counselor

Mid-18th century British ballad with common title,

The Lawyer Outwitted, and a common theme. Two other
ballads known as The Lawyer Outwitted are preserved
in early English prints, but neither is related to
this song. There are two other songs with similar
story themes in this Master Book: Kate's Deception
and The Poor Sailor Boy.

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Creighton (SBNS), 47-50
Flanders (CSV), 46-47
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Henry (FSSH), 303-304
Hubbard, 108-110

The Crafty Lover

Come hear the story of a counsellor And of his lovely daughter; She was his dearest beauty bright, And many young men sought her. Then, woe betide, her uncle died

And left to her a fortune—

But all in the care of her father,

For fear of her discretion.

She had the sum of ten thousand pounds
In gold and silver ready,
And she was wooed by many lords,
But none would she date steady.
At length there came the squire's young
son.

In private he came wooing;
But when he had won all her favor,
He feared it was her ruin.

The lady knew and made this reply:
"I love you, and you must see
All other men I have denied,
Because they did not please me.
You are a jewel in my eye,
But though you are the fairest,
I fear you'll be condemned to die
For stealing of an heiress."

He said, "I'll go and see your father And tell him my condition;
Straight to his office I will go And pay him a commission.
When he receives his legal fee,
He'll think I am a stranger;
And then he will gladly counsel me,
To keep me free from danger."

Then off he went to see the counsellor,
And he said he tread deep water;
But didn't let the old man know
The lady was his daughter.

The counsellor beheld the gold And thought himself the gainer; He explained to him exactly how In safety to obtain her.

"Let her prepare a horse to ride,
And take you up behind her;
Then to the preacher's house you ride
Before her parents find her.
Then she stole you, you may complain,
And thus avoid theory—
And that's the fact I will maintain
Before the judge and jury."

He went and did as her father said,
And not one thing was varied;
Nor did he ever hesitate
Till they were safely married.
All night they loved and slept with ease,
Their joys beyond expression.
At length, upon her bended knees,
She begged her father's blessing.

When he discovered what she had done, He looked like one distracted; He swore revenge on both of them For what they had transacted. Up spoke the young and crafty groom, "There can be no inditing! I did exactly what you said—Here is your own handwriting."

No. 316

cripple creek I

Going Down to Cripple Creek Gone to Cripple Creek
This is an old fiddle and dance tune with a long tradition. Cecil Sharp included a version in his Southern
Appalachians collection, which means that, in his
opinion, the piece originated in England. But according
to Botkin, "this song takes its name from a wild
mountain stream near Ashville, North Carolina." Both
men could be right, because many imported tunes were
given American titles. If the tune had a different
title in England, Sharp failed to mention it.

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Brown, III, 354; V, 213
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Leisy, 72
Lomax (FSNA), 232
Perrow, XXVIII, 180-181
Roberts (SBS), 176-177
Sharp, II, 358
Shearin (SKFS), 39
Silverman, II, 150
Thede, 109

Cripple Creek I

I seen that girl and she saw me, Sweet as peaches on a tree; Anything she wants to do Makes me want to do it too.

Chorus

Go down Cripple Creek, go in a run, Go down Cripple Creek, have some fun! I'm gonna go to Cripple Creek, Love that gal because she's sweet! Roll my pants up to my knees, Wade that creek whene'er I please!

I went a-drinkin' all last night, Drunk as hell the night before! Goin' back to Cripple Creek, But I won't get drunk no more!

No. 317

cripple creek II also known as Buck Creek Girl

This "Cripple Creek" song is also used as a fiddle-dance tune in the South. It is often known as <u>Buck</u>

<u>Creek Girl.</u> I learned it in North Carolina about

forty-five years ago, but haven't seen it in any of
the published collections listed in the Bibliography.

Cripple Creek II

Buck Creek girl,
Don't you went to go to Cripple Creek?
Cripple Creek girl,
Don't you want to go to town?

Come along, girl,
Don't you want to go to Cripple Creek?
Come along, girl,
Don't you want to go to town?

No. 318

A CROOKED MAN

also known as

There Was a Crooked Man

This is an old English nursery song that was widely circulated in American nurseries and schools. The song is still popular but has not shown-up in any major folk song collections.

REFERENCES

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A Crooked Man

There was a crooked man. And he walked a crooked mile: He found a crooked six-pence Beside a crooked stile. He bought a crooked cat That caught a crooked mouse, And they all lived together In a little crooked house.

No. 319

THE CROPPY BOY also known as

Wexford Street

As I Was Walking Down Song of the Croppy Boy Wexford Street

This song comes down to us from the Irish Rebellion of 1798; it circulated through England and America as a broadside, with versions issued by Catnach, Partridge and Wehman. The meaning of "croppy" is unclear. One explanation (from Cole) is that it was the name given to peasant rebels in Wexford, who wore their hair closely cropped. Reeves agreed, who explained that the Irish rebels of 1798 wore their hair short to show sympathy for the French Revolution. Very seldom is a full text of the song encountered in America, where the practice of shortening long ballads by deletion of stanzas has been the rule.

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O'Lochlainn (2), 80
Randolph, I, 436-437
Reeves (EC), 77-78
Sandburg (AS), 35
Wehman (ISB-1), 45-46

The Croppy Boy

All early, early in the Spring
The small birds do warble and sweetly sing;
Changing their notes from tree to tree,
And the song they sing is Old Ireland free.
Yes, the song they sing is Old Ireland free.

The English Army was my downfall,

For I was captured by Lord Cornwall;

And in the guardhouse, with both hands tied,

I heard my judgment when I was tried. (2)

When I was marched by my father's door, My brother William stood on the floor; My aged father was grieving sore, My aged mother her gray hair tore. (2) As I was marched down Wexford street,

My sister Mary I chanced for to meet;

That false young woman did me betray—

It was Mary who swore my life away! (2)

I chose the dark and I chose the blue,
I chose the pink and the orange, too;
But all those colors I did deny—
I wore the green and now I must die. (2)

As I was mounting the gallows high,
My aged father was standing by;
His denial of me gave me no joy,
For he then named me the Croppy Boy. (2)

No. 320

CROSSING THE PLAINS

also known as

Come. All You Californians

This is one of Old Put's (J. A. Stone) gold-rush songs, all of which he set to airs of well-known songs. In this instance, he borrowed the tune of Caroline of Edinborough Town, a song that is also given in this Master Book.

One had two ways of getting to California in those days: aboard a sailing vessel around the Horn, or by wagon across the Plains. This song describes the hardships encountered by those who chose the land route.

REFERENCES

Black, 47-49 Dwyer, 41-42 Grant (SF), 72-73 Lingenfelter, 39-40 Lomax (ABFS), 427-428 Silber (SGAW), 23-26 Lengyel, 17-18 Thorp (1908), 15-16 Lengyel (HB), 7-8 Thorp (1921), 18-20 Sherwin (SGM), 10-11 Thorp & Fife, 58-60

Crossing the Plains Tune: Caroline of Edinborough Town

Come, all you Californians
And open up your ears,
If you intend to cross the Plains
With horses, mules, or steers.
Just buy your beans before you start,
And take dried beef and ham.
Beware of veal, and venison—
You may be buying ham.

You calculate on sixty days
To take you o'er the plains,
But there you lack for bread and meat,
For coffee and for brains.
Your sixty days are a hundred or more,
Your grub you must divide;
Your steers and mules are "alkalied,"
So foot it—you cannot ride.

You have to stand a watch at night,
To keep the Indians off;
About sundown some heads will ache,
And some begin to cough.
To be deprived of health we know
Is always very hard,
Tho' every night someone is sick—
To avoid standing guard.

Along the river Platte,

So when you eat, you got to squat,

Or stand, or sit down square and flat.

It's fun to cook with Buffalo wood—

Take some that's new born.

If I knew then what I know now,

I'd have gone around the Horn.

When you arrive at Placerville,
Or Sacramento City,
You've nothing in the world to eat;
No money?—What a pity!
Your striped pants are all worn out,
And makes the people laugh,
When they see you 'round the town
Like a great big brindle calf.

You're lazy, poor, and all broke down,—
Such hardships you endure!
The Post Office at Sacramento
All such men will cure.
You'll find a line from Ma and Pa,
And one from lovely Sal;
If that don't physic you, my friend,
Nothing ever shall!

No. 321

THE CUCKOO IS A PRETTY BIRD also known as

A Forsaken Lover Lovely Willie Sweet Willie The Unconstant Lover

Many folk songs-being only musical expressions of

feeling and mood—tell no story other than by implication. This old English song is one of that type. Quite a number of these type songs are so similar in thought and feeling that it is often difficult to state with certainty which are variations of a particular song. This song is of that variety. Examples of other such songs in this Master Book are: The Blue-Eyed Boy, Little Sparrow, and O Waly, Waly. The story theme of this song was used by Lomax (FSNA), 218, for his adaptation of The Fourth of July. Tunes on the other hand, vary greatly and are usually unrelated.

REFERENCES

Arnold, 45 Baring-Gould (EFSS), 68 Baring-Gould (GCS), 1-5 Barrett (EFS), No. 42 Brewster (BSI), 346-347 Brown, III, 273-274 Butterworth, 12-13 Carey. 101-102 Cox (FSS), 425-426 Creighton (TSNS), 142 Emrich (FAL), 534 Ford (CR), 30 Ford (OTFM), 13 Ford (TMA), 44 Halliwell (NR), 195 Halliwell (PRNT). 99 Herd (1776), II, 180 Hudson (FSM), 166 Jour (AFL), XXXIX, 149 Jour (FSS), III, 90; VI, 14 Karpeles, 245, 333

Karpeles (EFS), I, 623 Kennedy, 348 Kidson (GEFS), No. 1 Kittredge (BS), 346-352 Lloyd, 77 Lomax (FSNA), 217-219 MacColl & Seeger, 201-203 McGill, 35-37 Morris. 364-366 Northall, 267-271 Opie. 139 Randolph. I. 237-239 Reeves, 97-98 Reeves (EC), 79-80 Ritchie (FS). 20 Ritchie (SFC), 279-280 Sedley, 118-119 Sharp, II, 177-183 Sharp (ECFS), 24-25 Sharp (EFS), I, No. 19 Sharp (100), 82-83 Silverman, I, 233

MB Song Texts

Thomas (DD), 153
Thomas (SG), 32
Wells, 274

Williams (FSUT), 165 Yolen, 130-131

The Cuckoo Is A Pretty Bird

The Cuckoo is a pretty bird, she sings as she flies; She brings me good tidings, and never tells lies.

Just walking and talking can bring me delight;
Just walking with my love from morning till night.

My lover has left me and lonely am I, For I've been forsaken and do not know why.

The Cuckoo is a lazy bird, it never builds a nest; She makes herself busy by singing to the rest.

I'll dress in my finest, go walking so free; And I will ignore him, as he has done to me.

Come all you fair ladies, take warning from me,
And never give your heart to young men who're free.

They'll love you and kiss you, and tell you more lies.

Than sand on the seashore and stars in the skies.

The Cuckoo comes in April, sings her song in May; In June she sings sadly, and then flies away.

It's farewell to summer, and lonely am I; I'd follow the Cuckoo if I could but fly.

No. 322

THE CUMBERLAND I

Cumberland I is one of several ballads that describe the fate of the Union frigate Cumberland, which was sunk during a battle with the Confederate ironclad Virginia (known to the Union as the Merrimac). For an elaborate factual treatment of this battle, see W. Tindall's The True Story of the Virginia and the Moniter in the Virginia Magazine of History and Biography, XXXI (1923), pp. 1-38 and 90-145. According to Tindall, the battle actually began "at about two o'clock, March 8, 1862, when the Virginia was nearly a mile from the Congress and the Cumberland." The Virginia passed the Congress and rammed into the Cumberland, then backed off "about one hundred yards." The Cumberland "defiantly refused" a demand to surrender. "After further battering, during which she kept up heavy fire, the Cumberland sank about 3:30 pm. The Virginia then turned her attention to the Congress, set it on fire and captured her." For a Confederate view of the battle, see the song in Brown, II, 533, which begins:

The Merrimac she went out:

The Yenkees wa'n't a-thinking.

The fust thing the Yankees knew

The Cumberland was a-sinking.

Many songs celebrated this Civil War sea battle. Even Herman Melville, author of Moby Dick, took pen in hand and wrote The Cumberland, which begins:

Some names there are of telling sound,
Whose vowelled syllables free
Are pledge that they shall ever live
renowned:

Such seems to be
A frigate's name (by present glory spanned)—
The Cumberland.

For a full text of Melville's ballad, see: Kennedy (AB), 227, or (TAB), 230.

Other poems dealing with the <u>Cumberland's</u> fate were written by Longfellow and George H. Boker.

A broadside of the ballad given below is in the Harvard College Library, and it is stated that the tune to which the words are sung is Raging Canal. The broadside was published by Johnson, Song Publisher, Philadelphia.

REFERENCES

Brown, II, 530 Peacock, III, 909 Wehman (GOTS), No. 4,

The Cumberland I Tune: Raging Canal

Come listen, all ye merry sailors, and all ye landsmen too.

Come listen to the story that I'll relate to you:

It's all about the <u>Cumberland</u>, a ship so true and brave,

And of her bold and lyal crew, who met a watery grave.

*Twas early in the morning, just at the break of day,
The good ship <u>Cumberland</u> dropped anchor in the bay.
The sailor in the ship's lookout to those below did

Cry:

"There's something off the starboard side that like a house-top does lie!"

The Captain raised his telescope and gazed across the blue.

Then turned unto his comrades, his brave and noble crew:

"That thing you see out yonder, boys, looks like a turtle's back:

It's that infernal rebel-ship they call the Merrimac."

- Our decks were cleared for action, our guns were pointed true;
- The Merrimac came skimming across the watery blue.
- She sailed directly toward us. Not very far apart,
- And then she sent a screaming ball to sink some aching heart.
- The rebel captain he called out, and to our captain spoke:
- "If you don't haul your colors, I'll sink your Yankee boat!"
- Our captain's eyes were flashing fire, his cheeks turned deathly pale:
- "I'll not haul down my colors, sir, as long as she rides gale!"
- The iron-clad monster left us, some hundred yards or more,
- And with her whistle screaming, straight down upon us bore.
- She struck us right amid-ship, her ram went crashing through!
- The water then came rushing in all on our gallant erew.
- Then turning to his gallant men our captain then did rave:
- "I'll never strike the colors while she still rides the wave!
- I'll sink with flags a-flying, men, into a watery grave!
- But you, my gallant comrades, may seek your lives to save."

They swore they would never leave him, and manned their guns afresh;

They kept on firing broadsides till water reached their breasts.

The <u>Cumberland</u> she sank down, into the briny deep,
But stars and stripes were flying, boys, from main
top's highest peak.

No. 323

THE <u>CUMBERLAND</u> II also known as

The C	umberland ar	nd the	Pate	of	the	Cumberland's
Merrimac			Crew			
The C	umberland's	Crew	The	Mer	rima	e and the
The C	umberland's	Fate		Cw	mber.	land

This is the more popular of the two songs about the Civil War sea-battle between the Merrimac (Virginia) and the Union's Cumberland, which was commanded by Lt. George Morris, USN. For the less popular song and details of the battle, see The Cumberland I just above.

REFERENCES

Beck (LLC), 274-275	Glass (SS-2), 177-179
Beck (SML), 233-234	Gray, 162-165
Cazden, I, 20-21	Horton, 82
Creighton (SBNS), 244-246	Luce, 138-139
Dean, 36-37	Rickaby, No. 39
Delaney No. 2, 23	Shoemaker (MMP), 211
Doerflinger, 134-135	Silber (HSB), 83
Emrich (FAL), 426-428	Thompson (BBB), 358
Frothingham (OS), 191	Wehman (GOTS-1), 13

Cumberland II

Come, folks, gather 'round me and listen to my ditty
Of a terrible battle that happened of late,
When each Union tar shed a tear of sad pity
When he heard of the once gallant Cumberland's fate.

The eighth day of March told a terrible story, And many a brave sailor bade this world adieu; Our flag was wrapped up in the mantle of glory By the heroic deeds of the Cumberland's crew.

Upon that sad day around ten in the morning,
The sky was quite clear and bright was the sun;
The drums of the <u>Cumberland</u> sounded a warning,
And told every sailor to stand by his gun.

Then our captain spoke up with stern resolution:
"Brave boys, of this monster, do not be dismayed.
We've sworn to maintain our beloved constitution—
To die for our country we are not afraid."

The Cumberland fired; her guns dreadfully thundered; Her broadside like hail on the rebel did pour. The sailors looked on, struck with terror and wonder, As shots struct her sides and glanced dangerously o'er.

We battled three hours with stern resolution,
The Merrimac's cannons could never abide;
The death of secession would bring restitution,
The blood from the Cumberland flowed on the tide.

She hit us amidships, our planks she did sever,
Her sharp iron prong pierced the <u>Cumberland</u> through;
And yet as we sank on that dark dreary river:
"We will die at our guns!" cried the <u>Cumberland's</u>
crew.

Oh, when our brave sailors in battle assembled,
God bless our great banner, the red, white and blue!
And may its bright stripes cause all tyrants to
tremble,

And sink at our guns like the Cumberland's crew.

No. 324

CUMBERLAND GAP

This is an American song about an American place—the Cumberland Gap. Historically, the Cumberland Gap was the gateway to Kentucky; it was in 1769 that the first settlers came into the blue grass territory, led there by Daniel Boone. The Gap, which splits the mountains some 65 miles north of the Great Smoky National Park (where Virginia, Tennessee, and Kentucky meet), was given its name by Dr. Thomas Walker. The doctor is usually mentioned in versions of the song, but not always. The tune is quite popular as a square dance piece and, according to Lomax, it is related to Sugar in the Gourd (see in MB). Also see and compare Big Stone Gap in Combs (FSMEU), 228.

REFERENCES

Arnett, 31
Botkin (SFL), 714-715
Brown, III, 381; V,
229-230
Carmer (SRA), 82-83
Davis (FSV), 247
Fuson, 176-178
Jour (AFL), XLIX, 241
Loesser, 60

Lomax (ABFS), 274-276
Lomax (FSNA), 162-163
Randolph, III, 264
Roberts (SBS), 146-147
Seeger (6), 67
Silverman, II, 141
Thede, 114
Thomas (DD), 136-138
Warner, 79

Cumberland Gap

The Cumberland Gap is a mighty fine place, Got all kinds of water for to wash your face; Got more water than you ever did see— Oh! how I wish it was pure whiskey!

Ol' Aunt Phoebe, if you don't care, Leave my little ol' jug right there. If it ain't there when I've finished my nap, I'll raise some hell in the Cumberland Gap!

The first white man in the Cumberland Gap Was doctor Walker, an English cahp;
But I took after my ol' grandmaw,
The drinkingest woman you ever saw.

If ever I find a woman who nips,
I'll share about a dozen sips,
And before the feeling slips
I'll kiss her all over her whiskey lips.

Some people have claimed, since time began, That whiskey is the curse of man; But I don't care what other folks think, I'm here to say water ain't fit to drink!

No. 325

CURLEY BILL also known as Damn His Hide!

Western "outlaw" or "Badman" song about William "Curley Bill" Brocius, who operated as a cattle-rustler near Tombstone, Arizona, in the 1870s-1880s. From time to time, members of his gang included Johnny Ringo (The Ringo Kid), the Clanton brothers (Ike and Billy), and the McLowry brothers (Tom and Frank). For additional

information on these people, see headnotes to <u>Gunfight</u>
at the O. K. <u>Corral</u> in this <u>Master Book</u>.

Curley Bill was killed in a shootout with Wyatt Earp,
U. S. Marshall. This song recounts the story of that
event, and it is from Dickson Hall's MGM album, <u>Out-laws of the Old West</u>.

Curley Bill

Tune: Sam Hall

His name was Curley Bill, Curley Bill,
Yes, his name was Curley Bill,
And he lived at Galeyville,
Where his name is famous still.
Damn his hide!

He had an outlaw band, outlaw band,
He had an outlaw band,
And he terrorized the land
With a six-gun in his hand.
Damn his hide!

He killed a lot of men, lot of men,
Yes, he killed a lot of men,—
Some say nine, some say ten,—
And he killed them with a grin.
Damn his hide!

A price was on his head, on his head,
Yes, a price was on his head.
The U. S. Marshall said,
"Bring him in, alive or dead!"
Damn his hide!

He stood there on a hill, on a hill, Yes, he stood there on a hill, And the marshall shot to killl— Put an end to Curley Bill!

Damn his hide!

DAKOTA LAND

also known as

Missouri Land

Nebraska Land

A traditional classic of the American frontier that got itself localized wherever it traveled. Any place with the proper syllables will fit and the remaining text requires only a few minor changes to adapt it to its new locale. The tune, of course, is often taken from several well-known songs. Both Botkin and Lomax got their versions from Carl Sandburg, who said the tune was that of the old hymn, Beulah Land. Fife said the air was not only to be found in Beulah Land but in Maryland, My Maryland and Sweet Genevieve as well. In fact, with a little imagination, the text can be made to match any or all of the above mentioned tunes. The text below is sung to the air of Beulah Land.

Other texts sung to the same air are Kansas Land I & II (see in MB).

REFERENCES

Botkin (AFL), 313-314 Nebraska (3), 7-8 & (7), 12
Brunvand (FSSI), 245 Ohrlin, 22-24
Fife, 62-64 Pound, 185
Lingenfelter, 460-461 Pound (SFSN), 28
Lomax (CS-1938), 410-412 Sandburg (AS), 280-281
McMullen, 129 Vincent (ALS), 41

Dakota Land

Tune: Beulah Land

I have reached the land of draought and heat, Where nothing grows that man can eat. The wind that blows this awful heat, In all the world just can't be beat.

Chorus

O Dakota land, sweet Dakota land,
As on this burning sand I stand,
And look away across the plains,
I wonder why it never rains.
When Gabriel blows the trumpet sound,
We'll learn the rain has gone around.

The farmer goes out in his corn,
And there he stands and looks forlorn;
He stands and looks and is most shocked
To see the corn has missed the stock.

We have no wheat, we have no tools,
We have no corn to feed our mules;
The chickens are too poor to eat,
And hogs run squealing down the street.

Our fuel is of the cheapest kind, Our women are all of single mind; With the in hand and upturned nose, They lift the chips of buffaloes.

Our buildings all are made of sod, But still we hope and trust in God. The old school house is made of turf, But children go there full of mirth.

Our horses are of broncho race, And hunger stares them in the face. We do not live, but still we stay— We're too damn poor to move away!

THE DALTON BROTHERS

An "outlaw" song, and one similar in story theme to the songs about Jesse James, Cole Younger, and other western gunmen and outlaws.

The Dalton brothers (Robert, Emmett and Grat) were officers of the law prior to turning to a life of crime and becoming outlaws. They were related to Frank and Jesse James through marriage and were blood relatives of the Younger brothers (see Cole Younger in MB). If the fate of their relatives taught the Daltons anything, they ignored it. They began their criminal careers as cattle thieves. In 1891 they extended their activities and became bank and train robbers. following year, in October, they rode into Coffeyville, Kansas, where, with the help of Bill Powers and Dick Broadwell, they undertook the task of robbing two banks at the same time. and in broad daylight. Although they actually got their hands on \$30,000., they didn't keep it very long. Aroused citizens shut-off their escape with a hail of bullets.

Powers, Broadwell, Robert and Grat Dalton were killed. Emmett, badly wounded, survived and was sent to prison. He was later pardoned and lived a useful, law-abiding life. He spent the remaining years of his life giving lectures on the folly of crime.

This song was obtained from Dickson Hall, who recorded it for MGM Records in his album, <u>Outlaws of the Old West</u>, in the early 1950s.

The Dalton Brothers Tune: Sweet Betsy From Pike

The Daltons were Emmett and Robert and Grat,
And you've never seen three brothers like that;
They started as marshals, upholding the law,
And then turned to rustlin' in old Arkansas.

Chorus

Sing doodle-lee oodle-lee, dood-dlee eye aye!
Sing doodle-lee oodle-lee, dood-dlee eye aye!
Sing doodle-lle oodle-lee, dood-dlee eye aye!
When the Daltons are riding, keep out of their way!

The Daltons were robbers by day and by night, And you've never seen a more terrible sight!

They rode up to Kansas, to old Coffeyville—
The folks around there remember it still.

The boys planned to rob two banks in the town,
But 'fore it was over they all were shot down.
The news was most welcome wherever it spread,
And most folks were happy the Daltons were dead.

No. 328

DANCE BY THE LIGHT OF THE MOON

also known as

Ain't You Coming Out
Tonight?
Alabama Gal(s), Ain't You
Coming Out Tonight?
Bowery Gals
Buffalo Gals
Buffalo Girls, Ain't You
Coming Out Tonight?
Cincinnati Girls

Jim-Town Girls
Louisiana Gals, or Girls
Lubly Fan
Lushbaugh Girls
Round Town Girls
Will You Come Out Tonight?
Won't You Walk Out Tonight?

This was originally written for the minstrel stage by Cool White (real name John Hodges), and it was copyrighted in 1844 as <u>Lubly Fan</u>. The song was soon adapted to various locations by performers. Featured by the Christy Minstrels as <u>Bowery Gals</u>, the song underwent no noticeable change except for its title. So it went, area to area, until it became <u>Buffalo Gals</u> in 1848. The person who gave the song its most popular title is unknown. Nevertheless, as <u>Buffalo Gals</u> the song was distributed all over the world.

In 1940 the song was rewritten by Terry Shand, Jimmy Eaton and Mickey Leader, who gave it the title: Dancing With A Dolly (With a Hole in Her Stocking)—a line borrowed from the old slave song, Charleston Gals.

Two versions are given below: the A version is the original Lubly Fan and the B version is the ever-popular Buffalo Gals.

REFERENCES

Agay (1), 17 Agay (2), 81 Allen (CL), 6 Arnett, 58 Arnold, 127 Best, 137 Botkin (AFL), 841-843 Botkin (APPS), 150-154 Brown, III, 114; IV, 57-59 Carmer (SRA). 54-55 Chapple (HS), 366-367 Damon, No. 39 Davis (FSV), 243 Downes, 116, 142 Fife, 277-278 Ford (OTFM). 28

Ford (TMA), 53, 409 Glass (SFRF). 59-61 Hamilton, 313 Ives (SB), 230-231 Johnson (EAS). No. 5 Keach, 130-131 Leisy (LAS), 19 Leisy (SPS), 80 Lloyd, 86-87 Lomax (ABFS), 288-290 Lomax (USA). 104-105 Luther, 209 McLendon, 203 Okun, 112-113 Owens (ST), 45 Owens (TFS), 159 Piper (SPPG), 283

Randolph, III, 332-334
Scarborough (NFS), 112-114
Seeger (6), 34
Shaw, 382
Shoemaker (NPM), 129-130
Silverman, I, 345

Spaeth (WSM), 107-108 Thede, 119 Thorp & Fife, 220 Trifet, 125 Van Doren, 487 Wilder, 58-59

Dance By The Light of the Moon (version A)

As I was walking down the street, Down the street, down the street, A pretty girl I chanced to meet. Oh! she was fair to view.

Chorus

Den lubly Fan, will you come out tonight?
Will you come out tonight?
Will you come out tonight?
Den lubly Fan, will you come out tonight
An' dance by the light of the moon?

I stopt her an' I had some talk, Had some talk, had some talk; But her foot cover'd up the whole sidewalk, An' lef' no room for me.

She's de prettiest gal I've seen in my life, Seen in my life, seen in my life, An' I wish to de Lord she wuz my wife, Den we would part no more.

Oh, make haste, Fan, don't make me wait,
Make me wait, make me wait;
I fear you've kept me now too late—
Yes, dere's de evenin' gun.

Version B

As I was walking down the street, Down the street, down the street, A pretty girl I chanced to meet. Oh! she was fair to view.

Chorus

Oh, Buffalo Gals, won't you come out tonight?

Come out tonight? Come out tonight?

Buffalo Gals, won't you come out tonight

And dance by the light of the moon?

I asked her if she'd like to talk, Like to talk, like to talk; Her feet covered up the whole sidewalk, As she stood there with me.

I kept her dancing and my heels kept a-rocking,
My heels kept a-rocking, my heels kept a-rocking;
We danced and danced till my knees started
knocking.

And we danced by the light of the moon.

I'd like to make that gal my wife, Gal my wife, gal my wife; It would make me happy all my life, If she were by my side.

No. 329

DANCE TO YOUR DADDY
also known as
Dance Ti Thy Daddy

An English-Scottish nursery song that is found in very few American collections of traditional material.

Nevertheless, the song is well known in America and is widely distributed through commercial publication.

REFERENCES

Farnsworth, 50 Karpeles (EFS), II,

No. 400

Moffat (LSLA), 19

Opie, No. 123

Ritchie (FS), 89

Shekerjian, 152

Silber (HSB), 126

Silverman, I. 302

Stokoe, 76-77

Dance To Your Daddy

Dance to your daddy, my little laddie!

Dance to your daddy, my little lamb!

You shall have a fishy on a little dishy,

You shall have a fishy when the boat comes in!

Dance to your daddy, my little laddie!

Dance to your daddy, my little lamb!

Dance to your daddy, my little laddie!

Dance to your daddy, my little lamb!

When you are a man, fit to take a wife,

You shall wed a maiden, love her all your life.

She'll be your lassie, you will be her man.

Dance to your daddy, my little lamb!

No. 330

DANDY JIM FROM CAROLINE

also known as

Dandy Jim of Caroline

Source Song. An old minstrel-show song that has been adapted and parodied many times since it was composed in 1843 by Dan D. Emmett, writer of Dixie (see in MB).

Dandy Jim first appeared in 1843 as A Popular Negro Melody, and without author-composer being credited. Emmett's name first appeared on the sheet music when the song was published in London by the D'Almaine Co., Emmett's American publisher, C. H. Keith, did not include the song in Emmett's Boston Collection of 1843-44. Strangely, Keith issued Dandy Jim in 1844 and credited the words to S. S. Steele and the music to Dan Myers.

REFERENCES

Keach. 42

Nathan, 324-327 White, 286, 445

Dandy Jim From Caroline

I've often heard it said of late Dat South Carolina am de state Whar handsome niggs are boun' to shine. I'm Dandy Jim from Caroline!

Den my old Massa tol' me, 0, I'm de best lookin' one in de County O! I looked in de glass an' foun' it so, Jus' what Massa tol' me, 0!

I dress myself from top to toe, To see Miss Dinar I did go. Dar's none can suit a black gal's mind, Like Dandy Jim from Caroline.

Den my old Massa tol' me, O, etc.

Sez she, I lub you well enough, Because I know you're up to snuff. If you'll be here, she will be thine, Sweet Dandy Jim from Caroline.

Den my old Massa tol' me, O, etc.

De hottest lub is soonest cold, De shortest story soonest told: She changed her name from lubly Dine, To Miss Dandy Jim from Caroline.

Den my old Massa tol' me, 0, etc.

No. 331

DANIEL

also known as

Didn't My Lord Deliver
Daniel?

My Lord Delievered Daniel
O Daniel

We are dealing here with two distinct songs with a common theme and common title. The first, version \underline{A} , is a pre-Givil War spiritual. Version \underline{B} may not be as old, but it is now better known..

The Biblical character, Daniel, was a favorite subject of hymn and spiritual composers. For other examples, see:

Move, Members, Move in Courlander (NSA), 11-12 and

Daniel in the Lion's Den in Sharp, II, 273.

REFERENCES

Allen (SSUS), 94, 148
Brewer, 157
Chambers (TNS), 21-23
Dett, 65
Downes (1943), 200
Hayes, 45-46
Johnson (BANS), 148

Jubilee (PS), 24-25 Lloyd, 140-141 Marsh (SJS), 134-135 Pike, 174, 216 Silverman, II, 96 Whitman, 107

Daniel (Version A)

MB Song Texts

> You call yo'-self church member, You hold yo' head so high, You praise God with yo' glitterin' tongue, But you leave all yo' heart behind.

- 0 my Lord delivered Daniel!
- O Daniel! O Daniel!
- O my Lord delivered Daniel,
- O why not deliver me, too?

(Version B)

Didn't my Lord deliver Daniel, Deliver Daniel, deliver Daniel, Didn't my Lord deliver Daniel? And why not a every man?

He delivered Daniel from the lion's den, Jonah from the belly of the whale, and then The Hebrew children from the fiery furnace-And why not a every man?

The moon ran down in a purple stream, The sun forbear to shine, And every star shall disappear, And King Jesus will be mine.

The wind blows east, the wind blows west, It blows like Judgment Day, And all poor souls that never did pray Will be called upon to pray.

I set my foot on the Gospel ship, And the ship it began to sail; It landed me over on Canaan's shore, Where I knew I could not fail.

DANS LES CHANTIERS
also known as

Dans Les Chantiers Nous

Voyagers

Hivernerons

The Winter Camp

Now the Winter's Come to Stay

This song was brought to the United States by Frenchspeaking Canadians who earned their livings in the
lumbering trade. It is the counterpart of such songs
as Canaday I O and The Lumberman's Life.
The word "chantier", as used by the French, means
"workshop," but as used by French-Canadians in this
song it has a more general meaning: it represents the
entire lumber-camp.

According to Berry, this song dates from "the end of the 18th century..." It entered the U.S. following the turn of the 19th century.

The texts below are from Berry, 66-67; the music is from Gagnon, 100-104. For another version, see Gibbon, 73-75.

Dans les chantiers (French)

Voici l'hiver arrive, Les rivieres sont gelées. C'est le temps d'aller au bois Manger du lard et des pois.

Chorus

Dans les chantiers, nous hivernerons! Dans les chantiers, nous hivernerons!

Pauv' voyageur que t'as d'la misère! Souvent tu couches par terre; A la pluie, au mauvais temps, A la rigueur de tous les temps! Quand tu arriv's a Vincennes, Souvent tu as bien d'la devein!. Tu vas trouver ton bourgeois, Qu'est la assis a son comptoi!!

Je voudrais être payé

Pour le temps que j'ai donne.

Quand le bourgeois est en banqu'route,

Il te renvoie manger des croûtes.

Quand tu retourn's chez ton pere, Aussi pour revoir ta mere, Le bonhomme est à la porte, La bonne femm' fait la gargotte.

Monsieur Dubois est bon bourgeois,
Mais il n'nous donn' pas grand' monnaie.
On travaill' bien tout l'hiver;
Au printemps on se trouv' clair.

-- "Bonjour donc, mon cher enfant!

Nous apport's-tu bien d'l'argent?"

-- "Que l'diable vie j'n'y r'tourn'rai."

English Language Version

Lo! the winter now has come, And the river frozen o'er; It is time to go to hunt, Eating beans and beans galore.

Chorus

To camp we'll go till the winter's gone!
To camp we'll go till the winter's gone!

O woodman poor, great's your distress; Often do you sleep on earth. In the rain and winter's stress, Wanting comforts of the hearth. When to old Vincennes you cross, You'll be feeling tired and sore, Then you'll go to find your boss Counting money in his store.

I would rather now be paid For the time that I gave you; When the boss a bankrupt's made, Only crusts will be my due.

When to father's, back you ply
There to see your mother too,
There the good old man you'll spy,
Mother'll make you lentil stew.

Mister Dubois is our boss, But he gives us no great pay; Have to work through winter frost, And in springtime hide away.

"Ah, hello, my darling child!
Do you bring us lots of jack?"
"Deuce than take the camp so wild!
Ne'er again shall I go back."

No. 333

DANS MA MAIN DROITE JE TIENS ROSIER
also known as

Danse Ronde Enter and Dance Round Dance
This French song, once popular with young people in
the northern and western areas of France, was brought
into North America by the earliest French settlers.
Obviously it is a dance song, and one that is still
known in certain parts of Louisiana, Indiana, and
Quebec. Other versions are in Berry, 58-59 and Gagnon,
147-148.

Dans Ma Main Droite Je Tiens Rosier

French

Dans ma main droite je tiens rosier, Dans ma main droite je tiens rosier, Qui fleurira, manon lou la, Qui fleurira au mois de mai.

Entrez en danse, joli rosier!
Entrez en danse, joli rosier!
Et embrassez (saluez) manon lou la,
Et embrassez (saluez) qui vous plaira.

English

At my right side stands a rose so gay, (2) It soon will bloom, mark what I say, It soon will bloom, perhaps in May.

O pretty rose, come and dance with me, (2) Hold me close, dance merrily, Hold me close, or hold whom you please.

No. 334

THE DARBY RAM also known as

Darby's Sheep

The Derby Ram

The Mighty Sheep

The Derby Sheep

The Great Sheep

The Ram of Darby, or Derby

Versions of this "tall tale" or "truth stretching" song have been recovered in practically all areas of America. According to European folklorists, the song is derived MB

from ancient and pagan ceremonies. Americans, however, did not ever associate the song with serious living. They neither saw nor cared that such animals as the song describes were objects of worship in the Druid ceremonies of ancient Britians and, later, in the witch cults of medieval peasants. Originally, when the lamb was sacrificed, all the sins of the members of the tribe or village were supposed to die with the lamb. In this instance, the lamb was worshipped and described in superlatives— which accounts for his gigantic size in the song as we know it.

REFERENCES

Bantock, 57-58 Barry (STS), 51-54 Belden (BS), 224-225 Botkin (NEF), 887-888 Brewster (BSI), 319-321 Broadwood (ECS), 44-47 Brown, II, 439-440; IV, 233-235 Bulletin (TFS), III, 4, 95 Chappell (FSRA), 182 Chase (AFTS), 134-136 Colcord (1938), 136 Creighton (TSNS), 241 Davis (FSV), 134-136 Eddy, 199 Emrich (CBF), 28 Flanders (NGMS), 24-26 Flanders (VFSB), 100-101 Ford (VSBS), 100-101 Friedman, 441-442 Fuson, 58 Gardner (BSSM), 460-463

Greig. art. 14 Henry (FSSH), 175-178 Hubbard. 390-391 Hudson (BSM), 173 Hudson (FSM), 273-274 Jewitt, 115-119 Johnson (WTS), 226-229 Jour (AFL), XVIII, 51; XXXVI. 377; XXXIX, 173 Jour (EFDSS), V, 23 Karpeles (EFS), II, No. 325 Kinloch (BB), 80-81 Leisy, 80-82 Lomax (OSC), 104-107 Lomax (PB), 24 Lunsford, 8-9 Notes, 1st s., II, 1850, 71, 255; 4th s., IV, 1869, 188, 247; 10th s., 1904, 306 Opie, No. 129 Peacock, I, 10-11 Pub (TFLS), V, 157

Randolph, I, 398-400
Reeves, 102
Reeves (EC), 92
Ritchie (SFC), 41-43
Roberts (SBS), 101-102
Seeger (3), 58-59
Sharp, II, 184-187

Shekerjian, 42-43
Shoemaker (MMP), 266
Silverman, II, 195
Truitt, 377
White, 201-202
Williams (FSUT), 43-44
Yolen, 49-51

The Darby Ram

As I went down to Darby
Upon a market day,
I saw the biggest ram, sir,
That ever nibbled hay,
That ever nibbled hay.

The ram was fat behind, sir,
The ram was fat before;
He measured nine yards 'round, sir,
And maybe even more, (2).

The man who knocked him down, sir, He was drowned in the blood; The man who held the dish, sir, Was washed away by flood, (2).

The wool upon his back, sir,

It reached up to the sky;

In it eagles built their nests—

I heard the young ones cry, (2).

Now all the boys in Darby Came begging for his eyes, To kick about the street, sir, As any football flies, (2). The wool upon his belly,
It dragged along the ground;
They sold it all in Darby
For forty thousand pound, (2).

The wool upon his tail, sir, Filled more than fifty bags. You better keep away, sir, Whenever that tail wags, (2).

No. 335

DARLING COREY also known as

Darlin' Cora Darlin' Corie Dig a Hole in the Meadow Little Cora, or Cory

Widely known and very popular in the South, this old country blues piece has been revived by many folksingers. Sharp has a version called The Gambling Man in his Appalachian collection, but it contains only four stanzas attached to two stanzas of an old English song. For a single stanza piece, I Wonder Where's the Gambling Man, that is quite similar to the first stanza of Sharp's version, see Brown, V, 405. Also see and compare Henry (SSSA), 96-97.

REFERENCES

Arnett, 173 Lomax (OSC), 302-303 Lomax (PB), 53 Botkin (SFL), 743 Downes, 211, 250 Ritchie (FS), 45. Fuson, 134-135 Roberts (SBS), 154-155 Ives (SA), 130-131 Seeger (6), 73 Sharp, II, 204 Leisy, 76-77, 217-218 Silber (HSB), 79 Lomax (BLFS), No. 87 Lomax (FSNA), 258 Silverman, II, 139

Darling Corey

Last night as I lay on my pillow,
Last night as I lay on my bed,
I dreamed that I looked over yonder
And saw my darling Corey dead.

Chorus

Dig a hole, dig a hole in the meadow, Dig a hole, dig a hole in the ground; Dig a hole, dig a hole in the meadow, For to lay my darling Corey down.

The first time I saw darling Corey,

She had a bottle of whiskey in her hand,

Trying to drown all her troubles

And forget a handsome gambling man.

O don't you hear the bluebirds a-singing? Don't you hear that sad, mournful sound? They're crying for poor Corey's funeral, In trees above the burying ground.

No. 336

DARLING, I AM COMING BACK

According to Dolph, 109-110, this song originated in "the Army of Occupation in Germany in 1919." The tune is that of <u>Silver Threads Among the Gold</u>. The text is obviously a parody. I have not seen it in any collection other than Dolph's.

Darling, I am coming back,
Silver threads among the black;
Now that peace in Europe nears,
I'll be home in seven years.
I'll drop in on you some night, (some night),
With my whiskers long and white;
Home again with you once more,
Say by nineteen twenty-four.

Chorus

I'll drop in on you some night, some night, With my whiskers long and white;
Home again with you once more,
Say by nineteen twenty-four.

Once I thought by now I'd be
Sailing back across the sea;
Back to where you sit and pine,
But I'm heading for the Rhine.
You can hear the M. P.'s curse,
"War is hell, but peace is worse;
When the next war comes, oh, well,
I'll rush in, I will— like hell!"

No. 337

DARLING NELLY GRAY also known as

My Darling Nelly Gray

Nellie, or Nelly Gray

This song, written and composed by B. R. Hanby, dates from the American Civil War. The tune is also used for square dancing, much like the <u>Virginia Reel</u>, and was even used for a hymn: <u>Be Joyful in God</u> (see <u>Sacred Harp</u>, p. 348).

Nelly Gray is one of those rare songs that did not degenerate in oral tradition. Perhaps because it has always been readily available in print. Or, perhaps, as Piper said, it "escaped mutilation, perhaps because its length was satisfactory and all its verses familiar."

REFERENCES

Agay (2), 106-107
Botkin (APPS), 253
Carmer (SRA), 88-89
Chapple (HS), 116-117
Ditson (SSB-1860), 84
Downes, 278, 326
Durlacher, 88
Gaines (SP), 135
Gardner (FSH), 220
Keach, 6
Luther, 162

Mackenzie (SH), 10-11
Minstrel, 27-29
Oberndorfer, 90
Paskman, 118-120
Shoemaker (MMP), 139-140
Silverman, I, 127
Songs (15), 124-125
Staton, 26
Whitman, 172
Wier (LS), 110-111
Wier (SWWS), 51-52

Darling Nelly Gray

There's a lone green valley by the old Kentucky shore Where we've whil'd many happy hours away,

A-sitting and singing by the little cottage door,

Where dwelt my lovely Nelly Gray.

Chorus

Oh, my poor Nelly Gray they have taken you away,
And I'll never see my darling any more;
I'm sitting by the river and I'm weeping all the day,
For you've gone from the old Kentucky shore.

When the moon had clim'd the mountain, and the stars were shining too,

Then I took my lovely Nelly Gray,
And I travel'd down the river in my little red canoe
While the banjo so sweetly I did play.

DARLING, O YEAH! also known as

Darlin'

If I Had Known My Captain Was Blind

A prison-type work song that comes in several variated versions. This version was obtained from Wilbur Brown, Wilmington, N. C., in 1937.

For other versions, see: Lomax (PB), 54 and Silber (HSB), 37.

Darling, O Yeah!

If I had known my captain was blind, Darling, O yeah!

If I had known my captain was blind, Darling, O yeah!

If I had known my captain was blind, Would'na come to work 'til half-past nine, Darling, O yeah!

I ask'd th' captain for the time o' day, etc. Got so mad he throw'd his watch away, Darling, O yeah!

Fight the captain and I land in jail, etc.

And nobody here would go my bail,

Darling, O yeah!

Told the judge there's no use in lying, etc.

I'm laughing just to keep from crying,

Darling, O yeah!

Got two more years to serve on my time, etc.
When I get out I won't have a dime,
Darling, O yeah!

DEAREST MAE

Source Song. This is one of the many "plantation" pieces that became so popular in mid-19th century America: its air was used for other songs. It reached California at the time of the gold rush and was promptly borrowed for that environment. See: COMING AROUND THE HORN (No. 290) in this MB. Author-composer of Dearest Mae seems questionable, because different writers are credited in various song-books. In Christy's Negro Songster, 1855, pp. 246-247, both words and music are credited to A. F. Winnemore. In Chapple (HS), 158-159, Keach, 37 and Minstrel Songs, 143-144, the words are credited to Francis Lynch and the music to L. V. H. Crosby. Again, Carmer (SRA), 80-81, who dates the song 1847, credits the words to Francis Lynch and the music to James Power. Other versions may be seen in The Ethiopian Glee Book, Boston, 1850, 37 and Brown, III, 485-486; V. 269-270.

Dearest Mae

Now darkies, listen to me,
A story I'll relate;
It happened in de valley
Of de old Carolina State.
Away down in de meadow,
'Twas der I mowed de hay;
I always work de harder
When I think of dearest Mae.

Chorus

Oh! dearest Mae, you're lubly as de day, Your eyes so bright dey shine at night, When de moon am gwan away.

THE DEEP BLUE SEA

There is little that is original about the text of this song; it is similar to several other traditional pieces, including The Lost Lover in this MB. Nevertheless, Deep Blue Sea has enjoyed a remarkable popularity in comparison to related items.

For an entirely different song with the same title, see Randolph, IV, 308-309.

REFERENCES

Leisy, 77-78
Leisy (SPS), 12-13
Richardson (AMS), 47

Seeger (6), 76 Silber (HSB), 53 Silverman, II, 266

The Deep Blue Sea

Deep blue sea, Mama, deep blue sea.

Deep blue sea, Mama, deep blue sea.

Deep blue sea, Mama, deep blue sea—

It was Willie who got drown'ded

In the deep blue sea.

Wrap him up in a silken shroud (3)

It was Willie who got drown'ded

In the deep blue sea.

Dig his grave with a silver spade (3)
It was Willie who got drown'ded
In the deep blue sea.

Lower him down with a golden chain (3)

It was Willie who got drown ded

In the deep blue sea.

DEEP IN THE MIDDLE OF ARKANSAS also known as

The Bank of the Arkansas Down on the Banks of Banks of the Arkansas the Arkansas

An up-tempo country dance tune and humorous song from the days of the early western pioneers. The version below was obtained from Clyde "Red" Foley, Chicago, 1941.

REFERENCES

Carmer (SRA), 141-142 Lomax (OSC), 68-69

Deep In The Middle Of Arkansas

My life began with Maw and Paw Deep in the middle of Arkansas! Never done any work at all, Ev'ry day was another call!

Chorus

Squeaky fiddle and a worn-out bow, Country music's all I know! Hadn't a been for my old banjo, I'd a been married a long time ago!

An Injun chief and his old squaw,
Deep in the middle of Arkansas,
Plow'd their ground with a mangy plug,
Sold their corn in a gallon jug!

The prettiest gal I ever saw,
Deep in the middle of Arkansas,
Eyes was blue and her cheeks were red,
Lips much sweeter than gingerbread!

DEEP RIVER

also known as

I Want To Cross The River Into Camp-Ground

This is one of most well-known spirituals in the world. It first appeared in print in <u>The Story of the Jubilee Singers</u>, Hodder & Stoughton, London, 2nd edition, 1875, p. 196. The version below is the one I sang on radio in the early 1930s.

REFERENCES

Agay (1), 10 Leisy (LAS), 135 Lloyd, 142-143 Berger, 38 Best, 154-155 Lomax (ABFS), 594-595 Luther, 220 Chambers (TNS), 19-20 Dett, 167 Mackenzie (SH), 105 Marsh (SJS), 196-197 Downes, 170, 202 Hayes, 24-25 Oberndorfer, 23 Johnson (BANS), 100-103 Wier (YAM), III, 78

Deep River

Oh, don't you want to go to that gospel feast, That promised land where all is peace?

Lord, I want to cross over into camp-ground!

Lord, I want to cross over into camp-ground!

Lord, I want to cross over into camp-ground!

Chorus

Deep river! My home is over Jordan. Deep river!

Lord, I want to cross over into camp-ground! (4)

I'll go into heaven and take my seat,
I'll cast my crown at Jesus' feet, etc.

When I get to heaven I'll walk about, And no one there will turn me out, etc.

DELIA

also known as

Delia, Oh, Delia Delia's Gone Delie

One More Rounder's Gone

This song is best known in America in its adapted form, Delia's Gone, by Blind Blake (Blake Alphonse Higgs), who rewrote a West Indian folk song of same title and like subject matter. Blake's adaptation was published by Hollis Music, Inc., New York, c. 1954, and first popularized by Harry Belafonte.

The term "rounder" applies to both male and female in folk tradition and means either "a worthless and wandering person who prides himself on being idle", or, in some cases, represents fellowship and fondness.

For a form of the song known as Delie, see White, 215-216. Also see and compare Delia Holmes in Botkin (AFL), 911-912; Milling, 3-7; and Lilly in Odum (NHS), 210. The version below is from Dave Denny, Albany, N. Y., and was sung for me in 1951.

REFERENCES

Grafman, 115 Leisy (SPS), 19 Silber (HSB), 17

Delia

When I first saw Delia the moon was glowing bright; Held her in my arms and danced away the night.

Chorus

Now she's gone, Delia's gone. Sing my song, Delia's gone!
Sing my song, travel on; right or wrong, Delia's gone!
Saw a man with Delia, and she was having fun!
Hugged him and kissed him, and I took out my gun!
First time I shot Delia, I shot her in the side;
Next time I shot her, she fell right down and died.

THE DEVIL AND THE FARMER'S WIFE also known as

Fi-Lay, Fi-Little, Fi-Lay Anthony Rowley Bonnie Muriley Kellyburnbraes Brave Old Anthony Old Jokey Song Marala Old Man A-Jogging the Plow The Curst Wife The Old Man and the Devil The Devil and the Wood- The Old Man Hitched Up His man Hogs to Plow The Devil Came to the The Old Man Under the Hill Farmer's One Day The Old Scolding Wife The Devil's Song The Old Woman and the Devil The Evil Woman The Scolding Wife Farmer and the Devil The Sussex Farmer The Farmer's Cursed, or The Ten Little Devils Curst Wife There Was An Old Farmer The Farmer's Old Wife There Was An Old Farmer in The Farmer's Wife and Sussex Did Dwell the Devil A Woman and the Devil Fie-Lillie. Fie-Lillie. Fie-Lee, Fie Down

This is an ancient ballad, and its theme is Oriental as well as European. Folklore is filled with tales of the Devil. Information on ancient views of Satan, some of which are part of this song, is given in the stage directions for <u>Creation of the World</u>, a Cornish play of 1611 (see Chambers, <u>The Medieval Stage</u>, II, p. 142).

The version of the song given below is more Irish than English, more American than Irish, and more tuneful than most versions.

REFERENCES

Anderson (AESB), 73 Barry (ABB). No. 28 Barry (BBM), 325-333 Beck (LLC), 157-158 Beck (SML), 107-108 Belden (BS), 94-95 Brewster (BSI), 155-157 Brown, II, 188-190; IV, 116-119 Bulletin (TFS), VIII. 73 Bulletin (VFS), Nos. 4-6, 8-10 Campbell & Sharp, No. 34 Cazden, II, 74-75 Cazden (MD), 74-75 Chappell (FSRA), 42 Child. V. 107, 423 Coffin. 148-150 Cox (FSS), 164-165 Creighton (SBNS), 18-19 Creighton (TSNS), 95-99 Davis (MTBV), 316-327 Davis (TBV). 505. 598 Dean-Smith. 66 Dick. No. 331 Dixon (1846). 210 Dobie (TBE). 164-165 Downes (1940), 193 Downes (1962). 228 Flanders, IV, 99-135 Flanders (VFSB), 226-228 Friedman. 452-453 Gainer, 92-93 Gardner (BSSM), 373-378

Glass (SFRF). 9-10 Greig & Duncan, No. 320 Greig & Keith, 220 Hayward. 32 Henry (FSSH), 125-126 Houseman, 239-240 Hubbard, 40-42 Hudson (FSM), 124-125 Ives (SB), 194-196 Jamieson, I, 305-308 Johnson (SMM), No. 379 Jour (AFL), XIX, 298; XXIV, 348; XXVII, 68; XXX, 329; XLVII, 299 Jour (IFSS), XVIII, 27-28 Kinsley, 634-636 Kirkland, 77-78 Korson (PSL), 39-41 Leach (BB), 660-662 Linscott, 188-191 Lomax (CS-1919), 110-111 Lomax (FSNA), 187 Lomax (OSC), 152-154 Lomax (PB), 43 Mackenzie, 64 Moore (BFSS), 127-128 Morris, 323-326 Niles (BB), 314-320 0 Lochlainn, 108-109 Owens (TFS), 36-38 Peacock. I. 265-268 Pub (TFLS), X, 164-165; XXIII, 54-56 Quarterly (SFL), IV, 157 Randolph, I, 189-193 Randolph (OMF), 227-231

Roberts (IP), 85-86
Roberts (SBS), 99-100
Scott (BA), 152-153
Sedley, 222-223
Seeger (6), 58
Sharp, I, 275-281

Shellans, 18-19
Silverman, II, 218
Smith (AA), 53
Wells, 122
Whiting (TBB), 137-139
Williams (FSUT), 211

The Devil and the Farmer's Wife

A farmer was plowing his field one day,
Too-rillity, rillity, rillity aye!

A farmer was plowing his field one day

And the Devil appeared and the Devil did say,
With a fold-dee roll, rillity aye!

Fold-dee roll dee rillity aye!

My man I've come for to fetch your wife, etc.
For she has plagued you for all of your life, etc.

The Devil then threw her over his back, etc.
And went off below with a snappity-crack, etc.

He opened the gates and she heard them close, etc. She hit him and bit him and bloodied his nose, etc.

He ordered his demons to bind her in chains, etc. She lifted her foot and kicked out their brains, etc.

Two baby devils then started to squall, etc.
"O take her back, daddy! she'll kill us all!", etc.

The Devil then tied her up in a sack, etc.

And straight to the farmer he carried her back, etc.

We know that the women are worse then the men, etc.

For even in hell they're determined to win!, etc.

DEVILISH MARY

This song came to North America from England and Ireland, and it was quickly accepted. Several tunes collected in Ireland are similar to the tune of <u>Devilish Mary</u>, particularly one belonging to a song known as <u>The Wearing of the Breeches</u>.

REFERENCES

Botkin (SFL), 721 Owens (TFS), 121
Brown, IV, 343-344 Randolph, III, 186-190
Cazden, II, 60-61 Seeger (6), 70
Cazden (MD), 60-61 Sharp, II, 200
Chase (AFTS), 154-155 Silber (HSB), 62
Lomax (FSNA), 188-189 Silverman, I, 102
Lomax (OSC), 136-138 Thede, 101
Morris, 151-152

Devilish Mary

I went up to London town,

To court a fair young lady;

I inquired about her name—

They called her Devilish Mary.

Chorus

Rink tum tink tum terry,
Her eyes were blue and her hair was brown,
And they called her Devilish Mary.

Washed my clothes in old soap sudes, And beat my back with switches; Let me know right from the start That she would wear the britches.

If ever I wed the second time,
I'll go for love, not riches;
Choose a woman three feet high—
Too small to wear my britches.

DEVIL'S DREAM

This old song is extremely popular among old-time fiddlers and square-dancers. A version of the tune is in the 1718 edition of Playford's <u>Dancing Master</u>, but composer and place of origin are not known.

REFERENCES

Botkin (NEF), 898 Ford (TMA), 62 Linscott, 73

Playford, 179 Ryan, 140 Shaw, 390

Devil's Dream

Forty days and forty nights
The Devil was a-dreaming:
Around the bark, old Noah's ark,
The rain it was a-streaming.
The monkey washed the baboon's face,
The serpent combed his hair,
And up jumped the Devil
With his pitch-fork in the air!

No. 347

DIAMOND JOE also known as Roll On, Boys, Roll On

A cowboy song that dates back to the decade following the American Civil War, when trail herds meant large sums of money. The version given here differs somewhat from the version contributed to Lomax by J. D. Dillingham, but I have not seen it in any other collection. See Lomax (CS-1938, 65-66 and (OSC), 247.

The version below was sung for me by Tex Fletcher, New York City, 1944.

Diamond Joe

There is a man you hear about 'most ev'ry place you go;
His holdings are in Texas, and his name is Diamond Joe.
He hauls around his money in a diamond studded jar,
And he never seemed too worried by the law as preached
at bar.

Now Diamond Joe was tough and mean, his eyes were steely-gray;

He owned two-thirds of Texas, and I was in his pay.

He worked the range with his men, a rough and ready band,

An' when he saw a mav'rick, you can bet it got his brand.

If I was rich as Diamond Joe, I'd buy myself a home; I'd marry some good woman and go no more to roam.

The work is never easy and the pay is always low, And ev'ry time I gamble, I lose to Diamond Joe.

We'll drive the cows across the range until we reach the end:

I'll draw my pay in Kansas and spend it all again.
When it's time to leave this world, there is one thing
that I know:

If my body lands in hell, I'll be with Diamond Joe.

No. 348

DIDN'T IT RAIN?

An old spiritual that is still popular and exists in several versions, but all are easily identifiable as

MB

the same song.

REFERENCES

Brown, III, 617; V, 356 Edwards (BSS), 25

Lomax (FSNA), 477

Odum (NHS), 129-130 Silverman, II, 100 White, 141

Didn't It Rain?

Well, it rained forty days
And it rained forty nights;
There wasn't no land no where in sight!
God sent a raven to carry the news;
He flapped his wings and away he flew.

Chorus

O, didn't it rain, children?

God's gonna 'stroy this world with water!

O, didn't it rain, my Lord?

O, didn't it rain, rain, rain?

Well, it rained forty days
And nights without a-stoppin!!
Ol! Noah sure glad when it stopped a-droppin!.
God showed to Noah the rainbow sign,
Said. "There's gonna be a fire next time!"

The folks run to the Ark
An' they yelled an' roared:
"O, Noah, please let us come aboard?"
But Noah replied, "You're full of sin,
An' God tol' me not to let you in."

DIDN'T OLD PHARAOH GET LOST?

also known as

Did Not Old Pharach Get Lost?

Tryin' to Cross the Red Sea

A pre-Civil War spiritual, sung by slaves; it was one of the many slave spirituals featured by the original Fisk Jubilee Singers.

REFERENCES

Brewer, 154

Marsh (SJS), 179

Johnson (BANS), 60-61

Pike, 219, 261

Jubilee (PS), 40

Work (ANSS), 208

Mackenzie (SH), 117-118

Didn't Old Pharaoh Get Lost?

Isaac a ransom, while he lay Upon an altar bound; Moses, an infant cast away, By Pharaoh's daughter found.

Chorus

Well, didn't old Pharaoh get lost, get lost, get lost? Oh! didn't old Pharaoh get lost in the Red Sea?

Well, the Lord said unto Moses, "Go unto Pharaoh now, For I have hardened Pharach's heart-To me he will not bow."

Then Moses he summon'd Aaron, To Pharaoh they did go; "Thus said the God of Israel, 'Let my people go!'"

Ol! Pharaoh said, "Who is this God That I should now obey?" "He is Lord God Jehovan-He heard His people pray."

Well. Moses then number'd Israel; Through all the land he trod, Saying, "Children, do not murmer, But hear the word of God!"

Oh! hear the children murmer! They cry aloud for bread! Down fell the hidden manna, By which they all were fed.

The Lord God spoke to Moses From Sinai's smoking top, Saying, "Moses, lead my people Till I tell you to stop."

No. 350

DID YOU EVER SEE A LASSIE?

A game song, usually restricted to girls. It is related to This-a Way, That-a Way (see in MB), sn olfrt English game song. If the air seems familiar, it's because of its similarity to Lieber Augustine (also in MB).

REFERENCES

Bancroft, 343 Bertail, 36 Forbush, 43

Linscott, 6-7 Winn (1), 162-163

Did You Ever See A Lassie?

Did you ever see a lassie,
a lassie, a lassie,
Did you ever see a lassie
do this way and that?
Do this way and that way,
Do this way and that way,
Did you ever see a lassie
do this way and that?

No. 351

DIG-EE, DIG-EE DO also known as

A-Monday Was My Courting Day
Oh Lookee, Lookee There!
Old Gray Goose

Ole Grey Goose
On Monday I Married a
Wife

Originally, this was a minstrel song and was published in 1844 by A. Fiot, Philadelphia. Words and music were credited to Dan Emmett. It is doubtful, however, that Emmett actually composed this song; it is more probable that he rewrote the folk piece as show material. Sharp obviously thought it was an American version of an English song. On the other hand, Eddy considered it Irish. Regardless of origin, the song is definitely a part of American tradition.

Two versions are given below. The first (A) is from traditional sources; the second (B) is from the sheet music copy issued by Fiot in 1844.

REFERENCES

Lloyd, 96 Nathan, 461 Reeves, 164 Sharp, II, 277

Dig-ee, Dig-ee Do (Version A)

My wife took sick last Saturday night, On Sunday she was buried; And Monday was my courting day, And Tuesday I re-married.

Chorus

Well, dig-ee, dig-ee do,
And dig-ee, digee doe,
Jus' take a look-ee yander!
O, don't you see that old gray goose
A-walkin' with the gander?

I wish my wife had turned me down!
I never should have married.
She lies around the house all day,
And I'm all wrecked and harried.

Version B

Monday was my wedding day,
Tuesday I was married;
Wen's'day night my wife took sick,
Sat'day she was buried.

Chorus

Oh! looky har! Oh! looky whar?

Look right ober yander

Don't you see de ole Grey Goose

Smilin' at de Gander?

I axed Miss Dinah Rose one day
In de ole cart to ride;
She war by gosh so bery fat,
I couldn't sit beside her!

When she was gittin' out de cart, Miss Dinah loose her shoe, Den I did spy a great big hole Right in her stockin' through.

No. 352

DIGUE DINDAINE also known as

The Dance of the Flock Grandmother Complains La Danse du Troupeau

J'avais une vieille grand'mere Il S'est Mis a Turletter There Was an Old Grandmother

A French voyageur song derived from an ancient French ballad. As known in America, it is nothing more than an incident that formed part of the original song, and somehow became detached. Its relationship to the older ballad was pointed out in 1860 by Wekerlin and Champfleury in their Chansons Populaires de Provinces France. After being brought to America by French explorers and settlers. the song traveled westward on the waterways and began developing versions with variations. Versions have been recovered in Canada, Illinois, Indiana and Louisiana.

REFERENCES

Barbeau (JSOQ). 183-185 Berry, 34-35

Gibbon, 2-5 Tiersot (SP). 62-63

Gagnon, 50-53

Digue Dindaine

Quand j'étais de chez mon pere, digue dindaine, Jeune fille a marier, digue dinde. Jeune fille à marier, Jeune fille à marier. I' n'y-avait qu'un' vieill' grand'-mere, digue dindaine.

Qui ne voulait pas danser, digue dinde, Qui ne voulait pas danser (2).

Oh! qu'a' vous, ma vieill' grand-pere, digue dindaine.

Qu'avez-vous a tant pleurer? digue dinde. Qu'avez-vous a tant pleurer? (2)

Je pleure ton vieux grand-pere, digue dindaine,

Que les loups ont etrangle! digue dinde. Que les loups ont strangle! (2)

(English Version)

I had a very old grandmother, digue dindaine, I had a very old grandmother, digue dinde. All she did was weep and weep. (2)

What seems the matter, dear grandmother, digue dindaine,

What seems the matter, dear grandmother, digue dinde.

Why these plaints so very deep? (2)

I weep for your dear old grandfather, digue dindaine,

I weep for your dear old grandfather, digue dinde,

Whom the hungry wolves did eat. (2)

DING DONG BELL also known as Pussy's in the Well

Nursery song. Widely known and readily available in nursery song books, including those printed for use in kindergarten and grade schools.

REFERENCES

Bertail, 49

Moorat, 16

Wier (YAM), I, 54

Ding Dong Bell

Ding dong bell! Pussy's in the well!

Who put her in? Little Tommy Lynn.

Who pulled her out? Little Johnny Stout.

What a naughty boy was that, To drown poor pussy cat, Who ne'er did any harm. But killed all the mice In father's barn.

No. 354

DING DONG DINGLE O! also known as

Beaver Creek Cree-mo-cri-mo-dorro wah Ding Dong Kitty

Down in Skytown

Get to Bed Keemo Kimo Kemo Kimo Kitchie ki-me-o Kitty Kimo Kitty. Won't You Kimey-o? The Opossum Polly Kimo

Sing Kitty Won't You Kimy-o? There Was a Frog There Was an Old Frog There Was an Old Song

This originated in England as a comic song by Sam Cowell, probably during the late 1830s. In America, about 1840, the song was adapted by Southern slaves and. then, it was again adapted and made into a nonsense song for children. All through the 1850s, the song popularized on the minstrel stages (see Christy & Wood's New Song Book, New York, 1854, pp. 7-8). This song spawned many variations, several of which appear in published folk collections. For examples, see Frog in the Well in Master Book; Kitty, Can't You Come Along Too in Randolph, II, 334; and Way Down South Where I Was Born in Owens (TFS), 139. We give four versions below $(\underline{A}, \underline{B}, \underline{C}, \underline{D})$, with version D being the 1854 sheet music version.

REFERENCES

Odum (NWS), 187 Arnold, 86 Owens (TFS), 139-140 Brewster (BSI), 324-Randolph, II, 362-365 325 Richardson (AMS), 98-99 Brown, III, 165-166; Scarborough (NFS), 156, 285 V. 95-96 Scott (FSS), 37 Creighton (MFS), 135 Sharp, II, 353-354 Eddy, 142-143 White, 175-176 Ford (TMA). 106. 450 Wier (SCLS), 70 Jour (AFL), XXXV, 396 Levy, 166 Winn (2), 108-109

Down in Skytown lived a maid, Sing song, ding dong dingle 0! Churning butter was her trade, Sing song, ding dong dingle 0!

Keemo kimo dingle 0, me-hi, me-ho,
In come Sally with a sometime penny
In a cock, a pottie wattle in connip cat,
Sing song, ding dong dingle 0!

Saw a rat run up the wall, Sing song, ding dong dingle 0! Saw his tail and that was all, Sing song, ding dong dingle 0!

Love the girls, I love 'em all, Sing song, ding dong dingle 0! Love 'em short an' love 'em tall, Sing song, ding dong dingle 0!

VERSION B

Way down south on Cedar Creek, Sing song Kitty, won't you kimeo? There the catfish grow ten feet, Sing song Kitty, won't you kimeo?

Ke-mo ki-mo way down there,
Me-hi me-ho come in Molly,
With a polly wolly in a waggle,
Sing song Kitty, won't you kimeo?
Try to sleep but ain't no use,
Sing song Kitty, won't you kimeo?
Feet stick out an' chickens roost,
Sing song Kitty, won't you kimeo?

VERSION C

There was a frog lived in a spring, Sing, sing, Polly, can't you kimeo? He had such a cold he could not sing, Sing, sing, Polly, can't you kimeo?

Rye mo, ky bo, cutting with a hoe, Diddle o rum stick riddle dee at, Set back, wiggle back, nip cat, Sing, sing, Polly, can't you kimeo?

A little rat with a jug of souse, Sing, sing, Polly, can't you kimeo? Jus' come down from de white folks' house, Sing, sing, Polly, can't you kimeo?

VERSION D

In South Carolina the darkies grow,
Sing song Kitty, can't you ki me o!
Dat's whar de white folks plant de tow,
Sing song Kitty, can't you ki me o!
Cover de ground all over wid smoke,
Sing song Kitty, can't you ki me o!
And up de darkies' heads dey poke,
Sing song Kitty, can't you ki me o!

Chorus

Keemo kimo, dar, Oh whar! Wid my hi, my ho, And in come Sally singing,
Sometimes penny winkle, lingtum nipcat,
Sing song Kitty, can't you ki me o!

Milk in de dairy nine days old, etc.

Frogs and de skeeters getting mighty bold, etc.

Dey try to sleep, but it ain't no use, etc.

Dey jump all around in de chicken roost, etc.

DISGUISED LOVER I

also known as

The Banks of Claudie, or

Claudy

The Banks of Cloddie, or

Cloddy

Charlie's Return

Johnny's Return

The Lover's Return

The Soldier's Return

This is one in a series of songs given under a common title but numbered separately. Each of the songs has a central action in common with all the others— the male lover disguises himself deliberately in order to approach his sweetheart and test her faithfulness. Such songs are usually referred to as "returned lover" songs, but I have changed the designation because many of them are built around the "returned lover" theme minus the "disguise" motif.

Another story element shared by these songs is "time of separation"—the lover has been away for several years, usually in the military as a sailor or soldier. With rare exception, the "test of faithfulness" is met to the satisfaction of the distuised lover, and all ends happily.

Due to the similarities existing in all of these songs, many have become mixed, fused, one with another, so that not a few can no longer be clearly identified in their original forms. This fact led to some confusion on the part of collectors when making references to other versions

The "returned lover" theme is one of the most ancient in balladry and folklore; it was already old when.
Ulysses returned to Penelope in Homer's literary classic.
Variations of the theme are innumerable.

In some of these songs a "token" of some sort is involbed, as the "ring" in <u>Hind Horn</u>, for example. The token is

given to the hero by his sweetheart prior to his departure, and it has magical qualities. Should the woman ever prove unfaithful the token will lose or change its color. In American versions, however, we find that all mention of magic is avoided, and the songs become straight tales of a lover returning home after a long period of absence; disguising himself, he approaches his sweetheart and tests her fidelity. The woman always fails to recognize the hero, who makes romantic advances to her. She rejects his advances, of course, and informs him that her heart is elsewhere and always will be. Satisfied that her love is deep and true, the hero then proceeds to remove his disguise and reveal his true identity. Naturally, they live happily everafter - in most of the songs. In the song below we have an Irish treatment of the theme. It dates from the middle of the 19th century. The text became mixed with the texts of other disguised lover pieces as it circulated orally. For examples, Hubbard has this song as a version of John Riley and Owens (TFS) relates it to The Banks of the Nile.

REFERENCES

Belden (BS), 154-155
Chappell (FSRA), 124
Christie, II, 70
Cox (FSS), 321-322
Creighton (FSNB), 48,
50
Creighton (MFS), 65
Eddy, 116, 157-158
Ford (VSBS), 317
Gardner (BSSM), 191-192
Greig, art. xlviii

Hubbard, 83
Hudson (FSM), 152
Jour (AFL), XXVI, 362
Kidson (FSNC), 34-35
Laws, N 40, 223
Mackenzie, 185-186
O'Conor, 39
O'Lochlainn, 116-117
Ord, 130
Owens (TFS), 73-75
Petrie, 423

Pound, 73-74
Pound (SFSN), IV, 2
Randolph, I, 233-234
Reeves, 70-71

Scarborough (SC), 266, 426 Sturgis (SHV), 22-25 Toldman & Eddy, 351-354 Wehman (617), 118

Disguised Lover I

As I walked out one evening, all in the month of May, Down by a flowery garden where Betsy she did stray, I overheard this damsel in sorrow to complain, About her absent lover who plowed the raging main.

I stepped up to this fair maid, and caught her by surprise;

She said she did not know me—But I was in disguise—:
"My one and only darling, my soul and heart's delight,
How far have you to wander this dark and stormy night?"

"Is this the banks of Claudie, or would you kindly show?

Pity a maid distracted, for I am forced to go In search of a young man, and Charlie is his name; And on the banks of Claudie I'm told he does remain."

*This is the banks of Claudie, the same on which you stand,

But do not believe in Charlie—for he's a false young man.

Do not believe your lover; he will not meet you here—
But stay with me till morning, no danger need you
fear."

"If Charlie were here tonight, he'd keep me safe from harm:

But he's in the field of battle, all in his uniform.

He's in the field of battle, our foes he defies—

Like some bright king of honor, he's gone the war

to try."

"It's been two years and better since Charlie left the shore,

A-sailing the wild ocean where foaming billows roar,
But over the wild ocean he'll never sail again—
His ship's been lost, I've been told, along the coast
of Spain."

When she heard this sad news she fell into despair, A-wringing of her hands and a-tearing at her hair, Saying, "Since he's gone and left me, no other will

I take;

Down in some lonesome valley I'll wander for his sake."

When he saw her love was loyal, he could no longer stand;
He sprang into her arms, saying, "Betsy, I'm your man!
I am that faithful young man, the cause of all your pain,
And since we've met on Claudie's banks, we ne'er shall
part again!"

No. 356

DISGUISED LOVER II also known as

The Broken Ring Return of the Dark-Eyed Sailor
The Broken Token The Sailor
The Brown-Eyed Sailor Sailor Bill
The Dark-Eyed Sailor Sailor Boy

The Dark-Eyed Sailor's The Token

Return The Young and Single
Down By The Seaside Sailor

Fair Phoebe and Her Dark- Young Willie's Return
Eyed Sailor

This song is an excellent example of fusion and confusion. Many broadside versions circulated widely and, as a result,

the song has mixed-in and been confused with nearly all the other disguised lover songs. Titles like The Broken Ring, or Broken Token are very ancient and quite common in folklore, and both are attached to many songs based upon that ancient theme (see The Magic Ring, On The Yankee Man-of-War and The Sailor's Sweetheart in this Master Book). The Text below is one of the earliest known of the type. It is the most influential in the folk process when considering fusion of the various "returned lover" ballads, because it was one of the most widely distributed. The first known broadside version was issued by James Catnach in 1836, in England, under the title: The Sailor's Return, or The Broken Token. Soon thereafter came two variated versions: The Brisk Young Sailor, or Fair Phoebe, issued by Such, and The Dark-Eyed Sailor, issued by Wheeler of Manchester. Since the publication of these broadsides, the song has survived by being reprinted, rewritten and oralized among the folk.

Once the folk took it over, the song was bound to lose a certain amount of its original identity. The fusion with other disguised lover songs, or rather, the confusion, became noticeable only after "collectors" went among the people and began publishing the far-flung versions. For example, no less an authority than Cecil Sharp printed six different versions of JOHN RILEY (see Disguised Lover V in MB) under the title, The Broken Token. Helen Creighton, in Canada, printed The Broken Ring and The Broken Token separately, but her version of The Broken Ring is nothing more than an altered version of John Riley. In Creighton (FSNB), 57-58, there is yet another Broken Ring ballad that is similar to but not the same as the song below. In Creighton (SBNS), we find two additional Broken Ring songs- the first being a one-stanza fragment and the second being another version of John Riley.

Two versions are given below (A and B), and B is an English forerunner of A, which has been Americanized. The American version is found in many old songsters, an indication of its popularity. As a result of its popularity, the song's tune was "borrowed" and the song itself was parodied. For examples, see: The Dark-Eyed Canaller in Lomax (OSC), 218 and Gold Seeker X in MB.

Broadeides were issued in England, Ireland, and America, by: J. Andrews (List 3, No. 7); Bebbington, Manchester (No. 73); Brereton, Dublin; Cadman, Manchester (No. 133); Catnach, London; H. Disley of St. Giles; W. S. Fortey; Forth, Pocklington (No. 78); Harkness, Preston (No. 53); Hodges, London; G. Jacques, Manchester (No. 71); John Livsey, Manchester (No. 79); Pitts; Such (No. 2); W. R. Walker, New Castle (No. 8); Wehman, New York (No. 406); and Willey (No. 17).

The tune to which version \underline{A} is most always sung, as indicated on the Catnach broadside of 1836, is that of \underline{The} Female Smuggler (see Masquerading Woman VI in this \underline{MB}).

REFERENCES

Ashton (RSS), 71

Baring-Gould (EFSS), No.

40

Baring-Gould (SW), 42 &

88

Barry (MWS), 42-43

Broadwood (ETSC), 26

Brown, II, 310; IV, 180

Bulletin (FSSN), VI, 8
10

Christie, II, 100-101

Cox (FSS), 319-320

Creighton (MFS), 58-59

Creighton (SBNS), 58-59
Creighton (TSNS), 134-139
De Marsan (SJ), I, 39
Doerflinger, 300-301
Flanders (NGMS), 36-37
Flanders (VFSB), 36-38
Fowke (TSSO), No. 9
Gardner (BSSM), 160-162
Gray, 108-110
Greenleaf, 81
Greig, No. 112
Jour (AFL), XXII, 67
Jour (FSS), IV, 129, 136

Karpeles, 184-185
Karpeles (EFS), I, 550551
Karpeles (GEFS), 120-121
Laws N 35, 221
MacColl & Seeger, 126-128
Mackenzie, 172
Manny, 230-231
Marsh (SSM), III, 69-71
O'Lochlainn, 10-11
Ord, 323-324

Peacock, II, 513-514
Randolph, I, 264-265
Reeves (EC), 64-65
Scarborough (SC), 267-268
Songster (9), 147
Songster (85), 160
Songster (121), I, 5
Songster (152), 164
Songster (156), 80
Songster (175), 6
Wehman (GOTS), No. 2, 7-8

Disguised Lover II (Version A)

Once I saw a girl with lovely hair,
And she was young and sad and fair;
She met a sailor along the way,
And I paid attention, paid close attention,
To hear what they would say.

He said, "Lovely Miss, why walk alone When night has come and day is gone?"

She said, "The reason, as I recall,
Is a dark-eyed sailor, a dark-eyed sailor,
Who has caused my downfall.

"Three years ago he left this land.

He took a ring from off my hand

And broke that token in half with me.

Then he went a-sailing, he went a-sailing

Across the deep blue sea."

He said, "O Miss, drive him from your mind; A better man you'll surely find. When love is gone it cannot grow, But will turn like winter, will turn like winter, Like hills all clad with snow."

Those words did Phoebe's heart inflame:
"Young man, on me you'll play no game!"
She drew a dagger and made this cry:
For my dark-eyed sailor, my dark-eyed sailor,
A maid I'll live and die!

The Sailor did a ring unfold,

Gave it to her to see and hold.

"O love!" she cried, "I've lands and gold

For my dark-eyed sailor, my dark-eyed sailor,

So manly, true and bold!"

Now in a house by the riverside,
In happiness they now reside.
So, girls, be true while love's away—
Oft-times a cloudy morn, oft-times a cloudy morn
Brings on a pleasant day.

VERSION B From Baring-Gould (SW), No. 44

One summer evening, a maiden fair
Was walking forth in the balmy air;
She met a sailor upon the way:
"Maiden, stay," he whispered. "Maiden stay," he whispered,
"O pretty maiden, stay!

"Why art thou walking abroad alone?

The stars are shining, the day is done."

O then her tears they began to flow—

For a dark-eyed sailor, for a dark-eyed sailor

Had filled her heart with woe.

"Three years have passed since he left this land; A ring of gold he took off my hand. He broke the token, a half to keep,
Half he bade me treasure, half he bade me treasure,
Then crossed the briny deep."

"O drive him, damsel, from your mind,
For men are changeful as is the wind,
And love inconstant will quickly grow
Cold as winter morning, cold as winter morning,
When lands are white with snow."

"Above the snow is the holly seen,
In bitter blast it abideth green,
And blood-red drops it as berries bears,
So my aching bosom, so my aching bosom,
Its truth and sorrow wears."

Then half the ring did the sailor show,
Away with weeping, let sorrow go!
"In bands of marriage united we,
Like the broken Token, like the broken Token
In one shall welded be."

No. 357

DISGUISED LOVER III also known as

The Banks of Brandywine On the Banks of Brandywine Henry's Return The Return of Henry Shawn

This is an American writers concept of the "disguised lover" song. It is similar to and yet different from the two preceding songs. Because of its known pro-

fessional origin and its wide popularity in print, folk collectors generally signored the song. In fact, one collector simply reprinted the text from George Jackson (ESUS) and set it to the tune of the old folk song, Rinordine (see in MB). The tune to our text is similar to that of The Girl I Left Behind (see in MB).

REFERENCES

Amer (7), 52-54
Amer (8), 134
Amer (12), 52-54
Carmer (SRA), 5-6
Creighton (MFS), 62-63
Gardner (BSSM), 193-194
Jackson (ESUS), 148
Mackenzie, 186-187

Songster (8), 240-242 Songster (12), 9-12 Songster (14), 9-12 Songster (61), 158-160 Songster (62), 22-24 Songster (128), 158-160 Wehman (ISB), No. 1, 56-57

Disguised Lover III

One morning very early in the pleasant month of May, As I was walking to take the air, with nature being gay;

The moon above unveil'd face all thro the trees did shine.

As I wandered, to amuse myself, on the banks of Brandywine.

The hour was still early yet and I was surprised to see A lovely maid with down-cast eyes along the banks so gay.

I went to her and spoke to her, all friendly in design, And requested that she walk with me on the banks of Brandywine.

She said, "Young man, be civil, and my company please forsake.

It is my opinion, sir, that you are but a rake.

I love a valiant sailor who's now upon the main,

And I'm a maid forsake with a feeling of deep pain."

"My dear, you mustn't give yourself to melancholy cries;

I pray you stop weeping now and dry those lovely eyes. All sailors go from port to port—in each a mistress they do find.

He has left you to wander here on the banks of Brandywine."

"O leave me, sir, please leave me! Do not my heart torment!

My Henry longs to be with me, therefore I am content.

Why do you wish to torment me and cruelly combine

To fill my heart with horror on the banks of Brandywine?"

The lofty hills and craggy rocks they echoed back her strains:

The pleasant groves and rural shades were witness to her pains.

"How often has he promised me in Hymen's chains to twine!

Now here I am forsaken on the banks of Brandywine."

"O no, my love, that ne'er shall be! Behold your Henry now!

I am your long lost sailor, love—I've not forgot our vow!

Since I find you're still true, my love, in Hymen's chains we'll twine.

And bless the happy morn we met on the banks of Brandywine."

DISGUISED LOVER IV also known as

Farewell to the Rainbow Johnny's Return

Johnny German John the German

Johnny Germany Pretty Polly

Johnny Jarman The Rainbow

Johnny Jarmanie The Return of Johnny German

Johnny Jarman's Return The Wars of Germany

Apparently this is a derivative of the old British ballad, <u>Johnny German</u>. According to Cox (FSS), a broadside version was published at Boston about 1820. On the other hand, Belden (BS) dates the ballad 20 years later, about 1840. The undated Boston broadside is in the Harvard Library Collection.

The reference lists given in collections containing versions of this ballad are sometimes disturblingly used. For example, Moore (BFSS), 183, refers to Men's Clothing I Will Put On as a title to which Johnny German is sometimes known. Yet there is no mention in his text of a woman putting on men's clothing—which, if it did, would place the song among the Masquerading Woman group of ballads. Although several of the disguised lover and masquerading woman songs have some titles in common, it must be remembered that the two groups are entirely different in story-line. The Disguised Lover returns in disguise in order to test the faithfulness of his betrothed; the Masquerading Woman disguises herself in order to be with her lover.

See and compare Jack the German in Dobie (TBE), 156.

REFERENCES

Belden (BS), 155-156
Brown, II, 306-310; IV,
179-180
Cazden, I, 36-37
Chappell (FSRA), 104,
120
Chase (AFTS), 179-181
Cox (FSS), 328-329
Combs (FSMEU), 208
Davis (FSV), 49
Gardner (BSSM), 155-156

Jour (AFL), XII, 249; XX, 269; XXV, 9; XXXV, 377 Jour (FSS), II, 227 Mackenzie, 173-174 Mackenzie (QB), 135 Moore (BFSS), 183-185 Pub (TFLS), X, 156-157 Sharp, II, 256-257 Wyman (LT), 38

Disguised Lover IV

Hudson (FSM), 147

It's of a young jolly sailor, a true and loving lad, Who saw a maid in sorrow with countenance so sad.

"O my pretty fair young maiden, why look so sad and down?"

She answered me politely, with neither smile nor frown:

"My one true love he enlisted and left me here ashore; I'll have no love for comfort, if he should come no more."

"Perhaps I saw your true lover when I was last at sea; If you describe him rightly, he may be known to me."

"He belongs unto the Rainbow, the mate of Captain Lowe; His name is Johnny German—is he the man you know?"

"I dread to say, Pretty Polly, but very well I know Your true love Johnny German—he died five months ago."

She hung her head in deep sorrow, the tears ran down her cheek;

She stood there sore lamenting and scarce a word did speak.

She went back home, to her chamber, and there alone did lie;

She wept for Johnny German, and wished that she might die.

With heavy heart, grieving sadly, to think he'd used her so,

He dressed himself in scarlet, and to her he did go.

"O rise you up, Pretty Polly, leave all your tears behind;

Leave off your sore lamenting and comfort you shall find."

- "O dear loving Johnny German, how could you treat me so?"
- "O hold your tongue, Sweet Polly, and I will let you know.

"I did it for to try uour love, to see if you were true; I never met another that near exceeded you.

"I bid farewell to the Rainbow, for you have gained my heart;

I promise not to leave you 'til death tears us apart."

No. 359

DISGUISED LOVER V

The Broken Ring
The Broken Token
The Cowboy's Return
The Fair Damsel
The Fair Maid

The Fair Maiden
Fair Maid in the Garden
Fair Young Maid, or Maiden
The Gay Young Sailor
Johnny Reilly, or Riley

John Reilly, or Riley
John Riley's Return
A Lily Fair Damsel
The Love Token
The Maiden in a Garden
Maid in the Garden
A Pretty Fair Damsel
A Pretty Fair Maid
A Pretty Fair Maiden All
in the Garden
Pretty Fair Miss
The Ragged Soldier
The Returning Soldier
The Rugged Soldier
The Sailor and the Maid

The Sailor's Return Seven Long Years He Has Kept Me Waiting The Single Sailor The Soldier Boy The Soldier's Return Soldier. Won't You Marry Me? A Sweetheart in the Army There Was a Lady in Her Father's Garden There Was a Lady in the Garden True Love The True Sweetheart The Young and Single Sailor Young Riley

This is by far the most popular of all the <u>Disguised</u>
Lover songs known in the United States, and it has been more often adapted. In the Western States, for example, the lover in disguise was neither sailor nor soldier but a cowboy. The ballad exists in so many versions and under so many titles that keeping track of it is quite a problem.

John Riley is often confused with George Reilly (see Disguised Lover VI), but the only things the two songs have in common are name similarity and story theme. Yet collectors seemed to have had a difficult time with the two songs, which means I could not readily accept their titles as a form of identification. Some examples of the problems are this: The George Reilly in Campbell & Sharp, No. 82, and the John Riley in Wyman (LT), 37, are identical in story and situation but differ considerably in meter and phraseology. The George Reilly in Cox (FSS), 323, is, in his words, "a modified form of the Young Riley of modern broadsides..." The John Riley in Lomax

Davis (FSV), 49

(FSNA), 161, is a version of George Reilly. The Maiden in the Garden in Randolph, I, 258, is certainly a version of John Riley but in the same volume, p. 262, we find John Riley set down as a separate song. In Leach (BB) we find a version of John Riley given as version B of The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington. Yet, in the same collection (pp. 701-703), Leach gives the same story twice again, and in practically the same words under A Sweetheart in the Army. There are other examples of this confusion due to mixing of songs, but we need not continue with them here. It is quite possible, of course, that Cox is correct in contending that both George Reilly and John Riley are derivatives of the older broadside ballad, Young Riley. For a combination of the two songs, John and Young Riley, see The Sailor's Return in Morris, 375-376. Broadsides of this song were issued by Bebbington, Manchester (No. 22); J. Cadman, Manchester (No. 265); John Harkness, Preston (No. 262); Such (No. 21; and W. R. Walker, Newcastle-on-Tyne (No. 20).

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Jour (FSS). IV. 127; VI. 272-273 Karpeles (EFS), I, 552-555 Kincaid No. 2, 34 Laws N 42, 224 Leach (BB), 315, 701-703 Lomax (FSNA), 161-162 Lomax (OSC), 168 MacColl & Seeger, 128-133 Mackenzie, 168-171 Mackenzie (QB), 133-134 McIntosh (FSSG), 45-47 Moore (BFSS), 187-189 Morris, 346-349 O'Lochlainn, 4-5 Ord, 326-327 Owens (TFS), 46-48 Peacock, II, 584-585

Pub (TFLS), VI, 194-195; X, 155; XXIII, 90-92 Quarterly (SFL), VIII, 165 Randolph, I. 262-264 **Reeves**, 64-65 Ritchie (SFC), 230-231 Ritchie (SSB), 60-61 Roberts (IP), 101-103 Roberts (SBS), 106-107 Robinson (YF), 25-26 Sandburg (AS), 68-69 Scarborough (SC), 260-**264**, 423–425 Sharp, II, 70-73 Sharp (FSFS), No. 25 Shearin (SKFS), 27 Silverman, I, 24 Smith (SCB), 162-163 Wyman (LT), 37, 88

Disguised Lover V

A fair young maid sat in her garden.

A strange young man came walking by.

He said, "Fair maid, will you marry me?"

And he waited for the maid's reply.

"To marry you, a man of honor—
For honorable you seem to be—
Is something I must refuse to do,
For a servant wife I'll never be."

"I don't want you to be my servant!

I'll marry you, make you my bride.

Servants you'll have to wait upon you,

While the two of us walk side by side."

"I have a love all of my own,
Tho' seven years he's been at sea;
And seven years I've waited for him,
For him to return and marry me."

"O pretty maid, why be so foolish?

Don't wait so long for any young man.

He may be dead, or he may be wed,

Or he may be sick in some strange land."

"If he is sick, I'll wish him better; And if he's wed, I'll wish him joy. If he is dead, heaven I'll wish him— For I truly love my sailor boy."

Now when he knew that she was constant, And understood her love was true, He held a ring for her to see it— 'Twas the very ring the maiden knew.

He held her close and he embraced her, Kisses gave her, one, two, three; He said, "Fair maid, I am your true love And I have returned to marry thee.

"For seven years I loved a lady,
For seven years I've sailed the sea,
But seven years will I sail no more,
And tomorrow, love, you'll marry me."

No. 360

DISGUISED LOVER VI also known as

George Reilly, or Riley
John Reilly, or Riley
John Riley's Courtship

A Most Beautiful Maiden Reilly the Sailor's Return The Sailor This and the preceding song tell, essentially, the same story. Locales and tunes differ and differences in meter and phraseology are also considerable. Neverthe less, separating the two songs is something like fitting the pieces of a picture-puzzle together when all the pieces have been mixed-in with pieces of a similar puzzle. The returned lover may be named George or John Reilly, or Riley, in versions of either song. This is not helpful, specially when collectors do not identify the songs and make references to versions in other works accordingly.

To demonstrate the problem of identity, we will make this distinction: We are here dealing with a version of GEORGE REILLY. The preceding song is a version of JOHN RILEY. I was able to separate the two songs because I was not hampered by oral tradition as were the collectors who went among the people and then published their findings. For example, Hubbard gives a version of George Reilly as John Riley I, then followed that with a version of John Riley, calling it John Riley II. Eddy did the same, calling George Reilly by the other name and putting a version of the real John Riley under the title, A Pretty Fair Maid. Randolph has George Reilly as version B of John Riley's Courtship and Scarborough (SC) gives it as version B of Fair Phoebe and Her Dark-Eyed Sailor (see Disguised Lover II in MB).

There is a rather simple way to distinguish between the two songs, provided the versions being considered are not too fused or fragmentary. Versions of John Riley, which may be a derivative of George Reilly, invariably begin with "a maid in a garden." George Reilly, as well as several "disguised lover" songs, begins with the hero "out walking to take the pleasant air"—sometimes along a river bank, sometimes along the shore, where he encounters his sweetheart and approaches

her. From these different beginnings the two songs proceed to unfold remarkably similar stories.

We can reasonably assume that this song, George Reilly, is the older of the two. A version is in The New American Songster, Philadelphia, 1817, p. 9. A similar version is in Garret's Right Choyse and Merrie Book of Garlands, London, 1818. Also, a very similar Irish song, The Constant Damsel, is in a small Dublin song book, The Vocal Enchantress, 1791, p. 22.

Many broadside versions were issued by Catnach, Fortey, Such, and others.

REFERENCES

Amer(8), 130 Quarterly (SFL), III, 211-212 Brewster (BSI), 215-216 Randolph, I, 262-264 Brown. IV. 178-179 Roberts (IP), 99-101 Cambiaire, 95 Campbell & Sharp, No. 82 Scarborough (SC), 268-269 Sharp, II, 22-26 Chappell (FSRA), 66 Cox (FSS), 323-325 Songeter (8), 40 Eddy, 114-116 Songster (12), 40 Ford (BB). No. 3125 Songster (13). 149 Songster (61), 150 Hubbard, 80-82 Lomax (FSNA), 161-162 Songster (117). 9 Thomas (DD), 104-105 Lomax (OSC), 168-172 Wyman (LT), 34-37 March (SSM), III, 149

Disguised Lover VI

As I walked out early one morning,
To take the cool and pleasant air,
I saw a fair and most beautiful lady,
With eyes of green and golden hair.

I went to her and quietly asked her If she would be a sailor's bride.

"O no, O no!" she answered me softly,
"Your kind request must be denied."

"O tell me why you will not marry?
You differ from all woman kind—
For you are young, and so fair and handsome,
I'd give the world to make you mine."

"Three years ago I could have married, But off to war my love did go; It is for young George Reilly I'm waiting— He is the cause of all my woe."

"O come with me, and leave George Reilly, And go with me to some far shore; We'll sail away to California— Forget young George forevermore."

"Kind sir, I can't forget George Reilly, And I will wait upon this shore; I will not sail to California, Tho' he may come to me no more."

I gave to her warm hugs and kisses,

Because I saw her love was true:

"My love," I cried, "I am your own George Reilly,

And I've returned to marry you!"

No. 361

DISGUISED LOVER VII also known as

The Brisk Young Farmer
Pretty Fair Damsel
The Return of William Hall
The Return of Willie the
Sailor

The Rich Young Farmer
A Soldier Boy
William Hall
William Hall's Return
Willie the Sailor

This is yet another song of British origin that became Americanized via the folk process. Versions of this ballad have been recovered in most areas of the United States but, unfortunately, collectors gave little or no background information concerning it.

REFERENCES

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Belden (PLSB), Nos. 1 & 31
Brown, IV, 348-350
Brown (BLNC), 10
Campbell & Sharp, No. 101
Cox (FSS), 326-327, 528
Gardner (BSSM), 153-154
Henry (FSSH), 180-181
Hudson (FSM), 154-155
Jour (AFL), XXV, 7; XXVI, 350
Moore (BFSS), 189-191
Morris, 350-353
Owens (TFS), 43-46

Pound, 71-72
Pound (SFSN), IV, 1
Pub (TFLS), XXIII, 7880
Quarterly (SFL), VIII, 166
Randolph, I, 231-232
Scarborough (SC), 264-266,
425-426
Sharp, II, 239-242
Sharp (FSEO), II, 32
Shearin (BBCM), 322
Shearin (SKFS), 11-12
Thomas (DD), 84-85
Wyman (LT), 100-102

Disguised Lover VII

I'll tell you of a brisk young farmer, A man who earned renown; He courted a fair and handsome lady, Who lived in yonder nearest town.

Now when his parents learned about it, In anger they did say: "We will send him far across the ocean, Until this love does fade away."

Five long years he sailed upon the ocean, Then reached his native shore; "If Molly's alive," said he, "I will find her, And we shall part again no more."

As he walked out one morning early,
All down a lonesome street,
Cold rain began to fall upon him,
And his true love he chanced to meet.

"Good morning, good morning, pretty fair Miss.

And could you fancy me?"

"My fancy is placed on a brisk young farmer

Who sails upon the roaring sea."

"Describe him to me," he begged the maiden,
"Describe his looks to me.
Perhaps I had a chance to know him,
For I have lately come from sea."

"He's proper, fair, and rather handsome.
Also he's slim and tall.
His hair is dark, and he wears it curly,
But his blue eyes are best of all."

"O yes, I saw him and I knew him—
His name is William Hall!
I saw a French cannon-ball go thro' him,
And to his death I saw him fall."

O, the cries and moans of that fair maiden!

Dear God, what shall I do?

"He's gone! He's gone!" she cried in sorrow.

"My heart will surely break in two!"

"No need to mourn, my pretty fair Miss,
No need to weep," said he.
"Let me convince you of my story—
Look at this ring you gave to me."

No. 362

DISGUISED LOVER VIII also known as

Fain Waterloo Famed Waterloo

Lovely Nancy

The Mantle of Green

The Mantle so Green One Morning in June

The Return of Willie O'Riley

Round Her Mantle so Green

Waterloo

William O'Reilly William O'Riley Willie O'Reilly

Willie O'Reilly's Return

Young Willie O'Reilly

Although common in British broadsides, this song is apparently of Irish origin. Versions were also frequently published in America. Some versions were mistakenly associated with other songs using the same or similar titles, such as Lovely Nancy and Mantle So Green. Many old songs are entitled Lovely Nancy, but versions of this song known by that title are not related to them. The Mantle of Green (see Erin's Green Shore in MB) is not related to this either, although Mackenzie thought both were derived from a common source. Mackenzie also described this song as being "a modified version of... George Reilly."

The original title of this song seems to have been The Mantle So Green, and it was popular on both sides of the Atlantic under that title. Broadsides were issued by J. Cadman, Manchester (No. 166); De Marsan, New York (List 14, No. 51); Ryle (No. 40); Such (No. 53); and Wehman, New York (No. 438). Versions also appeared in dozens of song books and songsters during the last half of the 19th century.

For songs that are probably variations, see <u>The Plains</u> of <u>Waterloo</u> in Greenleaf, 172-173 and <u>Beautiful Nancy</u> in Karpeles (EFS), I, 561-562. For versions of a song sharing the title <u>Waterloo</u> with the one given below but

which are not related to it, see Peacock, III, 1020 and Sharp, II, 176.

A recognized variation is given below as version B.

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Creighton (SBNS), 60-61
Delaney (ISB), No. 3, 7
DeMarsan (SJ), No. 1, 174
Gardner (BSSM), 157-159
Greenleaf, 175-177
Howe (100), 276
Joyce (OIFMS), No. 325
Karpeles (EFS), I, 565
Laws, N 38, 222
Leach, 312

Mackenzie, 182-184
Manny, 285-286
O'Conor, 38
O'Lochlainn, 14-15
Ord, 155-156
Peacock, II, 555-557
Randolph, I, 371-372
Songster (170), 24
Songster (171), 59
Wehman (617), 120

Disguised Lover VIII

While I was out walking one evening in spring, A-viewing fine fields and the birds swiftly wing, I saw a fair damsel who appeared as a queen, With such costly fine robes and her mantle so green.

I stared in amazement, and in happy surprise;
I thought her an angel who appeared from the skies.
Her eyes were a-sparkle, her cheeks like the rose;
I had never seen fairer that nature composed.

Approaching, I told her, "If you will come with me, We will join in wedlock and sweet unity.

You shall dress in rich attire and appear like a queen,

With your costly fine robes and your mantle so green."

She answered me, saying, "Your offer I refuse.

I'll be wed to no man. Another you must choose.

To the green hills I'll wander, and I'll wander them through,

For the one that I love lies in famed Waterloo."

"O fair one, I'm sorry, but, pray, tell me his name, For I've been in battle and may know the same."
"Come and look at my garment and his name will be seen.

For it's here, finely stitched, on my mantle so green."

I gazed on her mantle, as I had been told, And there was his name all in letters of gold. "Young Willie O'Reilly was a man that I knew; He was my best comrade over in Waterloo.

"Your Willie fought so bravely while bullets 'round us flew,

Till in the battle fell the lad we both knew.

As your Willie lay dying, these words he did cry:

'Were you here, sweet Nancy, contented I would die!'"

In silence she listened, and paler, paler grew, Then turned her face from me, her tears hid from view.

"Thro' the hills I will wander for the one I adore, And I won't forget him, tho' I'll see him no more."

"Rise up, lovely Nancy, the truth I will declare:
Look! see the love-token you gave me to wear.
Thro: the hills do not wander—I'm the one you adore;
I'm your Willie come home and will leave you no more.

"O don't you remember 'twas I won your heart
In your father's garden before we did part?
When we promised to be true, and I made you my queen
In your costly fine robes and your mantle so green?"

This couple were married, and I heard people say,
"They had lords and ladies in service that day.
They were happy and peaceful, for the war was all o'er,
And the happy bride knew he would leave her no more."

VERSION B

also known as

The Banks of Clyde Bloody Waterloo

Lonely Waterloo
Upon the Banks of Clyde

This is an adaptation of the above ballad. Other texts are in Gardner (BSSM), 227; Greenleaf, 178-179; and Peacock, III, 1007-1008.

A fair maid came walking along the banks of Clyde,
And tears ran down her cheeks as she passed by my side.
I saw her heaving bosom and heard a word or two:
"I fear my Willie's dead on the field of Waterloo."

"What kind of clothes did Willie wear?" I asked her in reply.

"He wore a highland bonnet with feathers standing high, With a broadsword at his side and a suit brown of hue—Such the clothes my Willie wore at Bloody Waterloo."

"I was your Willie's comrade, and saw your Willie die;
Four bayonets struck his chest, but low was his cry.
He took me by the hand, saying, "I fear my life is
through."

"Twas then he closed his eyes at Bloody Waterloo."

"O Willie, dearest Willie," and she could say no more. She fell into my arms and cried out once more:
"Death, open wide your jaws and swallow me too!
Let me be with Willie's corpse at Bloody Waterloo."

"Look up, my pretty fair maid, look up and you will see

The soldier that you mourn, safe from o'er the sea.

I've returned to claim your love and make you my

bride."

Now they are in wedlock bound on the banks of Clyde.

No. 363

DISGUISED LOVER IX

Annie and Willie Little Mary, the Sailor's

Bride

Love Disguised
Love in Disguise

Mary and Willie

The Return of Willie the

Sailor

William and Mary

Willie and Mary

Willie the Sailor's

Return

According to Edward Phillips (New World of English Words, 1705), this was "a popular song, sung up and down the streets." Adapted by the masses after being performed upon the stage, the song became part of the folk process and developed accordingly. The earliest known version in print is the J. Evans broadside, 1794. Another version is in Hodgson's Fashionable Song Book, 1833, pp. 23-24. The date of the song's arrival in America is unknown. The tune to which the text is sung seems to vary from place to place. Barry said the tune of his version was a variant of My Lodging Is On The Cold Ground. Flanders said of her version, "The music is a set of an old English air. probably originally a country dance tune, from which was descended the melody to Fair Harvard, as well as the tunes of some American traditional songs, including The Cowboy's Lament."

Although this ballad has version titles in common with

several different songs, it is not related to the Willie and Mary, or Willie Was A Fine Young Sailor in Manny, 308-310.

REFERENCES

Henry (FSSH), 172-173 Barrett, 59 Hudson (FSM), 153-154 Barry (MWS), 24-25 Belden (BS), 152-153 Hudson (SMFL), No. 29 Brewster (BSI), 356 Jour (AFL), XLV, 102 Bulletin (FSSN), VIII. Lomax (CS-1919), 77-78 15-16 Pound. 200-202 Flanders (NGMS), 25-27 Randolph, I, 264-265 Flanders (VSFB), 150 Shearin (SKFS), 27

Disguised Lover IX

As Mary and Willie walked by the seashore Their final farewell to take. Said Mary to Willie, "Should you never return, I fear that my poor heart would break." "Do not despair, little Mary," he said, As he pressed the fair maid to his side; "My absence don't mourn and when I return, You know I will make you my bride."

Three years went by without any news, And Mary stood at her door. A beggar came walking, with patch over his eye, Quite lame, all tattered and tore. "Fair lady," he cried, "some charity show And your fortune I'll tell you beside. The young man you mourn will never return To make little Mary his bride."

She trembled with sorrow and then she did say: "I'll give both money and bread.

If only you'll answer, and please answer me true—
Is Willie living or dead?"
"He lives today, but in dire poverty,
And he's been shipwrecked over the tide;
So poor is he now he'll never return
To make little Mary his bride."

"O surely God knows what joy I feel,
Tho' his misfortune I mourn.
My Willie is welcome and ever will be,
In poverty, tattered and torn.
My love is sincere and I want him here,
And I shall wed no other beside.
Although he is poor I pray he'll return
To make little Mary his bride."

The beggar then tore the patch from his eye,
His crutches dropped from his side;
"Forgive me, dear Mary, forgive me," he said,
'Twas only your love that I tried.
I've money a-plenty and riches untold,
And happy to be by your side.
Straightway we'll roll in my coach of gold,
To make little Mary my bride!"

No. 364

DISGUISED LOVER X also known as

The Lady of the Lake

Liza Gray

Although this song is similar to all the other <u>Disguised</u>
<u>Lover</u> pieces, it is fundamentally different in that it
is based upon an actual event. Doerflinger, 301, says
this "is a ballad issued by the broadside printers after

the loss of the ship Lady of the Lake, a Lord Jim tragedy in grim reality."

The Lady of the Lake, an emigrant ship, was bound from Belfast to Quebec, when, on May 11, 1833, she ran into the underwater tongue of an iceberg south of Newfoundland. Some two hundred lives were lost. Only those in the Captain's lifeboat survived. Details of the disaster, including the testimony of survivors, are given in The Icy Atlantic, title of an article by Captain James Hoskens in The Nautical Magazine and Naval Chronicle, June, 1860, pp. 292-295. Also see The Mariner's Chronicle of Shipwrecks, Fires, Famines, and Other Disasters at Sea, Philadelphia, 1849, vol. 1, pp. 334-335.

REFERENCES

Doerflinger, 302-303 Durlacher, 140 Jour (AFL), XXV, 185 Mackenzie, 178-179
Peacock, III, 928-930

Disguised Lover X

One evening as I took a walk down by the riverside,
Near the town of sweet Dundee, a lovely lass I spied.
She sighed and cried and then did say, "I fear I'll
rue the day

My sailor lad left me here and sailed far away."

Quietly, and unseen by her, I speedily drew near,
And recognized the voice of my own sweet Ellen dear.
By her mournful lamentations I was taken by surprise,
And ached to take her in my arms and dry her lovely
eyes.

I quickly stepped beside her to ease her misery,
"Fair lady, why do you weep beneath the willow tree?"
She sighed aloud and then did say, "O please don't
trouble me!

I'm weeping for a sailor lad who drowned in the sea.

"So handsome was my sailor lad, my own dear Willie Brown;

In the <u>Lady of the Lake</u> he sailed from Belfast town.

Three hundred emigrants all bound for Amerikay

Were lost along with Willie and all cast away."

"I knew your Willie Brown. I, too, in that vessel went.

Many pleasant hours together with him I have spent.

We were close and constant comrades on the Lady of the Lake.

Till on the Newfoundland coast we found our lives at stake.

"Out on the raging sea, five hundred miles from nearest shore.

Tons of ice and northeast winds did on our vessel pour;
The Lady of the Lake was tossed and torn and quickly rent,

And all but thirty-four brave souls to the bottom went.

"Young Willie Brown among the rest I'm sure was cast away; Before the ship to pieces went these words I heard him say:

*Farewell to my sweet Ellen dear! I know her heart will break

When she hears that I am lost with the Lady of the Lake."

"O God! young man, if all you've said to me is really true,

It's to all earthly comforts that I now say adieu!

All my days from this time on, it's single I will be.

So please, sir, leave me here alone beneath the Willow tree."

I said, "My dear sweet Ellen, from your weeping now refrain;

O don't you see I've been spared to see your face again? Behold this token that you gave to me when I sailed

away-

It bears the lovely likeness of my own dear Ellen Gray."

No. 365

THE DISHEARTENED RANGER

also known as

Come List to a Ranger

The Ranger's Lament

According to J. E. Haley, in his book <u>Charles Goodnight</u>, pp. 97-98, this song was written by two Texas Rangers: Alec McClosky and Tom Pollard. They wrote the song during the Civil War years. A version called <u>The Ranger's Lament</u>, contributed by Stuart Lake, is in the <u>Saturday Evening Post</u>, April 11, 1931, p. 145. The version below is an arrangement from the singing of Tex Fletcher, Black Hills. South Dakota.

REFERENCES

Allan (LSB), 92 Lingenfelter, 268-269 Lomax (CS-1919), 261-262

Lomax (CS-1938), 369-370 Moore (BFSS), 315-316 Randolph, II, 178-179

The Disheartened Ranger

O listen to a ranger, altho' I'm a stranger; The song is a sad one, so lend me your ear. I have kept the Comanches away from the ranches, And fought with outlaws all along the frontier.

I am weary of scouting, of riding and routing The Indians and rustlers, spilling my blood. No rest for the sinner, no breakfast or dinner, While sleeping at night on a bed in the mud.

No corn or potatoes, and never tomatoes;
And jerked beef as tough as the sole of my shoe.
All day without drinking, all night without winking—
I tell you, kind stranger, such treatment won't do.

Them big alligators we call legislators,
They're puffing and blowing two-thirds of the time;
But windy orations about rangers and rations
Never put in my pocket one-tenth of a dime.

Election time's coming, and they'll be out running
And praising our valor, to purchase our votes.
But I'm wise to their sham, know they don't give a damn!
And I'm hoping their speeches get stuck in their throats.

Altho' it may grieve you, this ranger must leave you Exposed to the arrow, the knife of the foe; So look to your cattle and fight your own battle, For home to Kentucky I'm determined to go.

No. 366

DIVES AND LAZARUS also known as

Divers Never Gave Nothing Lazarus and the Rich Man to the Poor The Rich Man and Lazarus

The Biblical account of Lazarus and the rich man has been the theme of many songs, some of them far removed from the Biblical text. For an example of the latter, see The Orphan Girl and the Rich Man in this Master Book. The Dives and Lazarus ballad in Child, II, 10-12, No. 56, is much older than the song of like title given below, and perhaps inspired it. The language is

different but the story is exactly the same. The Child ballad dates from at least July 19, 1557, for on that date it was licensed to Master John Wallys and Mistress Toye in London. Versions of that song may be seen in Broadwood (ECS), 102-103; Hone (EDB), I, 1598; Husk's Songs of the Nativity, 94; and Sylvester's Christmas Carols, 50. The Husk version was a reprint of an 18th century broadside, which begins:

As it fell out upon a day, Rich Dives he made a feast, And he invited all his friends And gentry of the best.

Then Lazarus laid him down and down,
And down at Dives' door:
"Some meat, some drink, brother Dives,
Bestow upon the poor."

A Negro version of the story, <u>Divers Never Gave Nothing</u>
to the <u>Poor</u>, is in Kennedy (M-2), 51-52. Yet another
version, <u>Dives and Lazarus</u>, is in Lomax (ABFS), 583584, and begins:

Wo' his purple an' linen, too,
Ring dat big bell;
Don't keer what sorta rags fer you,
Ring dat big bell;
Dine sumptious ev'y day,
Ring dat big bell;
Tell Laz'us go away.

An entirely different <u>Lazarus</u> and the <u>Rich Man</u> is given in Randolph, IV, 96-97 (No. 661), and it begins:

Be silent all you people
And listen while I tell
Of something in the Bible,
The book we all know well;
It's the truth about a rich man

Who had his heart's desire, And later he was suffering In the midst of flaming fire.

For another song with the same title, see Davis (TBV), 175-176.

Our version of the Biblical tale is probably more recent than any of the aforementioned texts, but I have no hard evidence to prove it. Brown, who has a similar version, says the song "is avowedly the production of a local ballad-maker of Watauga County (North Carolina)." Brown was taking the word of a contributor, Thomas Smith of Boone, N. C., who said: "The...song sung to me May 7th, 1915, by Edmund B. Miller, who composed it himself, he says, over 30 years ago." Personally, I don't believe that the song was composed by Edmund B. Miller. Far too many similar versions have been around much longer than the date given, and they are also in print.

REFERENCES

Brown, II, 210-212; IV, 132

Bulletin (VFS), No. 12, 3

Coffin, 67-68

Dean-Smith, 63

Flanders, II, 74-75

Gainer. 35-36

Houseman, 65-67

Jour (FSS), II, 125; IV, 47; VIII, 29

Kinsley, 5-7

Leach (BB), 177-179

Niles (BB), 129-131

Quiller-Couch, 455-457

Sharp, II, 29-30

Dives and Lazarus

In ancient times there lived a man, And Holy Scripture's name him; He lived a life of wealth and sin, And no one dared to shame him, And no one dared to shame him. This wealthy man he dined the best, And dressed in silk and linen; He turned his face away from God And gave his life to sinning, (2).

Poor Lazarus lay before his gate, To feed himself unable; And there he lay and did await The crumbs from Dives' rich table, (2).

Now not one crumb did Dives let fall, Nor any food would send him; The dogs came out and licked his sores, But Dives would not befriend him, (2).

"Away with you!" the rich man said.
"I'm neither friend nor brother.
I will not give you food to eat
This day nor any other, (2)."

Poor Laz'rus died before the gate, All as the Lord intended, And straight to heaven Laz'rus went, With all his sorrows ended, (2).

When Dives at last lay down to die, O sad his destination! From heaven Lazarus looked down And saw Dives in damnation, (2).

Rich Dives looked up and vainly cried,
"O Laz'rus, bring me water!
O could I live my life again,
I'd do the things I oughter, (2)."

No. 367

DIXIE

also known as

SOURCE SONG. As every Southern school child knows, this song was the National Anthem of the Confederate States of America. The irony is that it was not written by a Southerner; it was written by a Northerner who was totally opposed to the Southern "Cause." Dan Emmett, a minstrel performer and song-writer, composed the song for a show. The first authorized edition of Dixie was published in 1860 by Firth, Pond & Company, 347 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Dan Emmett, like many another songwriter before and since, had little business acumen. After composing Dixie in 1859, he performed it for almost a year as a member of Byrant's Minstrels without bothering to obtain a copyright. His song was already widely popular when Emmett turned it over to Firth, Pond & Company, who promptly protected it with copyright obtained June 21, 1860. On Feb. 11, 1861, the publisher paid Emmett a mere \$300. for all his rights and interest in and to the song. A copy of the Bill of Sale is on file at the Library of Congress, Washington, D. C. The original text of Dixie, first performed in public by Emmett himself on April 4, 1859, differs in several respects from that of the first authorized published text of 1860. Both texts are given below. Dixie inspired many parodies and, naturally, the tune was borrowed for dozens of songs, some of which are still in circulation.

A parody of four stanzas by Andy Lee (Alias for W. W. Delaney), in the <u>Delaney Song Book No. 33</u>, was reprinted in Sandburg (AS), 342, under the title: <u>Crazy Song to the Air of "Dixie."</u> It begins:

Way down South in the land of cotton,

I wrote this song and wrote it rotten,

I did! I didn't!

You don't believe me?

The reason why I cannot sing,

I have no chestnuts for to spring,

O, me! Did we?

She don't! Why does she?

When I was a boy in North Carolina, the parody began:

Way down yonder in the land of cotton, My feet stink but your's are rotten! Get away! Get Away! from Dixie Land!

Another parody, perhaps penned by some soldier with a sense of humor, begins:

The ladies! bless the darling creatures!

Quite distort their pretty features,

For the war, for the war, for the war

in Dixie!

In Michigan, they sang a parody that begins:

Away down South where grows the cotton, Seventy-six seems quite forgotten,. Far away, far away, Dixie Land!

Soldiers in Texas sang their own words:

One night when we were getting dry,,
A little rye whiskey was the cry:

Away, away, away down South in Texas!

The boys together made a plan

To rob the commissary man,

Away, away, away down South in Texas!

For yet another parody, see the one sung by seamen in Hugill (1), 424-425.

Of course there were many other songs written in praise of Dixie, with each expressing its own theme and sung to

its own air, and some of these were extremely popular. But <u>Dixie</u> was unquestionably the more popular, because it was sung in both the North and the South. Four of the more popular versions are given below. Version <u>A</u> is from a Dan Emmett manuscript, 1859. Version <u>B</u> is from the first authorized published text, 1860. Versions C and D are Southern adaptations of the 1860 text.

REFERENCES

Adler, 101 Agay (2), 126-127 Arnett, 76 Botkin (SFL), 713 Chapple (HS), 166-167 Dolph, 238-241 Downes, 152-154, 182-183 Elson, 26-27 Gilbert (100), 110-111 Glass (SS-2), 7-9 Hornby. 14 Ives (TA), 286-287 Johnson (FS), 580-582 Kobbe, 64-66, 77 Krythe, 112

Lair (SLL), 40
Lawrence, 352-353
Lloyd, 120-121
Lomax (ABFS), 531-532
Luther, 111
Machenzie (SH), 46
Nathan, 359-361
Oberndorfer, 104
Silverman, II, 282
Songs (15), 46
Staton, 29-30
Whall (SSS), 120-121
Whitman, 40
Wier (SWWS), 206-207
Wier (YAM), III, 74

Dixie (Original) Version A

I wish I was in de land ob cotton, Cimmon seed an sandy bottom, Look away, look away, away, Dixie Land. In Dixie Land whar I was born in, Early on one frosty mornin, Look away, look away, away, Dixie Land.

Chorus

Den I wish I was in Dixie, Hooray! hooray! In Dixie's land, we'll took our stand, To lib an die in Dixie, away, away, Away down south in Dixie, Away, away, away down south in Dixie.

Old missus marry Will de Weaber, William was a gay deceaber, Look away, etc. When he put his arm around er, He look as fierce as a forty pound'er, Look away, etc.

His face was sharp like a butcher's cleaber, But dat did not seem to greab'er. Look away, etc. Will run away, missus took decline, 0, Her face was de color ob bacon rhine, O. Look away. etc.

While missus libbed she libbed in clover, When she died she died all over. Look away, etc. How could she act such a foolish part, 0, An marry a man to break her heart, 0? Look away. etc.

Buck-wheat cakes an stony batter Makes you fat or a little fatter, Look away, etc. Here's a health to de next old missus. An all de gals dat wants to kiss us. Look away, etc.

Now if you want to drive 'way sorrow, Come an hear dis song to-morrow, Look away, etc.

Den hoe it down an scratch y'er grabble, To Dixie's land I'm bound to trabble. Look away, etc.

Version B: 1860

I wish I was in de land ob cotton,
Old times dar am not forgotten;
Look Away! Look Away! Look Away! Dixie Land.
In Dixie Land whar I was born in,
Early on one frosty mornin,
Look Away! Look Away! Look Away! Dixie Land.

Chorus

Den I wish I was in Dixie, Hooray! Hooray!
In Dixie Land I'll took my stand,
To lib an die in Dixie,
Away, Away, Away down south in Dixie!
Away, Away, Away down south in Dixie!

Old Missus marry "Will-de-Weaber,"
William was a gay deceaber;
Look away, etc.
But when he put his arm around'er,
He smiled as fierce as a forty-pound'er,
Look away, etc.

His face was sharp as a butcher's cleaber,
But dat did not seem to greab'er;
Look away, etc.
Old Missus acted de foolish part,
And died for a man dat broke her heart,
Look away, etc.

Now here's a health to the next old Missus, An all de gals dat want to kiss us; Look away, etc. But if you want to drive 'way sorrow, Come an hear dis song to-morrow. Look away, etc.

Dar's buck-wheat cakes an 'Ingen' batter,
Makes you fat or a little fatter;
Look away, etc.
Den hoe it down an scratch your grabble,
To Dixie Land I'm bound to trabble.
Look away, etc.

Version C: De Cotton Down in Dixie

I'm gwine back to de land of cotton,
Wid de "English Flag" in an "English bottom,"
Far away, far away, far away, Dixie Land.
Kase dere I'm safe from Uncle Sam,
And he can't make me contraband,
In de land, in de land,
Away down south in Dixie.

Chorus

O, in Dixie Land I'll take my stand, And live and die in Dixie Land! Hoe away, hoe away, De cotton down in Dixie.

Can't confiscate me for his use,

To black and clean his sojers' shoes,

Far away, etc.

To "dig his trenches" and save his health,

For a picayune a day and find myself

Far away, far away, far away

From de cotton land of Dixie.

Version D: Everybody's Dixie* (*Words by Gen. Albert Pike)

This adaptation of Emmet's Dixie was introduced at a performance of Pocahantas, sung in march tempo by a chorus in regimental uniforms. For other texts of this. see Ives (TA), 286-287 and Staton, 30-31.

Southrons, hear your country call you! Up! lest worse than death befall you! To arms! to arms! to arms! in Dixie! Lo! the beacon fires are lighted! Let our hearts all be united! To arms! to arms! to arms! in Dixie!

Chorus

Advance the flag of Dixie! Hurrah! Hurrah! For Dixie's land we'll take our stand, To live or die for Dixie! To arms! to arms! and conquer peace for Dixie!

How the South's great heart rejoices At your cannons' ringing voices! To arms!. etc. For faith betrayed and pledges broken, Wrongs inflicted, insults spoken! To arms!. etc.

Fear no danger! Shun no labor! Lift up rifle, pike and sabre! To arms!. etc. Shoulder pressing close to shoulder, Let the odds make each heart bolder! To arms!. etc.

Swear upon your country's altar Never to submit or falter! To arms!, etc.

Till the spoilers are defeated,
Till the Lord's work is completed!
To arms!, etc.

If the leved ones weep in sadness, Victory shall bring them gladness! To arms!, etc.

Exultant pride soon banish sorrow, Smiles chase tears away to-morrow!

To arms!, etc.

No. 368

DOC HOLLIDAY

If there is another song dealing with the life and career of John H. "Doc" Holliday, I was unable to find it. This one, set to a variation of Streets of Laredo (see Unfortunate Life III in MB), is from Dickson Hall's Outlaws of the Old West and reproduced with permission.

Considerable misinformation has been written about Doc Holliday, one-time dentist from Valdosta, Georgia, who, because he suffered from consumption, sought the drier climate of the West.

Doc Holliday became a professional gambler and, according to such information as can be reliably obtained, an expert guman. He was not, however, a professional gumman. Even though he killed several men, he was "wanted for murder" in only one place—Dallas, Texas, where he shot and killed a man for calling him a "cheat" during a card game. In Kansas, at Dodge City, a rather loose friendship developed between him and Wyatt Earp, then the city marshal. The two men traveled to Tombstone, Arizona, together and remained close.

It was in Tombstone, at the famous O. K. Corral "shoot-out", that Doc Holliday attained a place in Western

history. He joinded Wyatt Earp and Wyatt's two brothers in that fight, which, incidentally, lasted only two minutes. For additional information on this historical shoot-out, see <u>Gun Fight at the O. K. Corral</u> in this Master Book.

Doc Holliday was an excessive drinker, a fact that undoubtedly contributed to his demise. According to one witness, Doc drank a tumbler of whiskey on his death bed, smiled and muttered, "This is funny." It is assumed that he was referring to the fact that he was dying in bed with his boots off. He had often bet he would not draw his gun fast enough one day and would, therefore, die with his boots on. Instead, he died in bed at a sanatorium in Glenwood Springs, Colorado. The disease that made him a killer finally killed him. Much of his career is accurately recounted in the following song.

Doc Holliday

If you will listen I'll tell you my story, Tell you my story by way of a song. If ever somebody should ask where you heard it, Tell 'em Doc Holliday passed it along.

Once, back in Georgia, I used to be happy;
Then from my home I just wandered away.
I went down to Texas and got into trouble—
With death in my lungs I am dying today.

I killed a man there and went to Dodge City,
I killed a few more and I went to Tombstone;
I rambled and gambled and drank too much whiskey—
Them that I shot should have left me alone.

I once loved a woman, a beautiful woman, But thinking it wiser I sent her away;
Here I am now, alone and forsaken—
With death in my lungs I am dying today.

Get me some gamblers to sing at my funeral, To sing at my funeral and make it complete; Put some rye whiskey with me in my coffin— A jug at my head and a jug at my feet.

Bury me yonder in that little green valley,
Dig me a grave and lay me away;
Cover me over and plant a few flowers—
A mark for the grave of Doc Holliday.

No. 369

DOG AND GUN also known as

My Dog and Gun

The Farmer's Bride

The Golden Glove

Hunting With a Dog and Gun

It's of a Squire

The Jolly Farmer

The Lady and the Glove

A Lady Lost Her Glove
The Nobleman's Daughter
Off She Went Hunting
The Rich Esquire
The Squire of Tamworth
Waistcoat and Britches
With Her Dog and Gun
The Young Farmer

This British ballad is one of the few older ballads that has been printed more often with music than without. Also, there were early 19th century broadsides by Such, Catnach, and Pitts. The ballad circulated widely within the United States, where is was also published in broadside form. There is a Philadelphia Chapbook (circa 1830) version in the Harvard College

Library (25276.43.81), which shows no difference in text from earlier broadside versions. In oral circulation, however, the text and the tune were altered considerably. Many versions have been collected in different parts of America, but all are easily identifiable despite textual and melodic variations. For an entirely different song using the title, The Dog and the Gun, see Creighton (MFS), 104-105.

REFERENCES

Baring-Gould (EFSS), 32-33 Belden (BS), 229-231 Bell. 290 Bell (APBS), 70 Brown, II, 474-475; IV, 256 Bulletin (HFL), III, 7-8 Burne, 552-553 Chappell (FSRA), 106-107 Christie, II, 114-115 Cox (FSS), 384-386, 530 Cox (TBWV), 68-69 Creighton (TSNS), 147-150 Davis (FSV), 38-39 DeMarsan (SJ), I, 451 Eddy, 173-175 Flanders (NGMS), 29-31 Flanders (VFSB), 116-118 Gainer, 140-141 Gardner (BSSM), 195-197 Greig, II, art. 95 Greig & Duncan, No. 166 Howe (100), 265

Hubbard, 84-85 Hudson (FSM), 158-159 Jour (AFL), XXV, 12; XXIX, 171; XXXIX, 113; LX, 228 Jour (FSS), VI, 29-30 Karpeles (EFS), II, No. 219 Kidson (GEFS), 16 Kidson (TT), 173 Kincaid (No. 2), 35 Laws. N 20, 212 Mackenzie, 80-81, 395 Moore (BFSS), 181-183 Peacock, II, 340-341 Petrie, Nos. 366 & 380 Quarterly (SFL), II, 149-151 Randolph, I, 308-310 Scarborough (SC), 227, 416 Sharp, I, 377-378 Shearin (SKFS), 11 Thomas (DD), 170-171 Treat, 36 Wyman (LT), 49-51

A wealthy young squire of Tamworth we hear Went courting a nobleman's daughter fair, And for to marry her it was his intent; All friends and relations had given consent.

The time was appointed for the wedding day,

A young farmer chosen to give her away;

But from the moment the farmer caught her eye,

He inflamed her heart. "I'm in love!" she did cry.

She turned from the squire, and nothing was said. Instead of being married she took to her bed. The thought of the farmer was still in her mind; A way for to have him she quickly did find.

Coat, waistcoat, and britches the lady put on,
And out hunting she went with her dog and gun.
She hunted all round where the farmer did dwell,
And knew in her heart that she loved him full well.

She fired and she fired and never did yield Until the young farmer came into the field. To have a talk with him it was her intent; With her dog and her gun to meet him she went.

"I thought you had gone to the wedding," she cried,
"To wait on the squire and give him his bride."
"No, sir," said the farmer, "If the truth I may tell,
I won't give her away for I love her too well."

"Supposing the lady should love to you give?
The squire may decide to not let you live."
"Why, then," said the farmer, "I'd take sword in hand,

And fight him to gain her, if he should command."

It pleased the young lady to find him so bold; She gave him a glove that was flowered with gold,

And told him she'd found it while making a run, As she was a-hunting with her dog and gun.

The lady went home with a heart filled with love, Then gave out a notice that she'd lost a glove. She said, "Whoever finds it and brings it to me, I vow by heaven, his true bride I shall be."

The farmer was happy to hear such good news,
And straight to the lady he strode in his shoes.
"Dear honored lady, I've picked up your glove,
And hope, as you said, you'll grant me your love."

"It's already granted, and I'll be your bride;
I love the sweet breath of a farmer," she cried.
"I'll be mistress of your dairy, go milking the

While my jolly brisk farmer goes whistling to plough."

And when they were married she told of her fun, Of how she went hunting with her dog and gun:

"And now that I've got him fast in my snare,
I will love him forever, I vow and declare!"

No. 370

DOLLY DEE DUM DAY also known as

As I Went Out This Morning
The Fit's Come On Me Now
I Must and I Will Get Married
Lollie Trudom

Lollie Trydom
Lolly Tee Trudom
Lolly Tee Dum
Lolly Too Dum

Lolly Trudom

Mother and Daughter

Polly Holman's Wedding

Rolly Trudom Rolly Trudom Rolly Trudum

In this song we have an English-American version of an ancient French theme. Song probably came to the United States by way of Canada, where the ancient theme of a girl determined to get married is still very much alive in French-Canadian folk song. American versions date back to at least the 1830s. We know this because Washington Irving commented on a version of the song in his notes, made while he was on tour in 1832. Irving's notes were published in Southwest Review, XIX, 449. In the version below, as in all others, the story unfolds in dialogue form.

REFERENCES

Arnold, 78
Belden (BS), 266
Best, 7
Cazden, II, 52-53
Chappell (PMOT), I, 176
Chase (AFTS), 138-139
Downes (1940), 184-185
Downes (1962), 218-219
Emrich (CBF), 10
Greig, art. clxxvi
Hudson (FSM), 280-281
Ives (SA), 140-141
Ives (SB), 210, or 188
Karpeles (FSE), II, 22

Leisy, 218-219
Lomax (OSC), 126-127
Lomax (PB), 48
Lomax (USA), 46-47
Moore (BFSS), 383-384
Owens, 214, or 122-123
Randolph, III, 77-79
Sandburg (NAS), 58
Sharp, II, 159
Sharp (FSFS), No. 62
Silverman, II, 174
Simpson (BBB), 218
Warner, 71

Dolly Dee Dum Day

As I went out this morning to take the pleasant air, Dolly dee dum, dee dum, dolly dee dum day! As I went out this morning to take the pleasant air, I overheard a mother scolding her daughter fair, Dolly dee dum, dee dum, dolly dee dum day!

You'd better wash them dishes and hold your wicked tongue, etc.

I know you want to marry, but you are much too young, etc.

Oh, pity my condition the way you do your own, etc. For more than fourteen years now I've had to live alone, etc.

Supposin' I was willing, where would you get your man, etc?

Oh, lordy, lordy, mama, I'd marry handsome Dan, etc.

Supposin' he should spite you like you done him before, etc?

Well, lordy, lordy, mama, I'd find a dozen more, etc.

No. 371

DONE WITH THE SIN AND SORROW

also known as

Oh! Holy Lord!

Pre-Civil War spiritual; and one of those featured by the original Fisk Jubilee Singers.

References

Jubilee (PS), 37 Marsh (SJS), 157 Pike, 197, 239

Done With the Sin and Sorrow

Oh, rise up, Children, get your crown, Done with the sin and sorrow, And by your Saviour's side sit down, Done with the sin and sorrow.

Chorus

Oh! Holy Lord! Oh! Holy Lord! Oh! Holy Lord! Done with the sin and sorrow.

Oh! what a morning that will be, etc.
Our friends with Jesus we will see, etc.

Oh! Christians, we are gaining ground, etc. We'll shout old Satan's kingdom down, etc.

I soon shall reach that golden shore, etc. Let's sing the songs we sang before, etc.

No. 372

DONKEY RIDING also known as Riding on a Donkey

This is a capstan shanty and derives from My Bonnie Highland Laddie (see in MB). According to Hugill, this shanty is also related to Because She Was A Young Thing Lately Left Her Mammy, O, which, in turn, has a kinship with Billy Boy (see MB).

REFERENCES

Harlow, 72-73 Hugill (1), 147-148 & (2), 201-203

Donkey Riding

Was you ever in Quebec,
Launchin' timber on the deck,
Where you'd break your goddamn neck
Riding on a donkey?

Chorus

Way, hay, an' away we go!

Donkey riding, donkey riding!

Way, hay an' away we go! Oh!

Riding on a donkey.

Was you ever down in Mobile Bay, Loadin' cotton all the day, Where you get such damn low pay Riding on a donkey?

Was you ever down Frisco way, Where the gals all shout hooray, Here comes Johnny with three years pay Riding on a donkey?

Was you ever off old Cape Horn,
Where your backside's never warm,
A-wishin' like hell you'd never been born
Riding on a donkey?

No. 373

DON'T BE WEARY
also known as

Don't Get Weary We'll Sail Away to
O Brothers, Don't Get Weary Heaven

We are dealing here with two distinct yet quite similar spirituals. The first, version A, probably inspired the hymn, I want To Go To Heaven Like A Feather In The Air (by Rev. Paul Sykes). Some have suggested that the hymn inspired the spiritual, but I don't believe so. I have seen no evidence to support that contention. Many old spirituals contain the terms "don't be weary" and "don't get weary" (see version B below), but most of them are not otherwise related.

For examples of songs with like terminology, see <u>I</u> <u>Do</u>

<u>Love the Lord I & II</u> in this <u>Master Book</u>.

Version <u>A</u> and version <u>B</u> are really different songs, not merely variations.

For other versions of \underline{A} , see Allen (SSUS), 95, or 149; Brown, III, 681 & V, 402-403; and Greenway, 79-80. Version \underline{B} , which dates back to at least the early part of the 19th century, was first published in 1867 in Allen (SSUS), 75. In the revised 1965 edition of that work, the song is on pp. 128-129. For another version, see Dett, 113.

Don't Be Weary A

We'll sail away to heaven like a feather in the wind, Feather in the wind, Lord, feather in the wind; We'll sail away to heaven like a feather in the wind, Yes, we'll sail away to heaven bye and bye.

Chorus

- O, Christians, don't be weary, weary, Lord, weary;
- O, Christians, don't be weary—we'll sail away to heaven bye and bye.
- O, sisters, don't be weary, etc,
- O, brothers, don't be weary, etc.
- O, fathers, don't be weary, etc.

DON'T BE WEARY B

also known as

Don't Be Weary, Traveler Come Along Home to Jesus

My head's all wet with the midnight dew, Come along home to Jesus! Angels know jus' what to do, Come along home to Jesus!

Chorus

Don't be weary, traveler, Come along home to Jesus! Don't be weary, traveler, Come along home to Jesus!

I pray'd to God to save my soul, Come along home to Jesus! Heaven is my only goal, Come along home to Jesus!

You sinners better change your ways, Come along home to Jesus! Better be good all your days, Come along home to Jesus!

No. 374

DON'T LET YOUR DEAL GO DOWN also known as

High-Topped Shoes

Those High-Topped Shoes

An "optimistic gambler" song that was extremely popular as a "country" item in the late 1930s. The song contains floating stanzas from Who's Gonna Shoe Your Pretty Little Feet?, which were added by the Delmore Brothers when they recorded it. Their addition was repeated on a recording by The North Carolina Ramblers. A revised version by Riley Shepard is published by Peer International Corp., New York, N. Y.

For related texts, see Kentucky (FLR), 1960, p. 131 and Randolph, IV, No. 671.

REFERENCES

Brown, III, 355; V, 205 Malone, 48, 121

Roberts (IP), 286-288 Silverman, II, 143

Don't Let Your Deal Go Down

Been all around this whole wide world; Even been to Memphis, Tennessee. So any old place I hang my hat Is home sweet home to me.

Chorus

Don't let your deal go down!

Don't let your deal go down!

Don't let your deal go down,

Till your last ol' dollar is gone!

Where'd you get those high-heel shoes,
And that dress that looks so fine?
I got these shoes from a railroad man,
And the dress from a skinner down the line.

Baby, who's gonna shoe your feet, And who's gonna glove your hand? Who's gonna kiss your ruby-red lips, And who's gonna be your man?

Momma is gonna shoe my feet,
And she's gonna glove my hand;
And never mind my ruby-red lips—
I don't want no gamblin' man!

I'll take you down to New Orleans,
And I'll treat you like a beauty queen;
I'll even buy you a wedding ring—
Baby, don't treat me so mean.

I will not go away with you,
And I'll never be a gambler's wife!
I'd rather remain the way I am,
And live single all my life!

Then fare-you-well, my little girl, I'll go back to Memphis, Tennessee, And marry that gal I left behind—Since it's plain you don't love me.

No. 375

DON'T YOU GRIEVE AFTER ME also known as

Climbin: Up Jacob's Ladder When I'm Dead When I Die

Pre-Civil War spiritual that is still being sung by religious vocal groups. The title line appears in dozens of old spirituals, which, of course, results in some confusion. For example, the <u>Don't You Grieve After Me</u> in Randolph, II, 331-332, is in no way related to the spiritual given here. The <u>When I'm Gone piece</u> in Lomax (FSNA), 471-472, may be a folk variation of this spiritual, but it may also be a deliberate rewrite. Another possible relative is the <u>Bye and Bye fragment</u> in Brown, III, 613.

Version \underline{A} and version \underline{B} (below) are obviously related, and are, in fact, variations of one another. Version \underline{A} was featured by the original Fisk Jubilee Singers and is from Marsh (SJS), 216.

Version B seems to be the more widely distributed of the two, and recovered versions are in: Brown, III, 585 & V, 333; Fisher (SNS), 198-199; Johnson (RAS), 70-71; Randolph, II, 336; Scarborough (NFS), 9; and Work (ANSS), 119.

O, who is that a-coming? Don't you grieve after me. O, who is that a-coming? Don't you grieve after me. O, who is that a-coming? Don't you grieve after me. Lord, I don't want you to grieve after me.

It looks like Gabriel, etc.

O. who is that behind hime?, etc.

O, it looks like Lord Jesus, etc.

O. Gabriel, blow your trumpet, etc.

Wake up the sleeping nations, etc.

Version B

When I'm dead and buried, don't you grieve after me! When I'm dead and buried, don't you grieve after me! When I'm dead and buried, don't you grieve after me! O, I don't want you to grieve after me.

Climbin' up Jacob's ladder, etc.

Hear me, Sister Susan, etc.

Hear me. Brother Ephraim, etc.

Hear me, all you sinners, etc.

On my way to heaven, etc.

No. 376

THE DOUBLE-BREASTED MANSION ON THE SQUARE

A version (and perhaps the original) of this humorous old adaptation appeared in The Lane County Herald, Watson, Kansas, September 4, 1885—a copy of which is preserved by The Kansas Historical Society. The same text was reprinted in Fife, 76 H.

The version below was given to me by Carson J. Robison, New York, N. Y., 1943.

The Double-Breasted Mansion on the Square Tune: Little Old Log Cabin in the Lane

I once was rich and handsome and drove a span of grays,

I think about six-ninety was their pace;

I had a thousand servant girls, but don't give this away,

And a trotting cow I sent to every race.

I had a thousand gold mines and owned half of the world.

No wonder what you're hearing makes you stare!

I had a thousand puppy dogs with their tails all turned up.

And my double-breasted mansion on the square.

The roof was copper-bottom, the chimney solid gold, an elevator placed at every stair;
I lost my shirt at poker and I never shall forget
My double-breasted mansion on the square.

My peach trees yielded butter, my plum trees yielded cream;

I used to sow and mow the yellow pear.

But now my wealth has vanished, and every night I dream

Of my double-breasted mansion on the square.

It's well I do remember, not so many years ago,
The bummers used to hang around my door;
They drank up all my whiskey, they smoked up my cigars,
My servant girls and hash they did adore.

A million head of cattle used to roam around my farm,

And each one had a splended feather bed;

I had male and female roosters, they drank their

whiskey warm—

They were shanghai, shanghoop, pullin' China bred.

The scenes have changed since then and now I'm poor myself,

At a free lunch I can take quite a share; I'm thinking of the Switzer cheese that I used to eat In my double-breasted mansion on the square.

No. 377

D'OU VIENS-TU, BERGERE?

also known as

Whence Come You, Shepherd Whence, 0, Shepherd Maiden?
Maiden?

A French carol; it was brought to North America by 17th century French settlers. It has been more often found in Canada, among the rural communities adjacent to Quebec, but versions have also been found in Indiana, Illinois. Louisiana and Missouri.

The version below is a text-tune match-up. The English text is from Berry and the tune is from Gagnon.

REFERENCES

Berry, 14-15 Fowke (FSC), 126-127 Gagnon, 266-267 Gibbon, 39-31

D'ou Viens-tu, Bergere?

D'ou viens-tu, bergère, d'ou viens-tu? Je viens de l'étable, de m'y promener; J'ai vu un miracle ce soir arrivé.

Qu'as-tu vu, bergère, qu'as-tu vu? J'ai vu dans la crèche un petit enfant Sur la paille fraîche mis bien tendrement.

Rien de plus, bergère, rien de plus?
Saint' Marie, sa mère, qui lni fait boir' du lait,
Saint Joseph, son père, qui tremble de froid.

Rien de plus, bergère, rien de plus? Ya le boeuf et l'âne qui sont par devaut, Avec lear haleine réchauffent l'enfant.

Rien de plus, bergère, rien de plus? Ya trois petite anges descendus du ciel Chantant les lonanges du Pere éternel.

English Text

Whence, 0, shepherd maiden, whence come thou?
"From a tiny stable where a baby lay;
Heaven's own miracle has arrived this day."

What, 0, shepherd maiden, what saw thou?

"Lying in the manger a little babe I saw,
Lying quiet and peaceful, sleeping on the straw."

Is there more, O, maiden, is there more?

"Blessed mother Mary did the babe enfold,

While the father, Joseph, trembled from the cold."

Is there more, O, maiden, is there more?

"Ox and ass I saw there, gentle and so mild,

With their breath were warming Mary and the child."

Is there more, 0, maiden, is there more?
"Naught but three bright angels from beyond the sky,
Singing joyful praises to the Lord on high."

No. 378

DOWN AMONG THE BUDDED ROSES

I have never seen this song in print and don't know where it came from. My grandmother, Martha Tyndal, taught the song to me when I was twelve years old.

I used to sing it on radio programs and on stage, during personal appearances. I know many country-western performers who are familiar with the song itself, but not one could tell me anything about it.

The version below is the one I remember.

Down Among the Budded Roses

Little sweetheart, we have parted— From each other we must go; Many miles may separate us In this world of care and wee.

Down among the budded roses
I am nothing but a stem;
I am parted from my darling,
Never more to meet again.

Darling, I will not forget you, Though I live a hundred years; Fate decided our misfortune, Time will wipe away our tears.

No. 379

DOWN BY THE RIVERSIDE I

also known as

Ain't Gonna Study War No More Study War No More
Ain't Gwine Study War No More

An old spiritual-work-song from the first part of the 19th century. I have yet to meet a folk singer who couldn't sing at least one stanza and chorus, and it has been recorded innumerable times by various artists. In the 1950s the spiritual was adapted and put out as a love song, but only enjoyed moderate success. The spiritual is still very popular.

REFERENCES

Best. 147

Bikel (FF), 197-198

Botsford, I, 32-33

Brown, III, 619-620;

V. 358-359

Chambers (TNS), 12-13

Dett. 74-75

Diton, 24

Fauset (NFTS), 297

Fisher (SNS). 60-62

Odum (NHS), 101

Sandburg (AS), 480-481

Seeger (6), 50

Silverman, II, 92

Weavers, 152-155

Whitman, 152-153

Work (ANSS), 202-203

Down By The Riverside I

Gonna lay down my sword and shield,
Down by the riverside,
Down by the riverside;
Gonna lay down my sword and shield
Down by the riverside
And study war no more.

Chorus

Ain't gonna study war no more,

Ain't gonna study war no more!

Gonna take up my cross and walk, etc. And study war no more!

Gonna walk with my Saviour now, etc. And study war no more!

No. 380

DOWN BY THE RIVERSIDE II

also known as

Down By The River

We'll End This War

This is a mid-19th century campground spiritual. Several other such pieces share title lines with this song, but none are otherwise related. For example, see Old Satan's Mad in Brown, III, 662 & V, 388 B.

REFERENCES

Dett, 55

Hillman, 68 Jackson (SFS), 191-192

Down By The Riverside II

Hark! Listen to the trumpeters! I mean to go! They call for valiant volunteers. I mean to go!

Chorus

Oh! We'll end this war down by the riverside! We'll end this war down by the riverside!

See Gideon marching out to fight. I mean to go! He had no weapon but a light. I mean to go!

He took his pitcher and a lamp. I mean to go!
He stormed with ease the Midian camp. I mean to go!

I've listed during all this war. I mean to go!
Content to have a soldier's fare. I mean to go!

The war is all my soul's delight. I mean to go!
I love the thickest of the fight. I mean to go!

We want no cowards in our band. I mean to go!
We call for valiant-hearted men. I mean to go!

I tell you what I mean to do: I mean to go!
I mean to go to glory, too! I mean to go!

No. 381

DOWN BY THE RIVERSIDE III also known as

Down By The River

Hallelujah to the Lamb

Another of the pre-Civil War spirituals featured by the original Fisk Jubilee Singers.

REFERENCES

Fenner (RFSN), 167

Marsh (SJS), 205

Down By The Riverside III

Oh, we'll wait till Jesus comes, down by the river; We'll wait till Jesus comes, down by the riverside.

Chorus

Hallelujah to the Lamb! Down by the river.

The Lord is on the giving hand, down by the riverside.

Oh, we are pilgrims here below, down by the river; But soon to glory we will go, down by the riverside.

I didn't think He was so nigh, down by the river;
I'll go and see Him when I die, down by the riverside.

No. 382

DOWN IN A COAL MINE also known as

Down in the Coal Mine

According to Korson, this was "originally a stage song published in 1872." He added, that in his opinion it "is probably the best known mining song in the country." Words and music by J. B. Googhegan, the song was published in 1872 by S. Brainard's Sons, Chicago.

REFERENCES

Armitage, I, 46

Arnett, 128

Hubbard, 358

Korson (BSAM), 122-125

Korson (CDF), 153

Korson (MMP), 277-278

Korson (PSL), 373-374

Luther, 257

Shay (DFW), 128-130

Shoemaker (MMP), 176

Shoemaker (NPM), 172-173

Down in a Coal Mine

I'm just a jolly collier lad,
And blithe as blithe can be;
For if the times be good or bad
They're all the same to me.
It's little of the world I know,
And care less for its ways;
For where the dog-star never glows,
I work away my days.

Chorus

Down in a coal mine, underneath the ground, Where a gleam of sunshine never can be found; Digging dusky diamonds all the season round, Down in a coal mine, underneath the ground.

My hands are scar'd and hard and black
From working in the vein,
And, like the clothes upon my back,
My talk is rough and plain.
So, if I stumble with my tongue,
I've just one thing to say:
'Tis not the collier's heart that's wrong,
It's my head that goes astray.

On every shift, the soon or late,
I haste my bread to earn,
And anxiously my love ones wait
And watch for my return.
Old Death he levels all alike,
Whate'er their rank may be,
Amid the fire and damp may strike,
And fling his darts at me.

How little do the great ones care,
Who sit at home secure,
What hidden dangers colliers dare,
What hardships they endure.
The very fires their mansions boast,
To cheer themselves and wives,
Mayhap were kindled at the cost
Of jovial colliers' lives.

Now cheer up, lads, and make as much Of every joy you can,
But let your mirth be always such As best becomes a man.

MB

However fortune turns about,

We'll still be jolly souls—

What would our country be without

The lads that look for coals?

No. 383

DOWN IN THE LEHIGH VALLEY also known as

The Lehigh Valley

The Tramp's Story

Originally a poem, <u>Down in the Lehigh Valley</u> was set to music by some unknown composer at some unknown time and place. According to the <u>New York Times' BOOK REVIEW</u>, July 7, 1940, p. 7, this song "was among Edward Harrigan's songs from the play Squatter Sovereignty, produced in 1882."

There is a vulgar parody in circulation, but I haven't seen it in print. Milburn (see reference below) has six related pieces.

REFERENCES

Carmer (SRA), 46-47 Queries (1-15-39), 19
Johnson (BBLL), 20-22 Randolph, IV, 369-370
Milburn, 41-58 Shay (DFW), 102-104

Down in the Lehigh Valley

Down in the Lehigh Valley, me and my people grew;

I was the village blacksmith, and a goddamn good one, too!

Me and my wife and Nelly— Nelly was just sixteen;

She was the prettiest creature that the valley had ever seen.

One day she met a stranger. He was handsome, straight and tall.

O how I wish I had him now, with his back against the wall!

He was the man for Nelly, he said he loved her, too; Her mother tried to tell her that his love would prove untrue.

Well, it's the same old story; it happens every day:
That smooth-tongue devil fooled us, and got her to run
away.

About one month later we heard from the poor young thing.

The scoundrel had gone and left her, and without a widding ring.

Down in the Lehigh Valley, back to her mother's side,
I brought my daughter Nelly, but in less than a week
she died.

Give me a drink, bartender, and I'll be on my way.

I've sworn to find that scoundrel if it takes till

judgment day!

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No. 384

DOWN IN THE VALLEY also known as

Bird in a Cage
Birmingham Jail
Down South in the Holler

Hang Your Head Over Hear the Wind Blow Somebody's Waiting

This is one of America's more popular folk songs. Professional musicians and vocalists perform it on radio, records, stages and television. Despite its age, several music publishers have copyrighted and claimed it from time to time. I am familiar with at least twenty versions, including seven memorized over the years. Lomax has a version that is based, he says, on a song called Little Willies but both his text and tune are similar to all other versions

I have seen.

Country music performers sing a version called Birmingham Jail (see version B below), but it is merely Down in the Valley with a "prison" theme added. Version C, Bird in a Cage, is so similar to Down in the Valley that we may reasonably assume that one is merely an adaptation of the other. Yet that is not the case. Bird in a Cage is actually a folk adaptation of a very popular love song, There Is Somebody Waiting, written by Charles Glover and published in 1860. Glover's tune is quite similar to that of Down in the Valley and may have been borrowed from it, but we have no evidence that this is true. We do have evidence, however, that Glover's composition was taken-over by the folk, who adapted it to play-party use and turned it into a dance tune for square dancing. Play-party versions known as Birdie in the Cage, Down South in the Holler, and Somebody's Waiting were recovered in Oklahoma by Botkin (APPS), 147-148. A fiddle version is in Durlacher, 46, and song versions are in Belden (BS), 488-489; Fuson, 142 and Sandburg (AS), 213.

REFERENCES

Agay (1), 33 Autry (RR), 27 Best, 47

Botkin (AFL), 902-903

Brown, III, 330-331;

▼, 200-201

Emrich (CBF), 40

Emrich (FAL), 537-538

Fife, 162

Glass (SW), 58-59

Grafman, 99

Henry (SSSA), 179

Ives (SA), 138-139

Ives (SB), 208-209, or 186-187

Jour (AFL), XXX, 346

Leisy, 83-86

Leisy (LAS), 23-24

Leisy (SPS), 81

Lomax (ABFS), 147-149

Lomax (FSNA), 289

Lomax (PB), 118

Lomax (USA), 62-63

Luther, 52-53

Morris, 69-71

Niles (SHF), 16-17

Owens (TFS), 92-93
Randolph, IV, 284-285
Rayburn, 280-281
Robison, 45
Sandburg (AS), 148
Scott (FSS), 39

Seeger (6), 33
Silverman, II, 373
Thomas (SG), 36-37
Wheeler (KMFS), 33-38
Whitman, 175

Down in the Valley (Version A)

Down in the valley, the valley so low, Hang your head over, hear the wind blow. Hear the wind blow, love, hear the wind blow; Hang your head over and hear the wind blow.

Writing this letter, only three lines; Answer my question: Will you be mine?

Will you be mine, love, will you be mine? Answer my question: Will you be mine?

If you don't love, love whom you please; Put your arms 'round me, give my heart ease.

Give my heart ease, love, give my heart ease; Put your arms 'round me, give my heart ease.

Roses need sunshine, violets need dew, Angels in heaven know I need you.

Know I need you, love, know I need you; Angels in heaven know I need you.

Version B: aka Birmingham Jail

Write me a letter, send it by mail, Send it in care of Birmingham jail. Birmingham jail, love, Birmingham jail; Send it in care of Birmingham jail.

Locked up in prison, missing you so; Praying to heaven they'll let me go.

They'll let me go, love, etc.

Go to the governor, go without fail; Beg him to let me out of this jail.

Out of this jail, love, etc.

Praying for freedom, down on my knees; Say you still love me, give my heart ease.

Give my heart ease, love, etc.

Build me a castle fifty feet high, So I can see her as she goes by.

As she goes by, love, etc.

Version C: Bird in a Cage

Bird in a cage, love, bird in a cage,
Waiting for Willie to come back to me.
Somebody's waiting, waiting for me;
Willie's in prison and I am not free.
Write me a letter, write it today;
Stamp it tomorrow and send it my way.
Roses are red, love, violets are blue;
God in His heaven knows how I love you.
Bird in a cage, love, wants to be free;
Longing for Willie to come back to me.

No. 385

DOWN THE OHIO

Come, Love, Come

Down the River

Mid-19th century "river song" that was introduced on minstrel-show stages. Later, the piece was adapted to serve as a "game song" and was also popular at Playparties. For an early minstrel version, see The Negro Forget-Me-Not Songster, I, 88-89, where the title is:

Down the River—Down the Ohio. Ford's "square dance" version is different in that the first eight measures are identical to the tune of Captain Jinks (see MB). The song is, in many ways, similar to the Come, Love, Come in Finger (FB), 165-166 and Come, Love, Come, the Boat Lies Low in Wheeler (SD), 91.

REFERENCES

Botkin (APPS), 180-182 Piper (SPPG), 267

Botkin (MRF), 564-565 Randolph, III, 397-398

Carmer (SRA), 157 Wolford, 40-41

Ford (TMA), 242-243

Down the Ohio

Oh, the river is up, and the channel is deep, And the wind blows steady and strong; Let the splash of your oars the measure keep, As we row the old boat along.

Chorus

Down the river, down the river, Down the river we go; Down the river, down the river, Down the Ohio. Oh, the water is bright and flashing like gold, In the ray of the morning sun; And old Dinah's away, up out of the cold, A-getting the hoe corn done.

Oh, the master is proud of the old Borad horn,
For it brings him plenty of tin.
Oh, the crew they are darkies, the cargo is corn,
And the money comes tumbling in.

Oh, there's plenty on board for the crewmen to eat,

And there's something to drink and to smoke; There's the banjo, the bones and the tambourine, There's the song and the comical joke.

No. 386

DOWN THE SAINT JOHN'S RIVER also known as Baby. Did You Hear?

A river song from Florida. I have seen versions in only two published collections: Carmer (SRA), 116 and Ives (SA), 234-235.

Down the Saint John's River

Baby, did you hear?
All your men gonna leave you,
Yes, Lord, on the next pay day.

Chorus

Baby, did you hear?

Me and my woman's gonna ride

The Cherokee up the Saint John River,

And nary a cent will I be the giver.

Baby, did you hear?
All your furniture gonna leave you,
Yes, Lord, on the next pay day.

Baby, did you hear?

Me and my woman's goin' away,

Yes, Lord, on the next pay day.

No. 387

THE DOWNWARD ROAD IS CROWDED also known as

The Dying Girl
The Dying Girl Unprepared
to Meet Her God
Poor Polly
A Sad Parting

The Wicked Daughter
The Wicked Girl
Wicked Polly
Young People, Hark!
Young People Who Delight
in Sin

This song is an American product of Puritan tradition, dating back to Colonial times. Song remained popular with the masses until the beginning of the 20th century, when, like the Carrier pigeons, it gradually disappeared. It was one of those secular songs that was frequently treated as a hymn at campground revivals.

Now and again a version surfaced in which the girl did not die, but repented and "saw the light" instead. To fully appreciate the impact of this song, we must remember and reflect upon the times in which it was at its most popular. In those times sex was a forbidden subject, too sinful to discuss in polite society, and even kissing was taboo. It was a time when a female leg was referred to as "a limb." In fact, this song can best be described as a musical expression of the

general moral attitude of most Americans from the days of the Revolution through the first quarter of the 20th century.

It is not related to the spiritual known by the same title (see Unbelieving Souls in MB).

REFERENCES

Alleopp, II, 162
Belden (BS), 460-464
Benziger, 41
Brewster (BSI), 303
Brown, III, 92-94; V,
47-48
Chappell (FSRA), 194
Cox (FSS), 411-412
Davis (FSV), 298
Eddy, 305-306
Flanders (BMNE), 21-23
Hudson (BSM), 175
Jackson (SFS), 55
Jackson (WSSU), 189-193

Lomax (ABFS), 569-570
Lomax (FSNA), 71
Moore (BFSS), 233-236
Morris, 171-172
Ninde, 68
Odum (NHS), 73
Owens (TFS), 110-111, or
167
Pub (MLN), XXXVIII, 2
Pound, 111-114
Randolph, IV, 16-20
Tolman, 192-193
Tolman & Eddy, 425-430

The Downward Road Is Crowded

Young people, listen while I tell Of one I fear has gone to hell; A woman who was young and fair, Who died in sin and dark despair.

Her Christian parents oft did pray For her poor soul from day to day; They gave her counsel, good advice, But she delighted still in vice.

She'd go to parties, dance and play, In spite of all her friends would say. *I'll turn to God when I am old, And then He will receive my soul."

At length she heard the Spirit say:

*O sinful wretch, forsake thy way!

*Now turn to God or you shall dwell

Porever in the flames of hell!

*My friends would laugh and me deride;
I'll turn to God when I am old,
And then He will receive my soul."

It was not long till death did come
To call this helpless sinner home;
And there upon her dying bed,
She called her friends and to them said:

"My friends, I bid you all farewell, For I must die and sink to hell; There I must suffer, scream and roar, Among poor lost souls forevermore."

Young people, lest this be your case, O turn to God and seek His face: Upon your knees for mercy cry, And do not wait until you die!

No. 388

DRAW A BUCKET OF WATER
also known as

Draw a Pail of Water Draw Buckets o' Water

A game song for children, sometimes used in kindergarten

and beginning school classes. It had been around a long

time when Bancroft included a version in the 1910 edition of her book of games. We are here more concerned with words and music than games, which is why game directions are not included; but anyone interested in such directions can find them in most books dealing with game-songs for children.

REFERENCES

Bancroft, 345

Brown, I, 142-143; V,

533-534

Chase (OSSG). 39

Forbush, 45

Gomme, II, 418

Hornby, 72

Jour (AFL), XL, 15-16

Newell, 90-91

Tanner, 66-67

Draw a Bucket of Water

Draw a bucket of water

For my lady's daughter,

One in a rush, two in a rush,

Please, little girl,

Bob under the bush.

No. 389

THE DREADNAUGHT

also known as

Banks of Newfoundland
Bound Away
The Clipper Ship <u>Dreadnaught</u>
Cruise of the <u>Dreadnaught</u>
The Flash Frigate

The Flash Packet
Goodbye, Fare-Ye-Well
The Liverpool Packet
Oh, Lord, Let 'er Go!
Wild Boat of the Atlantic

This old sailor song and shanty has come down to us in several versions, all of which are derived (musically at least) from a much older British naval song known

as La Pique, or The Flash Frigate, which begins:

*Tis of a flash frigate, La Pigue was
her name,

All in the West Indies she bore a great fame....

For versions of La Pique, see Hugill (1), 462-463, Shay (ASSC), 178-180, and Whall (SSS-1920), 14-15. According to Colcord, "the Dreadnaught was probably the best known" of all the Western Ocean packets. Indeed, she was a very large ship for those days (1,413 tons register), and her average eastern passage was 21 days and 15 hours. Built at Newburyport, Mass., in 1853, she was wrecked in 1869 and "went to pieces among the rugged cliffs and crags and roaring breakers of Cape Horn." No lives were lost, however; the crew were rescued after being adrift 14 days in lifeboats. We give two versions of the song, \underline{A} and \underline{B} , with \underline{A} being the land version and \underline{B} the shanty. According to Hugill, "There are several tunes to this capstan song, that of Villikins being adopted by some shantymen."

Also see and compare Greenleaf, 243.

REFERENCES

Adventure (1/30/23), 191
Clements, 73
Colcord, 89-91, or 170171
Creighton (MFS), 140-141
Creighton (TSNS), 227-229
Dean, 58-59
Delaney (14), 23
Doerflinger, 126-128
Glass (SS-1), 34-35
Grainger, No. 207
Harlow, 101-103

Hugill (1), 122-123, 464
Hugill (2), 161-163
Ives (SA), 98-99
Ives (SB), 172, or 152
Luce, 63, 67
Rickaby, 150-152
Sampson, 6
Shay (ASSC), 102-104
Songster (119), II, 131
Trident, 78-79
Whall (SSS), 12-13
Williams (SC), 81

The Dreadnaught (Version A)

There is a flash packet, a packet of fame;

She belongs to New York and the <u>Dreadnaught's</u>

her name.

She belongs to New York, where the stormy winds blow, Bound away in the <u>Dreadnaught</u>, to the westward we'll go!

We are a-hauling to the Waterloo Dock,

Where the boys and the girls on the pierhead do flock,

And they'll give three long cheers, while the tears

downward flow.

Bound away in the <u>Dreadnaught</u>, to the westward we'll go!

Now we are hauling in the River Mersey,

Awaiting the tow-boat to take us to sea.

She will take us to sea where the stormy winds blow,

Bound away in the <u>Dreadnaught</u>, to the westward we'll

go!

Now we are sailing on the Banks of Newfoundland,
Where the water is clear and the bottom's all sand,
And the fish of the ocean they swim to and fro.
Bound away in the <u>Dreadnaught</u>, to the westward we'll
go!

Now we are sailing down the Long Island shore,
Where the pilot he boards us as he oft did before.
"Fill away your main tops'l, board your main tack
also."

Bound away in the <u>Dreadnaught</u>, to the westward we'll go!

Here's good luck to Captain Samuels and his officers too;

Good luck to the Dreadnaught and all her brave crew!

let her go!

Talk about your flash packets, Swallowtail and Black Ball,

But the <u>Dreadnaught's</u> a "blood boat" and can outdo them all!

Version B aka The Liverpool Packet

At the Liverpool Docks at the break o' the day,
I saw a flah packet bound westward away.
She was bound to the westward, where the rough
waters flow;
She's the clipper ship Dreadnaught—Oh, Lord,

Chorus

Bound away! Bound away!
Thro' the ice, sleet and snow,
She's a Liverpool packet—
Oh. Lord. let her go!

Oh, the time for her sailing is now drawing nigh, Stand by all ye lubbers, we'll tell ye goodbye; A pair of clean heels to ye we will soon show, She's the clipper ship <u>Dreadnaught</u>—Oh, Lord, let her go!

Sheet home your big tops'ls, haul aft your jib sheets, Sheet home fore 'n' aft, boys, you'll get no more sleep.

Come aft now, God damn you, come aft, make a show! She's the clipper ship <u>Dreadnaught</u>— Oh, Lord, let her go!

Oh! now we are sailing the Atlantic so wide;
All the hands are now ordered to scrub the ship's side;
Our sailors, like tigers, they walk to and fro;
She's the clipper ship <u>Dreadnaught</u>— Oh, Lord, let
her go!

It's now we're arriving in old New York town, We're bound for the Bowery, to let sorrow drown; With the gals and the beer, boys, we'll let the song flow.

She's the clipper ship Dreadnaught -- Oh, Lord, let her go!

No. 390

DREARY BLACK HILLS also known as The Black Hills

This song was first published in a folk collection with words and music by Lomax, but was published originally as a broadside by Bell & Co., 639 Kearny street, San Francisco, 1874. Its popularity among good-seekers was probably due to the fact that the text dealt with goldseeking problems in the Dakotas.

The goldrush to the Black Hills was prodded along by railroad builders and speculators; they did all they could to persuade people to ride west and thus populate the plains. In the East, railroads had always extended themselves to service communities already populace and productive enough to warrant the extension. In the West, however, the process reversed itself; people followed the railroads, and sometimes to their sorrow. Such was the case with the gold-rush to the Black Hills of Dakota. Hundreds of unlucky immigrants echoed the bitter complaints expressed in this song.

REFERENCES

Belden (BS), 349-350 Botkin (WFL), 739 Clark (CS), 23 Fife, 65-66

Flanders (NGMS), 108-109 Frey, 48 Hubbard, 304-305 Ives (SA), 166-167

Larkin, 87-90, or 95-97 Laws (NAB), 263 Lingenfelter, 122-123 Lomax (ABFS), 438-440 Lomax (CS-1919), 177-181 Lomax (CS-1938), 372-374 Lomax (FSNA), 339-340 Pound, 185-186

Pound (SFSN), VII, No. 2

Sandburg (AS), 264-265

Shoemaker (MMP), 179-180

Shoemaker (NPM), 174-175

Silber (SGAW), 149-152

Silverman, II, 334

Warner, 125

Dreary Black Hills

If only you'll listen, I'll tell you a tale;
I'm an object of pity, in life I have failed.
I gave up my trade selling Wright's patent pills,
To go searching for gold in the dreary Black Hills.

Chorus

You better not go; stay at home if you can.

Stay away from that city that's known at Cheyenne.

The Blackfoot and Crow, and the Sioux warrior kills

Whoever they find in the dreary Black Hills.

The Roundhouse in Cheyenne is filled every night, With loafers and bummers of most every plight.

They wear ragged clothes, and they can't pay their bills:

Each day they start out for the dreary Black Hills.

I got to Cheyenne but no gold did I find;
I thought of the good home that I left behind;
Through rain, sleet and snow, frozen clean to the gills,
I'm just an orphan in the dreary Black Hills.

Kind friends, to conclude, some advice I'll unfold:
Don't ever go looking or digging for gold;
Railroad speculators, their pockets you'll fill,
If you go for gold to the dreary Black Hills.

No. 391

DRILL, YE TARRIERS, DRILL

Written and composed by Charles Connolly and Thomas
Casey, this song was published as a "music hall" piece
by Frank Harding's Music House, New York, in 1888. It
deals in humorous fashion with rock-drilling and railroad building. Why the workers were called "tarriers"
is not known, though some speculative reasons have
been offered. According to Botkin, the term more than
likely "refers to the burrowing habits of dog and rock
driller alike." On the other hand, Beatrice Landeck
(Git on Board, New York, 1944, p. 59) says: "The workers'
beards gave them the nickname of terriers, pronounced
tarriers."

Today, the song has come to represent the Irish-Americans, who did more railroad building work than any other group of people.

For parodies, see: <u>Drill</u>, <u>Ye Engineers</u>, <u>Drill</u> in Dolph, 62 and <u>Drill</u>, <u>Ye Heroes</u>, <u>Drill</u> in Peacock, III, 781-782 and <u>Drill</u>, <u>Ye Miners</u>, <u>Drill!</u> in Lingenfelter, 158.

REFERENCES

Agay (1), 60-61
Arnett, 112
Best, 27
Botkin (RFL), 442-443
Fowke (SWF), 86-87
Glass (SW), 52-53
Grafman, 119
Greenway, 43-44
Hille, 36-37
Ives (SA), 170-171
Leisy, 86-87

Leisy (SPS), 50-51

Levy, 357
Lomax (FSNA), 417
Luther, 268-269
Morris, 184-186
Okun, 119-121
Queries (7/11/37), 23
Siegmeister, 80-82
Silber (HSB), 76
Silverman, II, 412
Weavers, 76-77
Whitman, 64-65
Winn (2), 52-53

Drill, Ye Tarriers, Drill

Every mornin', seven o'clock

There were twenty tarriers a-workin' in the rock,

And the boss came along and he said, "Keep still.

Come down heavy on the cast iron drill

And drill, ye tarriers, drill!"

Chorus

Drill, ye tarriers, drill!
You work all day for the sugar in your tea,
Down behind the railway,
And drill, ye tarries, drill,
And blast, and fire!

The boss was a fine man to the ground,
And the girl he married was six feet 'round;
She baked sour bread
And she baked it well,
But she baked it hard as the holes in hell!

The new foreman was Sean McCann
And God! he was the meanest man!
One day a premature
Blast went off,
And up in the air went big John Dolph!

When the next pay day came rollin' 'round,

A dollar short John Dolph found.

When he asked "Why?"

He got this reply:

"You're docked for the time spent in the sky!"

No. 392

DRINKING SONG I also known as

Flowing Bowl
Farewell to Grog
Fill the Flowing Bowl
The Jolly Fellow

Come, Landlord, Fill the Landlord, Fill the Flowing
Flowing Bowl
Bowl

Let's Have Another Drink Let's Have Another Round Three Jolly Coachmen Tomorrow We'll Be Sober

In various publications are found ballads and poems entitled <u>Drinking Song</u>, but they are not necessarily songs. Certainly, they are not necessarily related. This, however, is a drinking <u>song</u>, not a poem, and it is of English origin. The words, according to Helen Johnson, "are founded on an old song in Fletcher's play, 'The Bloody Brother, or Robert, Duke of Normandy.'" if Johnson is correct, this would date the song back to at least the first quarter of the 17th century. Chappell (PMOT) made a comparison of the Fletcher song and one current in the middle of the 19th century and showed that the latter derived from the former. Several versions followed, each slightly different from the others, but all retained the "For tonight we'll merry, merry be" refrain.

The Farewell to Grog piece composed on the U.S.S.

Portemouth by Caspar Schenk, U.S.N on the night of Aug. 31, 1862, also retained the old refrain as well as the entire tune. Only stanzas were changed, which is why it is given below as version B.

Version A, as now sung, is structured much on the order of another well-known convivial song (see Drinking Song III in MB).

REFERENCES

Best, 104 Cazden, II, 18-19 Chappell (PMOT), II, 670-671 Chapple (HS), 141
Glass (SS-1), 22-23
Johnson (FS), 455-456
Leisy, 213-214
Leisy (SPS), 112-113
Lewis, 112
Loesser, 191-192

Shay (PF-1), 90-91 Shay (PF-3), 45 Silverman, I, 362 Songe (15), 83 Trident, 10-11 Williams (FSUT), 50-51

<u>Drinking Song I</u> (<u>The Jolly Fellow</u>)

A

Come, landlord, fill the flowing bowl Until it runneth over; Come, landlord, fill the flowing bowl Until it runneth over.

Chorus

For tonight we'll merry, merry be (3), Tomorrow we'll be sober.

The man who drinks good whisky punch, And goes to bed right mellow, Lives just as he ought to live, And dies a jolly fellow.

The man who drinks cold water pure, And goes to bed quite sober, Falls just as the leaves do fall, So rarely in October.

But he who drinks just what he likes, And getteth half seas over, Will live until he dies, perhaps, And then lie down in clover. The pretty girl that gets a kiss, And goes and tells her mother, Does a very foolish thing, And don't deserve another.

Version B

Come, messmates, pass the bottle 'round,
Our time is short, remember,
For our grog must stop and our spirits drop
On the first day of September.

Chorus

For tonight we'll merry, merry be (3), Tomorrow we'll be sober.

Farewell old rye, 'tis a sad, sad word, But alas! it must be spoken, The ruby cup must be given up, And the demijohn be broken.

Jack's happy days will soon be gone,
To return again, oh never!
For they've raised his pay five-cents a day,
But stopped his grog forever!

Yet memory oft' will backward turn, And dwell with fondness partial, On the days when gin was not a sin, Nor cocktails brought courts-martial.

DRINKING SONG II also known as

Drink to the Lass An Excuse for the Glass Let the Toast Pass The General Toast

Here's to the Maiden The Toast

This breezy convivial song comes from Sheridan's comedy, The School for Scandal, produced in 1777. The tune was adapted by Thomas Linley from an older dance-tune, Half-Hanykin, a version of which is in the first edition (1650) of Playford's Dancing Master. However, Linley did so much rewriting that the tune may really be called his own. Other versions are in Bantock. 119 and Chappell (PMOT). II. 744.

Drinking Song II

Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen. Now to the widow of fifty; Here's to the flaunting extravagant queen. And here's to the housewife that's thrifty.

Chorus

. Let the toast pass, drink to the lass; I warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass. Let the toast pass, drink to the lass; I warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

Here's to the charmer whose dimples we prize. Now to the maid who has none, Sir; Here's to the girl with a pair of blue eyes And here's to the nymph with but one, Sir.

Let them be clumsy or let them be slim. Married-I care not a feather: Fill a pint bumper quite up to the brim And let us now toast them together.

DRINKING SONG III

The Jolly Neighbor
The Man Who Has Plenty of
Good Peanuts

The Peanut Song
Plenty of Good Oranges

This song, in its present form, is an Americanized version of early English versions. It also has much in common with the older English song, Three Merry Men of Kent, which was sung in The Jovial Crew, in 1731. For additional information, see Chappell (OEPM), II, 161-162.

The tune was used for the carol, <u>Joys Seven</u> (see <u>Oxford Book of Carols</u>, No. 70), and an adaptation is easily recognizable in an old American campground hymn, <u>Joyful</u>, or <u>O That Will Be Joyful</u>, which, according to J. S. James, the <u>Original Sacred Harp</u>, 1911, was written and composed by Rev. Abraham D. Merrell (1796-1878).

Anne G. Gilchrist found a parody in England, which begins:

John Wesley had a little ghost, The color of it was white; It used to swarm up his bed-post And frighten him at night.

The parody may be seen in Jour (FSS), VIII, 86.

A version of this song attributed to Bob Miller was published in sheet music form by Shapiro, Bernstein & Co., New York City, in 1928. We know, of course, that Miller did not create the song but simply arranged it for publication. American college students were singing this song more than thirty years prior to Miller's birth. For examples of college-type versions, see Songs of All Colleges (c. 1900) and Popular College Songs (c. 1904). The song as now sung has certain similarities to Drinking Song I in MB.

REFERENCES

Arnold, 71 Chamberlain, 268-269 Kennedy (TAB), 105-106 Most (PCS), 78-79 Songs (15), 109
Waite, 51
Whitman, 188
Wier (SWWS), 168

Drinking Song III

The man who has plenty of good peanuts And offers his neighbor none, He shan't have any of my peanuts When his peanuts are gone.

Chorus

When his peanuts are gone, When his peanuts are gone; He shan't have any of my peanuts When his peanuts are gone.

The man who has plenty of good oranges And offers his neighbor none, He shan't have any of my oranges When his oranges are gone.

The man who has plenty of soft, soda crackers And offers his neighbor none.

He shan't have any of my soft, soda crackers

When his soft, soda crackers are gone.

The man who has plenty of strawberry shortcake And offers his neighbor none, He shan't have any of my strawberry shortcake When his strawberry shortcake is gone.

DRINKING SONG IV also known as

For Balea

In Eighteen Hundred and

Sixty

Sixty-One

In Eighteen Hundred and

Sixty-Four

Johnny, Fill Up the Bowl

In Eighteen Hundred and We Are the Boys of Potomac's

Ranks

An American Civil War song that spawned versions and parodies all over the place, all using the tune of When Johnny Comes Marching Home (see MB). During the Civil War there were Union and Confederate versions. soldier and sailor versions, and, later, even game and play-party versions. From the many versions available only three are given here. Version A was published by A. W. Auner, Philadelphia, under the title: Johnny, Fill Up The Bowl, Version B was sung by Union soldiers and was known as We Are The Boys Of Potomac's Ranks. According to Dolph, "It was sung in the Third Corps in the fall of 1863..." The Confederate version, C. For Bales, was written by A. E. Blackmar and published by him at New Orleans in 1864. According to Glass, "The song tells how the Confederate Generals E. Kirby Smity and Richard Taylor thwarted the Union attempt to seize cotton stored up at Red River." A parody sung by lumbermen and printed in Eckstorm, 241-242, begins:

> Johnny and Jenny by the fireside sat, Hoorah! Hoorah!

> Johnny and Jenny by the fireside sat. Hoorah! Hoorah!

Johnny and Jenny by the fireside sat. And Johnny saw Jenny's mouth open and shet. And we'll all drink stone-blind. Johnny, fill up the bowl!

For a later parody, The Football Song, see Randolph, II, 286-287 B.

REFERENCES

Botkin (APPS), 210

Brown, II, 528-529

Davis (TBV), 145

Dolph, 297-299 & 359-

360

Glass (SS-2), 197-198

Kennedy (TAB), 158-160

Jour (AFL), XXIV, 314-315;

XLII. 218-219

Randolph, II, 284-285

Thomas (BMMK), 54

Drinking Song IV A Tune: When Johnny Comes Marching Home

Abraham Lincoln, what yer 'bout?

Hurrah! hurrah!

Stop this war; for it's all played out.

Hurrah! hurrah!

Abraham Lincoln, what yer bout?

Stop this war; for it's all played out!

We'll all drink stone-blind-

Johnny, fill up the bowl.

We're getting anxious, all of us, Hurrah! hurrah!

We're getting anxious, all of us, Hurrah! hurrah!

We're getting anxious, all of us,

Por you to stop this Southern fuss!

Then we'll all drink stone-blind-

Johnny, fill up the bowl.

The Conscription Act now is passed, Hurrah! hurrah!

The Conscription Act now is passed, Hurrah! hurrah!

The Conscription Act now is passed,

And we'll be drafted all at last.

Then we'll all drink stone-blind-

Johnny, fill up the bowl.

Gold it now is coming down, Hurrah! hurrah!
Gold it now is coming down, Hurrah! hurrah!
Gold it now is coming down,
For they have run it in the ground!
So we'll all drink stone-blind—
Johnny, fill up the bowl.

Version B Tune: When Johnny Comes Marching Home

We are the boys of Potomac's ranks, Hurrah! hurrah!
We are the boys of Potomac's ranks,
We ran with McDowell, retreated with Banks,
And we'll all drink stone-blind—
Johnny, fill up the bowl.

We fought with McClellan, the Rebs, shakes, and fever, Hurrah! hurrah! (2)

But Mac joined the navy on reaching James River,
And we'll all drink stone-blind—
Johnny, fill up the bowl.

They gave us John Pope, our patience to tax, Hurrah!

They gave us John Pope our patience to tax,
Who said that out West he'd seen naught but gray backs,
And we'll all drink stone blind—
Johnny, fill up the bowl.

He said his headquarters were in the saddle, Hurrah!

He said his headquarters were in the saddle,
But Stonewall Jackson made him skedaddle,
And we'll all drink stone blind—
Johnny, fill up the bowl.

Oh, Burnside then tried out his luck, Hurrah! hurrah!

Oh, Burnside then tried out his luck,

But in the mud so fast got stuck,
And we'll all drink stone blind—
Johnny, fill up the bowl.

Then Hooker was taken to fill the bill, Hurrah!

Then Hooker was taken to fill the bill,

But he got a black eye at Chancellorsville,

And we'll all drink stone blind—

Johnny. fill up the bowl.

Next came General Meade, a slow old plug, Hurrah!

Next came General Meade, a slow old plug,

For he let them get away at Gettysburg,

And we'll all drink stone blind—

Johnny, fill up the bowl.

Version C Tune: When Johnny Comes Marching Home

We all went down to New Orleans, for Bales, for Bales;

We all went down to New Orleans, for Bales, says I;

We all went down to New Orleans

To get a peep behind the scenes,
And we'll all drink stone blind—
Johnny, fill up the bowl.

We thought when we got in the "Ring," for Bales, for Bales, etc.

We thought when we got in the "Ring,"

Greenbacks would be a dead sure thing,
And we'll all drink stone blind—
Johnny, fill up the bowl.

The "Ring" went up, with bagging and rope, For Bales, for Bales;

Upon the Black Hawk with bagging and rope, For Bales, says I;

Went up Red River with bagging and rope,

Expecting to make a pile of "soap,"

And we'll all drink stone blind—

Johnny, fill up the bowl.

But Taylor and Smith, with ragged ranks, For Bales. for Bales:

But Taylor and Smith, with ragged ranks, For Bales, says I;

But Taylor and Smith, with ragged ranks,
Burned up the cotton and whipped old Banks,
And we'll all drink stone blind—
Johnny. fill up the bowl.

Our "Ring" came back and cursed and swore, For Bales, for Bales;

Our "Ring" came back and cursed and swore, For Bales, says I;

Our "Ring" came back and cursed and swore,

For we got no cotton at Grand Ecore,
And we'll all drink stone blind—
Johnny, fill up the bowl.

Now let us all give praise and thanks, For Bales, for Bales;

Now let us all give praise and thanks, For Bales, says I;

Now let us all give praise and thanks
For the victory gained by General Banks,

And we'll all drink stone blind—
Johnny, fill up the bowl.

MB

No. 396

DRINKING SONG V

There are hundreds of songs telling us why we should not imbibe alcoholic beverages, and this is not one of them. It is somewhat of a relief to find a song that sets down the opposite side of the story, as does this old English song. The words were written by one Charles Morrise, the music by Charles Dibdin. The version below is from Johnson (FS), 464-466.

Also see: Jackson (ESUS), 222.

Drinking Song V

I'm often asked by plodding souls,
And men of crafty tongue,
What joy I take in draining bowls
And tippling all night long.
But tho: these cautious knaves I scorn,
For once I'll not disdain
To tell them why I sit till morn
And fill my glass again.

To tell them why I sit till morn And fill my glass again, And fill my glass again.

*Tis by the glow my bumper gives
That life is mellow made;
The fading light then brightly lives,
And softly sinks the shade.
Some happier tint still rises there,
With every drop I drain,
And that's the reason, 0 my friend,
I fill my glass again!

MB

In life I've rung all changes through,
Run every pleasure down;
'Mid each extreme of folly, too—
For me, there's nothing new nor rare
Till wine deceives my brain—
And that I think a reason fair
To fill my glass again.

There's many a lad I knew who's dead,
And many a lass grown old;
And, as the lesson strikes my head,
My weary heart grows cold.
But wine awhile drives off despair,
And bids a hope remain—
And that I think a reason fair
To fill my glass again.

No. 397

DRINKING SONG VI also known as

Balm of Gilead

Here's to Good Old Yale

Bingo

Rolling Home, Dead Drunk

Bingo Farm

Way Down on Bingo Farm

Here's to Good Old Beer

This is a combination of several songs, probably put together by 19th century college students. The name of practically any college can be easily inserted into the text, but it is generally associated with Yale.

REFERENCES

Best, 100-101

Most (PCS), 35

Chamberlain, 16

Songs (15), 71

Loessor, 304-305

Waite, 54-55

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Drinking Song VI

Here's to good old beer,
Drink it down, drink it down!
Here's to good old beer,
Drink it down, drink it down!
Here's to good old beer,
It's so hearty and so dear,
Drink it down, drink it down,
Drink it down, down, down!

Balm of Gilead, Gilead,
Balm of Gilead, Gilead,
Balm of Gilead,
Way down on Bingo Farm!
We won't go there any more, (3)
Way down on Bingo Farm!
Bingo! Bingo! Bingo!
Bingo! Bingo!
Bingo! Bingo!
Way down on Bingo Farm!

No. 398

DRINKING SONG VII

We Won't Go Home Till Morning

as a game or play-party song, but that is the kind of song with which we are here dealing. Practically every collector has associated it with other songs, Botkin (APPS), 353-354 has a play-party version which he relates to We'll All Go Down to Rousers (see Drinking Song VIII in MB). Elsom and Trilling, 172-175 have it as an English game piece, while Elson, 52 gives it as version B of For He's a Jolly Good Fellow (see in MB). Ford (TMA), 97 has it as a dance tune and remarks

that it has a musical similarity to <u>Drinking Song</u>
VIII (in MB). Whitman, 31-32 says the tune is French
and belongs to <u>Malbrough S'en Va-t'en Gurre</u>. For additional information concerning the French tune, see
The <u>Duke of Marlborough in MB</u>.
The version below is one I learned in North Carolina
many years ago. For another version, see Winn (2),
210-211.

Drinking Song VII

We won't go home till morning, Till morning, till morning, We won't go home till morning, We'll drink together all night.

We'll take the gals out dancing, Out dancing, out dancing, We'll take the gals out dancing, And dance and drink till it's light.

And so we say, all of us,
All of us, all of us,
We won't go home till morning,
We'll drink together all night.

No. 399

DRINKING SONG VIII also known as

All Go Down to Rowsers

Down to Rowsers

Four Go Down to Rowser

Going Down to Rousie's

Going Down to Rowser

Pig in the Parlor

Rouser, or Rowser's
To Rowser's
We'll All Go Down to
Rowser's
We're Marching Down to
Rauser's

Here is a song so filled with floating lines that it is difficult to know whether or not it was ever anything more than a compounded piece. As known in play-party form, the song has many similarities to The Bear Went Over the Mountain, Skip to My Lou, and We Won't Go Home Till Morning. As a drinking song, it is very like Pig in the Parlor and something like For He's a Jolly Good Fellow. Despite all these similarities and floating lines, Rowser's has managed to retain its position in folklore as a song in its own right. For additional information about the tune, see headnotes to The Duke of Marlborough (in MB).

REFERENCES

Ames (MPP), 297-298
Ball, 14-15
Botkin (APPS), 193-197
Cambiaire, 141
Douthitt, 33
Dudley & Payne, 12
Ford (TMA), 247
Gardner (SPPG), 122
Hamilton, 290
Lair, 27

Pound (SFSN), XXVII, No. 14
Quarterly (SFL), II (1938),
162
Randolph, III, 518-319
Randolph (OPP), 217-218
Randolph (Ozarks), 160-161
Shearin (SKFS), 39
Van Doren, 492
Wolford, 22-23

Pound. 237-238

Drinking Song VIII

We'll all go down to Rousers, We'll all go down to Rousers, We'll all go down to Rousers, To get some lager beer.

We won't go home till morning, (3)
We won't go home at all.

A jolly man is Rouser, (3) We'll have a jolly time.

A pig is in the parlor, (3) An Irish thing to do.

There's whiskey in his cellar, (3) And that is Irish, too!

We'll all go down to Rouser's, (3)
And drink some lager beer!

No. 400

DRINKING SONG IX also known as

Bombed Last Night
Drunk Last Night
Glorious! Glorious!

Glorious, Glorious, One More
Drink for the Four of Us
One Keg of Beer for the Four
of Us

One More Drink for the Four of us

This drinking song was (and is) sung by sailors, soldiers, marines, and all kinds of professional singing groups. Date of origin unknown.

REFERENCES

Dolph, 105-106 Loesser, 282-283 Niles (SMM), 43 Shay (PF-1), 53 Shay (PF-3), 25 Whitman, 51

Drinking Song IX

Drunk last night, drunk the night before; Gonna get drunk tonight like I never got drunk before.

For I am a member of the souse family.

Chorus

O glorious, glorious, one more beer for the four of us!

Glory be to God that there are no more of us, For one of us could drink it all alone!

Bombed last night! Bombed the night before!

Gonna get bombed tonight like we never got

bombed before!

For when we're bombed we're as scared as we can be:

They can bomb all the army if they don't bomb me.

They're over us, over us,

One little cave for the four of us.

Glory be to God that there are no more of us,

For they'd surely bomb the whole damned crew!

We carried Carry to the ferry,
And the ferry carried Carry to the far distant
shore.

The reason we had to carry Carry was
That Carry he couldn't carry any more!

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No. 401

DRINKING SONG X also known as

Let's Have Another Drink Before the Lights Go Out We'll Have Another Drink Before the Boat Shoves Off

The words of this song were set to a much older and very popular country dance tune, The Sailor's Hornpipe. According to Doerflinger's informant, one Captain Patrick Tayluer, this "was not only a drinking song, but

was also used in the dogwatches to accompany the dancing of the sailor's hornpipe when no one on board had a concertina or fiddle." As for "Mother Rackett," the only individual referred to in the text, Captain Tayluer said, "about 1875...she ran a waterfront saloon in Hong Kong."

Since <u>The Sailor's Hornpipe</u> is a dance tune without words of its own, we give the tune in association with this song in order to save space. For a fiddle version, see Ford (TMA), 46. For a version of the song, with both words and music, see Doerflinger, 167.

Drinking Song X Tune: The Sailor's Hornpipe

Let's have another drink before the lights go out!
Let's have another drink before the lights go out!
And we'll spend our hard-earned money
Till we're high and feeling funny—
Let's have another drink before the lights go out!

We'll have another drink before the boat shoves off!
We'll have another drink before the boat shoves off!
We will pawn our monkey jackets,
And we'll go to Mother Rackett's—

And we'll have another drink before the boat shoves off!

No. 402

DRINKING SONG XI also known as

Oh, Goodbye, Babe, Forever More Show Me the Way to Go Home

This old harmony song is a staple item in the repertoires

of trios, quartettes and saloon vocalists. Both the A and B versions given below are traditional.

REFERENCES

Brown, III, 67-69; V, Jour (AFL), XXIV, 255-36-38 294. 351-396: XXV

Jour (AFL), XXIV, 255-294, 351-396; XXV, 137-155; XXVI, 123-173; XXVIII, 129-190

<u>Drinking Song XI</u> (<u>Version A</u>)

Show me the way to go home,

I'm tired and I want-a go to bed;

I had a little drink about an hour ago

And it went right to my head.

Wherever I may roam,
O'er land or sea or foam,
You will always hear me singing this song:
Show me the way to go home.

(<u>Version</u> B)

Oh, goodbye, babe, forever more,
My boozing days will soon be o'er;
I've had a good time, as you can see—
Just see what booze has done for me.

Show me the way to go home, babe,
Show me the way to go home;
I ain't been sober since last October—
Show me the way to go home.

DRINKING SONG XII also known as

Legacy Smiles and Wine

Wine When in Death I Calmly Recline

The tune is an old Irish air and the words are by Thomas Moore. The tune, of course, has been used for dances, by country fiddlers, and borrowed for a religious song. For a campground spiritual, see Jackson (ASWS), No. 129, p. 84.

A version of the song, which was a favorite of young Abraham Lincoln, is in <u>The Missouri Harmony</u>, published by Morgan and Saxay, Cincinnatti, 1808. A version was recorded in 1963 on 20th-Fox records by Dickson Hall, in his album Abe, the Railsplitter.

REFERENCES

Brown, V, 494-495 Lair (SLL), 20 Sandburg (AS), 155

Drinking Song XII

When in death I shall calm recline,

O bear my heart to my mistress dear;

Tell her it lived on smiles and wine

Of brightest hue while it lingered here.

Bid her not shed one tear of sorrow, To sully a heart so brilliant and light; But balmy drops of the red grape borrow, To bathe the relic from morn till night.

DRINKING SONG XIII

also known as Sparkling and Bright

This drinking song dates from about 1830. The words and music were written and composed by Charles F. Hoffman and James B. Taylor. It achieved sufficient popularity to inspire a parody, Smoking Away, which begins:

Floating away like the fountains' spray,

Of the snow-white plume of a maiden,

The smoke-wreathe rise to the starlit skies

With blissful fragrance laden.

For a complete text of the parody, see Johnson (FS), 453.

REFERENCES

Jackson (ESUS), 267 Johnson (FS), 451 Luther, 78

McCaskey, I, 131 Shay (DFW), 33-35

Drinking Song XIII

Sparkling and bright in liquid light Does the wine our goblet gleaming, With hue as red as the rosy bed, Which a bee would choose to dream in.

Chorus

Then drink tonight, with hearts as light,
To loves as gay and fleeting
As bubbles that swim on the beakers brim
And break on the lips while meeting.
Then drink tonight, with hearts as light,
To loves as gay and fleeting,
As bubbles that swim on the beakers brim
And break on the lips while meeting.

DRINKING SONG XIV also known as Reasons for Drinking

I have no informational background on this song at all. The text below is from memory, and I can't even say when or from whom I learned it, but it is from my childhood.

Drinking Song XIV

Some drink because they're hungry,
And some because they're dry;
Some drink to keep them in good health,
And some that they may die.

Some drink because they are too hot, And some because they're cold; Some drink to strengthen them when young, And some when they are old.

Some drink to keep them wide awake, And some that they may sleep; Some drink because they jolly are, And some because they weep.

Some drink when they do money gain, And some because of loss; Some drink when they are pleased, And some when they are cross.

Some drink for sake of company, While others drink it sly; And many drink, but never think About the reason why.

Some drink when they are hard at work, And some when they're at play; Some think it right to drink at night, While others drink by day.

Some say they drink for pleasure, And some they drink for pain; Some say it's good, some very bad, But never once refrain.

There is a saying that is true, When iron's hot then strike it; I'll tell you why all people drink: They drink because they like it!

No. 406

DROP OF BRANDY, O! also known as

Brandy, 0! An Irish Jig
Drops of Brandy A Land-Lady of France
A Good Old Glass of Brandy, 0! Our Own Irish Jig

This old Irish song's tune has served as the melodic setting for several well-known traditional songs, including versions A and B given below. For another, see The Constitution and the Guerriere I in MB. Version A is the better known of the two, but version B, with words by James McKeown (see Songs of the Gael, 330-331) is probably the oldest. The text of version A is from Songster (10), 110.

Drop of Brandy, O! (Version A)

A landlady in France, she loved an officer, 'tis said, And this officer he dearly lov'd her brandy, O:

Sighed she, I love this officer, althor his nose is red,

And his legs are what his regiment call bandy, O.

But when the bandy officer was ordered to the coast, How she tore her lovely locks, that looked so sandy, 0; Adieu, my soul, says she, if you write, pray pay the post,

But before we part, let's take a drop of brandy, 0.

She filled him up a bumper, just before he left the town,

And another for herself, so neat and handy, 0.

So they kept their spirits up by their pouring spirits down,

Por love is like the cholic, cured with brandy, 0.

Take a bottle on't, said she, for you're going into camp,

In your tent, you know, my love, 'twill be the dandy, O. Your're right, says he, my life, for a tent is very damp,

And *tis better with my tent to take some brandy, O!

(Version B: Irish Jig)

I'm singing the praises of Ireland,
My own land of frolic and fun;
For all sorts of mirth and diversion,
No place compares under the sun.
Bohemia may boast of her polka,
And Spain of her waltzes talk big;
O sure, they are nothing but limping
Compared to an old Irish jig.

Chorus

Then a fig for your new-fashioned waltzes, Imported from Spain and from France, And a fig for the thing called the polks, Our own Irish jig we will dance.

I've heard how the jig came in fashion, And believe that the story is true: By Adam and Eve 'twas invented— The reason was partners were few.

And tho' they could both dance the polka, Eve thought that it was not quite chaste; She preferred our old jig to be dancing, And, faith, I approve of her taste!

No. 407

THE DROWNED LOVER also known as

Arbour Town
Captain Digby's Farewell
The Drowned Sailor
In Robin Hood's Churchyard
Robin Hood's Bay

Robin Hood's Churchyard Robin Hood Side Scarberry's Shores Scarboro Sand Scarborough Banks

This song is of British origin. "The scene of the story," according to Kidson, "is laid near Robin Hood's Bay, six miles south of Whitby; Stowbrow mentioned in the ballad being a large tract of land on the south side of the Bay."

Because of The Drowned Lover and The Drowned Sailor titles, this song is sometimes confused with other songs using those titles (see The Lost Lover and A Young Woman's Sorrow in MB). Also see and compare The Mother's Malison, or Clyde's Water in Child IV, No. 216, 185-191.

REFERENCES

Baring-Gould (SW), No. 32
Brown, II, 329-330; IV,

190-191
Chappell (FSRA), 70-71
Greig & Duncan, No. 20
Jour (FSS), III, 258
Karpeles, 161-162

Kidson (FSNC), 48-49 Kidson (TT), 112-113 Ord, 332-333 Peacock, III, 722-725 Sharp (ECFS), 162 Sharp (FSE), IV, 22-24 Sharp (100), 86-87

The Drowned Lover

There was a young lady in Scarb'rough did dwell,

She was courted by a sailor and she loved him full well;

They had promised to get married when he did return,

Tho' mark of misfortune upon them did burn.

As he was a-sailing all on the salt sea,
A storm there did arise much to their great surprise;
The winds were terrible and the billows did roar,
Till both ship and sailors were dashed on the shore.

As soon as she heard that her true love was dead, She ran raving and crying, all our of her head; She cried, "Adieu to all pleasure, my joy has fled! I shall sleep in my grave but no marriage bed."

As she was out walking 'round Scarborough's sand,
A-crying and lamenting and wringing of hand,
Saying, "O you cruel billows, wash my true love ashore,
So that I may behold his sweet face once more."

As she was a-walking 'round Robin Hood's side, She saw a young sailor washed up by the tide. As she drew near to him in surprise she did stand; She knew her own true love by a mark on his hand. She cried, "I have found you, my dearest own dear,"
And hugged him and kissed him, and held him quite near.
She said, "I am quite willing to lie by your side,"
And a few moments later this fair maiden died.

In Robin Hood's churchyard the young couple was laid, And a double tombstone for them was then made, Saying, "You tender hearted lovers as you pass by, You can weep and lament where this couple lie."

No. 408

THE DROWSY SLEEPER also known as

An Ardent Lover Arise, Arise Awake, Arise, You Drowsy Sleeper Awake! Awake! Bedroom Window Charlie and Bessie Death of William and Nancy The Drowsy Sleepers His Love Will Find a Way Katie Dear Katy Dear Little Willie Little Willy Maggie and Willie Mollie, or Molly Mollie Dear, Go Ask Your Mother

O Drowsy Sleeper Oh, Who Is That Rapping at My Window Oh, You Drowsy Sleeper O Molly Dear Rise Ye Up Serenade The Shining Dagger The Silver Dagger The Untrue Lover Wake Up, You Drowsy Sleepers Who Is At My Bedroom Window? Who Is Tapping At My Bedroom Window? Who's That At My Bedroom Window? Willie and Mary Willie, Darling

The theme of this song is old and well-known to Folklore.

For a study of its age and range, see Pub (MLA), XXXVI, 565-614. Songs with this story theme runs wide in England, Scotland, and Ireland. In America, where a large number of versions has been recovered, the various forms are sometimes fused into a single piece. Many collectors have listed it as an Irish song, which it probably is, or originally was.

The Drowsy Sleeper is generally confused with The Silver Dagger (see in MB), but the two songs are not really related. Cox printed a version from West Virginia called The Silver Dagger, explaining the title by suggesting it was used "probably because the last two stanzas of it belong to that song." Scarborough has several versions containing the "silver" or "shining" dagger stanzas. Our version also contains a "silver dagger" stanza, but we shouldn't leap to "related" conclusions about it. The English dialogue song, Arise, Arise, is another similar piece sometimes confused with The Drowsy Sleeper. Although that song begins the same, it is quite different and should not be considered a version of The Drowsy Sleeper. Nevertheless, both songs have been collected and published under identical titles.

Other English-Scottish songs that could be compared (but should not be confused) with this song, are I Will Put My Ship in Order in Christie, I, 224 and Ord, 318, and Hearken, Ladies, and I Will Tell You in Ord, 89.

The more popular version of Drowsy Sleeper, in America, is one derived from a broadside issued by H. J. Wehman (No. 518) which contains "silver dagger" stanzas. Other broadsides were issued by Catnach, Pitts, and Such.

REFERENCES

Baring-Gould (SW), No. 41 Barry (MWS), 83 Belden (BS), 118-123 Botkin (NEF), 859-860

Brewster (BSI), 170-174
Brown, II, 255-258; IV,
147-149
Campbell & Sharp, No. 47

Cazden, I, 3 Chappell (FSRA), 81-82 Christie, I, 225 Cox (FSS), 348-349 Davis (FSV), 56-57 Doerflinger, 314 Eddy, 92-95 Gardner (BSSM), 86-88 Greenleaf, 55-56 Greig, I, art. 54 Henry (FSSH), 190 Hudson (FSM), 161-162 Jour (AFL), XX, 260; XXV, 282; XXVI, 354; XXIX, 200; XXX, 338; XXXV, 356; LX, 223 Jour (FSS), I, 269; III, 78 Karpeles (EFS), I, 329-332 Laws M 4. 81 Leach (BB), 727-730

Mackenzie, 99-100, 396 Moore (BFSS), 196-197 Morris, 362-363 Ord. 318-319 Pound, 51-53 Pub (MLA), XXXVI, 565-614 Quarterly (SFL), VIII, 167-168; XIV, 87-96 Randolph, I, 244-249 Reeves (EC), 176-178 Ritchie (SFC), 219-220 Roberts (IP), 93-94 Scarborough (SC), 139-142, 399 Sedley, 48-49 Sharp, I, 358-364 Sharp (EFS), I, 72 Sharp (FSEO), 48 Sharp (FSFS). No. 99 Sharp (100), 106-107 Sturgis (SHV), 30-31 Sulzer, 17 Treat. 11

White (ANFS), 177-178

The Drowsy Sleeper

"Wake up, wake up, you drowsy sleeper! Wake up, wake up, it's almost day! How can you bear to lie and slumber When your true lover is going away?"

"Who's that a-knocking at my window, Before the sun comes peeping through?"
"It's only me, your own dear Willie, And I've come, my love, to speak with you. MB

"O Willie dear, I dare not ask her; I know that she will not agree. So go your way and love another, But never forget you once loved me."

"O Mary dear, go ask your father.

Tell him how happy we would be.

This heart of mine is near to breaking—
Go tell your father that you love me."

"O Willie dear, I dare not tell him, For he is on his bed of rest; Beside him lies a silver dagger, To slay the one that I love best."

**O I'll go down in some lone valley
And spend my weeks, my months and years;
And I'll eat nothing but green willow,
And I'll drink nothing but my tears.

"Come back, come back, my own true lover! Come back, come back!" in grief cried she; "And I'll forsake my father and mother, If you will make a home for me."

No. 409

DRUMMER BOY OF SHILOH

also known as

A Civil War song that refers to the Battle at Pitts-burgh Landing, Tennessee, April 6-7, 1862. About five a. m. on the 6th, Union forces commanded by Gen. Grant met Confederate forces commanded by Gen. Albert Sidney. The Union forces were almost immediately driven back, but the tide turned when Union Gen. Buell arrived with reenforcements late in the afternoon. On the 7th, the Confederates retreated. The battle was characterized by fierce, stubborn fighting on both sides. This song, dealing with that battle, became popular on both sides. The song was written by Will S. Hays and published at Louisville, Kentucky, by D. P. Faulds in 1862.

For a World War I song fashioned after (and using first two stanzas of) this, see Roberts (IP), 118-119.

REFERENCES

Allan (LSB), 145

Belden (PLSB), No. 123

Brown, II, 536-538

Brown (BLNC), 11

Combs (FSMEU), 208

Glass (SS-2), 186-188

Grand Army, 76-77

Henry (FSSH), 366

Hubbard, 282-283

Laws (AB), A 15

Lum, 13

Randolph, II, 308-309

Silber (SCW), 119, 140

Staton, 103

Drummer Boy of Shiloh

On Shiloh's dark and bloody ground,
The dead and wounded lay;
Amongst them was a drummer boy,
Who beat the drum that day.
A wounded soldier held him up,
His drum was by his side;
He clasped his hands, then raised his eyes,
And prayed before he died.
He clasped his hands, then raised his eyes,
And prayed before he died.

"Oh, mother," said the dying boy,
"Look down from Heaven on me;
Receive me to thy fond embrace—
Oh, take me home to thee.

I've loved my country as my God;
To serve them both I've tried."
He smiled, shook hands—death seized the boy
Who prayed before he died.
He smiled, shook hands—death seized the boy
Who prayed before he died.

Each soldier wept, then, like a child;
Stout hearts were they, and brave:
The flag his winding-sheet, God's book
The key unto his grave.
They wrote upon a simple board
These words: This is a guide
To those who'd mourn the drummer boy
Who prayed before he died.
To those who'd mourn the drummer boy
Who prayed before he died.

No. 410

DRUMMER BOY OF WATERLOO also known as

Drummer Boy Waterloo
Drummer Boy Edwin of Waterloo Young Edward
The Soldier of Waterloo
Young Edwin at Waterloo

This song originated in England and was popular for a very long time. It was almost as popular in America as in Britain. The battle to which it refers is too well known to require discussion here. The name of

the battle is not important anyhow. Songs such as this one are often adapted to whichever battle the particular singer happens to be familiar. Broadside versions were issued by DeMarsan (List 14, No. 19), H. Such (No. 168), and others.

REFERENCES

Brown, II, 357-358
Brown (BLNC), 11
Cox (FSS), 293, 395
Creighton (SBNS), 145-146
Davis (FSV), 67
DeMarsan (SJ), I, 186
Eddy, 163-164
Gainer, 155-156
Hubbard, 284

Jour (AFL), XLV, 163; LX,
217

Moore (BFSS), 148-149

Owens (TFS), 65-66

Pub (TFLS), XXIII, 77-78

Randolph, I, 338

Songster (12), 145

Songster (63), 202

Star, 145

Drummer Boy of Waterloo

When battle roused each warlike band, And carnage loud her trumpet blew, Young Edwin left his native land, A drummer boy for Waterloo.

He who knew no infant fear,
His knapsack o'er his shoulder threw,
Sayin', "Mother, mother, dry your tears
Till I return from Waterloo."

His mother pressed her lips to his And bid her hoble boy adieu; With wringing hands and aching heart, She saw him march to Waterloo.

He went, and ere the set of sun, Beheld the arms the foe subdue, When flash of death from murderous gun Had laid him low at Waterloo. "O comrades, comrades," Edwin cried, And proudly beamed his eyes of blue: "Go tell my mother Edwin died A drummer boy at Waterloo."

They placed his head upon his drum, Beneath the moonlight's mournful hue; When night had stilled death's battle hum, They dug his grave at Waterloo.

No. 411

THE DRUNKARD I

Come Home, Father
The Drunkard Father
Father, Come Home

Father, Dear Father, Come
Home With Me Now
Please, Father, Dear Father,
Come Home

This song is no longer taken seriously, but at one time it was one of the most popular and potent antialcoholic songs in the United States. Now it is a parody of what it was originally intended to be. It was used most effectively in the play, Ten Nights in a Barroom, although it was not written specifically for that purpose. Written by Henry Clay Work, the song was copyrighted and published in 1864.

For a parody, see Father, Dear Father, Come Home With

for a parody, see <u>Father</u>, <u>Dear Father</u>, <u>Come Home With</u>
the <u>Stamps</u> in Loesser, 287-289.

REFERENCES

Chapple (HS), 230-232 Kennedy (TAB), 275-276 Fuson, 144 Eloyd, 174-175 Hubbard, 184-185 Luther, 187 Kennedy (AB), 249-250 Pound, XVII, No. 1, 51 Randolph, II, 396-397 Shay (DFW), 27-30 Shearin (SKFS), 33 Spaeth (REW), 65-66 Staton, 24 Whitman, 184

The Drunkard I

The clock in the steeple strikes one.

You said you were coming right home from the shop,
As soon as your day's work was done.

Our fire has gone out, our house is all dark,
And mother's been watching since tea,

With poor brother Benny so sick in her arms,
And no one to help her but me.

Come home, come home, come home!

Please, father, dear father, come home!

Chorus

Hear the sweet voice of the child,
Which the night-winds repeat as they roam!
Oh, who could resist this most plaintive of pray'rs?

Please, father, dear father, come home!

Father, dear father, come home with me now,
The clock in the steeple strikes two;
The night has grown colder, and Benny is worse,
But he has been calling for you.
Indeed he is worse, Ma says he will die,
Perhaps before morning shall dawn;
And this is the message she sent me to bring:
"Come quickly, or he will be gone."

THE DRUNAKARD II also known as

A Drunkard's Child I Am Called a Drunkard's Child

This is not the oldest temperance song in America, but it has been one of the most enduring. Written by Mrs. E. A. Parkhurst, the song was published in 1870 by C. W. Harris. For two other versions, see Jordan, 168-170 and Randolph, II, 427-428.
This is not related to The Drunkard's Child in Roberts (IP), 183-184.

The Drunkard II

You ask me why so oft, father,
The tears roll down my cheek,
And think it strange that I should own
A grief I dare not speak.
But 0, my soul is very sad,
My brain is almost wild;
It breaks my heart to think
That I am called a drunkard's child.

Chorus

But 0, my soul is very sad,
My brain is almost wild;
It breaks my heart to think
That I am called a drunkard's child.

My playmates shun me now, father,
Or pass me by with scorn,
Because my dress is ragged
And my shoes are old and torn.
And if I heed them not, "There goes
The drunkard's girl," they cry.

Oh, then, how much I wish
That God would only let me die!

You used to love me once, father,
And we had bread to eat;
Mama and I were warmly clad,
And life seemed very sweet.
You never spoke unkindly then,
Or dealth the angry blow:
O father dear, 'Tis sad to think
That rum has changed you so.

Do not be angry now, father,
Because I tell you this,
But let me feel upon my brow
Once more your loving kiss.
And promise me, those lips no more
With drink shall be defiled—
That, from a life of want and woe,
You'll save your weeping child.

No. 413

THE DRUNKARD III also known as

Bessie, the Drunkard's
Poor Child
The Drunkard's Daughter
The Drunkard's Lone Child
The Drunkard's Love Child

Father's a Drunkard and
Mother is Dead
God Pity Bessie, the
Drunkard's Lone Child

This is another temperance song by E. A. Parkhurst. The text is credited to "Stella" (of Washington). The song was used as a musical weapon by teetotlers in their war against "the drink of Lucifer."

MB

This song has a title in common with another, <u>The</u>

<u>Drunkard's Lone Child</u>, but the two songs are not re
lated except through subject matter. Randolph, II,

398-402, lumped the songs together as variants, but
they are separated in Hubbard, 202 and Stout, 122-124.

Brown supported Stout's position, as do I, that the
songs are not the same.

See and compare Hubbard, 202 and Pound (SFSN), XIX, No. 2, 55.

REFERENCES

Brown, III, 50-51; V, 26-27 Davis (FSV), 307 Ford (TMA), 370-371 Henry (FSSH), 382 Hubbard, 200-201

Jordan, 171-174

Jour (AFL), XLV, 58-59

Quarterly (SFL), II, 162

Randolph, II, 398-399

Spaeth (WSM), 191-192

Stout, 122-124

The Drunkard III

Out in the gloomy night, sadly I roam;
I have no mother dear, no pleasant home;
Nobody cares for me, no one would cry
Even if poor little Bessie should die!
Barefoot and tired, I've wandered all day,
Asking for work, but I'm too small they say.
On the damp ground, I must now lay my head—
Father's a drunkard and mother is dead.

Chorus

Mother, oh! why did you leave me alone, With no one to love me, no friends and no home? Dark is the night, and the storm rages wild; God pity Bessie, the drunkard's lone child! We were so happy till father drank rum,
Then all our sorrow and trouble begun;
Mother grew paler, and wept every day,
Baby and I were too hungry to play.
Slowly they faded, and one summer's night
Found their dear faces all silent and white;
Then with big tears slowly dropping, I said:
"Father's a drunkard, and mother is dead!"

Oh! if the "Temp'rance men" only could find Poor, wretched father, and talk very kind—
If they could stop him from drinking—why,
Then I should be so very happy again!
Is it too late? "men of Temp'rance", please try,
Or poor little Bessie may soon starve and die.
All the day long I've been begging for bread;
Father's a drunkard, and mother is dead!

No. 414

THE DRUNKARD IV

also known as

The Drunkard
The Drunkard Is No More
The Drunkard's Doom

Drunkard's Song
The Grog Shop Door
Temperance Song

Another musical missile directed against the intake of Satan's brew. Author and composer of this song unknown. For a different <u>Drunkard's Song</u>, see Thomas (BMMK), 123.

REFERENCES

Arnold, 58-59
Belden (BS), 468-469
Brown, III, 44-45; V,
24-25
Cox (FSS), 403

Cox (TBFS), 203
Eddy, 308
Henry (BMFS), 34-35
Hubbard, 207
Jour (AFL), XXXV, 424;
XXXIX, 170

Lomax (ABFS), 174-175 Owens (TFS). 84 Quarterly (SFL), IV, 183 Songster (83), 13 Randolph, II, 392-393 Randolph (OASPS), 210-211 Whitman, 183

Sandburg (AS), 104-105 Silverman, I. 195 Warner, 131

The Drunkard IV

At break of day I saw a man, He stood by a saloon; His eyes were sunk, his lips were parched, Oh! that's the drunkard's doom.

His little son stood by his side. And to his father said: "Father, mother lies sick at home And sister cries for bread."

He rose and staggered to the bar As oft he'd done before. And to the landlord smilingly said: "Just fill me one glass more."

The cup was filled at his command, He drank of the poisoned bowl-He drank while wife and children starved. And ruined his own soul.

A year had passed, I went that way. A hearse stood at the door: I paused to ask, and one replied: "The drunkard is no more."

Now, all young men, a warning take, And shun the poisoned bowl-'Twill lead you down to Hell's dark gate, And ruin your own soul!

No. 415

THE DRUNKARD V also known as

The Drunkard's Confession

The Drunkard's Dream

The Drunkard's Song

Edward, You Look So Healthy

Now

The Husband's Dream

Why, Edward, You Look So

Healthy Now

This is a "temperance" song from the late 1860s. In England, where it was known as The Husband's Dream, the song was popular for nearly twenty years. In America, where it was generally known as The Drunkard's Dream, the song enjoyed even greater popularity and was circulating widely until the close of World War I. This song was a favorite of the broadside publishers on both sides of the Atlantic. Among those who issued versions of it, were: Bebbington, Manchester (No. 128), DeMarsan (List 11, No. 43), Gilbert, Newcastle (No. 135), Ryle & Co., Such (No. 341), and Wehman (No. 454). It was printed countless times in folios and songbooks, and was still a well-performed piece by country music entertainers until the late 1930s. For an entirely different Drunkard's Dream, see Henry (FSSH). 378-381.

REFERENCES

Allsopp, II, 210-211
Belden (BS), 469-470
Brown, III, 45-48; V,
25-26
Cox (FSS), 398-400
Davis (FSV), 306-307
DeMarsan (SJ), II, 446
Eddy, 225-227
Gems (1), 28

Greenleaf, 151-152
Henry (SNC), 144
Hubbard, 203-205
Jour (AFL), XLV, 55-58
O'Conor, 67
Ozark Life, V, No. 8, 19
Pioneer Songs, 318-319
Pub (TFLS), VI, 125-127
Quarterly (SFL), IV, 188-

Randolph, II, 393-396 Richardson (AMS), 41 Roberts (IP), 267-268 Scarborough (SC), 366-372 & 455-456 Shearin (SKFS), 33
Spaeth (WSM), 193
Thede, 56-57
Wehman (GOTS), No. 4,
112-114

Drunkard V

Edward, you look so healthy now, Your clothes so neat and clean; You haven't been around, somehow, Come tell me where you've been.

Your wife and children now are well, Who once you treated strange. O have you kinder to them grown? What brought this happy change?

It was a frightful, warning dream
That heaven sent to me,
To keep me from a drunkard's curse:
Crime, want, and misery.

My wages were all spent in drink—

O what a wretched view!

It almost broke my poor wife's heart,

And starved my children, too.

My dear wife's form did waste away, I saw her sunken eye; My two sweet babes in sickness lay, I heard their wailing cry.

Yet did I laugh in drunken glee While Nelly's tears did stream, And like some beast I fell asleep, And had this warning dream. One night quite drunk I stagger home;
There seemed a solemn gloom—
My wife not there! Where could she be?
And strangers in the room.

Your wife is dead, the people said, She led a wretched life; For want and grief had broke her heart, To be a drunkard's wife.

I saw my children crying 'round,
I hardly drew my breath—
They kissed and pressed her lifeless form,
Now ever stilled in death.

O she's not dead! I cried aloud, And rushed to where she lay; I madly pressed her once warm lips, Now ever cold as clay.

O Nelly, Nelly, speak to me! I'll never give you pain, Nor ever grieve your loving heart, Or ever drink again.

O Nelly, speak! 'tis Edward's call! And so I do, she cried! And sure enough, my dear wife's form Was kneeling by my side.

I pressed her to my thankful heart, And let the tears now stream; And ever since I've thanked my God For sending me that dream.

No. 416

THE DRUNKARD VI

Dark and Storm Night

A Drunkard's Confession

The Drunkard's Dream

The Drunkard's Hell

Drunken Dream

On a Dark and Stormy Night

This is one more musical contribution to the war against alcoholic beverages. Like most songs of the genre, it sounds either silly or humorous today, depending upon the listener's state of mind. But this song was serious enough in its time and, despite its use of another tune, it enjoyed considerable popularity. For a song set to the same air, see The Drunkard VIII in MB.

REFERENCES

Brown, III, 42-44; V,

23-24

Fuson, 110

Henry (FSSH), 378-381

Jour (AFL), XXXIX, 169-170;

XLV, 55-58

Lomax (CS-1919), 395-396

Randolph, II, 409-410

The Drunkard VI

*Twas on a dark and starless night
I saw and heard an awful sight;
The lightning flashed, loud thunder rolled
Across my dark, benighted soul.

I turned my head and saw below
Where all the dying drunkards go.
My frightened thoughts, no tongue can tell:
Is this my place in a drunkard's hell?

Around me stood a weeping crowd,
With bloodshot eyes and voices loud;
I heard a louder voice yell:
Is this my place in a drunkard's hell?

I walked on; got there at last,
Then ordered me a social glass.
But every time I stirred it well,
I thought about the drunkard's hell.

I turned it down and left the place, Seeking to find redeeming grace; That very moment grace begun Ten thousand joys 'round me sprung.

I went forward to change my life, And longed to see my neglected wife. I found her weeping over the bed On which our infant babe lay dead.

I told her not to mourn or weep,
For little babe had gone to sleep;
Its little soul had fled away,
To dwell with Christ in endless day.

I took her by her lily-white hand—
She was so weak she could not stand—
I let her down and said a prayer,
Begged God to own and bless us there.

I went then to the Christian hall, To take a pledge with one and all; They took me in with a welcome hand And led me into the Christian band.

Now I live a sober life,
I have my home and loving wife;
I thank God above that all is well,
For saving me from a drunkard's hell!

No. 417

THE DRUNKARD VII also known as

The Drunkard's Child
The Drunkard's Son

The Orphan Child An Orphan Lad

Randolph, II, 400-402 prints two versions of this song and lists them as variants of <u>The Drunkard's Lone Child</u> (see <u>The Drunkard III in MB)</u>. I don't agree. My research shows that the song is of a modern professional effort; it was written in 1929 by Rev. Andrew Jackson, a blind singer-songwriter of Atlanta, Georgia. The song's limited popularity in the South for a period of fifteen years was the result of its performance by several well-known "country" music artists, the first of which was Jimmie Rodgers.

The Drunkard VII

Kind folks, I have a story,
A story rather sad,
How drinking rum and whiskey, too,
Made me an orphan lad.
All through the world I wander,
And beg from door to door;
Someday I'll find a welcome
On heaven's golden shore.

My father is a drunkard,
My mother she is dead,
And I am just an orphan child,
No place to lay my head.
My mother is in heaven,
Where God and the angels smile,
But still I know she's watching
Her lonely orphan child.

MB

We all were once so happy,
And had a happy home,
But father started drinking rum,
And he began to roam.
He left my darling mother—
She died of a broken heart—
And as I tell my story,
I see your tear drops start.

Don't weep for me and mother,
Altho' I know it's sad,
But say a prayer and try and cheer
And save my poor old dad.
I'm awful cold and hungry—
He closed his eyes and sighed,
And those who heard his story
Saw the orphan child had died.

No. 418

THE DRUNKARD VIII

also known as

The Drunkard's Wife's Dream

This is a "reply" to <u>The Drunkard's Dream</u> (see <u>The Drunkard VI</u> in <u>MB</u>), and it was not, obviously, the work of a member of the <u>Temperance</u> movement. For a similar text, see Hubbard, 206. For a different text, see Fuson, 137.

The Drunkard VIII

"Oh, Mary, tell me how it is you always look so gay, When evening after evening your husband stays away?

I never see you sulk or pout or say an angry word;

And yet you have a cause for tears, if all is true

I've heard."

- "It's because, my sister dear, you've lived your life unwed;
- You have no children weeping 'round and asking you for bread.
- You'll never know how it did come a woman's lot thro'
 life
- To live with all a drunkard's faults and still be a patient, loving wife.
- "One evening as I sat beside my humble cottage door, Listening for my husband's footsteps, as I've often done before,
- A wicked thought came in my head and I bitterly said:
 I never want to see him more. I wish that he were dead!
- "They say the wicked cannot rest, but I'm sure it is not so,
- For very soon I fell asleep 'mid tears of grief and woe.
- I dreamt I had my wish fulfilled, my husband was no more.
- I fell upon his lifeless form and kissed him o'er and o'er.
- "Oh, Dermot darling, speak to me! I meant not what I said!
- Just say one word unto your wife, please say you are not dead!
- *I'm sure I'm not, my Mary dear. I woke up with a scream,
- And saw my husband standing by—his death had been a dream!
- "Now oft-times, when I feel disposed to be unkind,
 The warning of that fearful dream comes fresh into
 my mind;

My heart does beat with many a pang to know the life he leads.

And yet I greet him with a smile when oft my poor heart bleeds."

No. 419

THE DRUNKARD IX also known as

Beautiful Light O'er the

Seven Long Years

Ocean

Seven Long Years I've Been

The Drunkard's Wife

Married

It's a Beautiful Life on

Wish I'd Lived an Old Maid

the Ocean

This marital complaint song is similar in story to several others, one of which, Beautiful Light O'er the Sea, is related. See that and the following songs in this Master Book: Brown Eyes II, I'll Drink Until I Die, and Unmarried Bliss II. For other songs with the same general theme, see: Don't Never Marry a Drunkard in Randolph, II, 432-433 and How I Wish I Was Single Again in Eddy, 185.

REFERENCES

Brown, III, 56-57; V,

Gardner (BSSM), 132

29-31

Shay (PF-2), 120-121

Davis (FSV), 170

Shay (PF-3), 190-191

The Drunkard IX

For seven long years I've been married, And I wished I'd lived an old maid; My husband took to hard drinking, And now he won't work at his trade.

Chorus

Off to the barroom he staggers, Go bring him back if you can. O girls, you ain't never had trouble Until you marry a man!

He promised before we got married That I would live happy and gay, And every night of the week long I'd go to a party or play.

It's early to rise in the mornings, And it's work and toil through the day; It's supper to cook each evening, Then children to all tuck away.

It's early he leaves every morning, For to gamble and drink all day; And when he comes home at evening, He's gambled his money away.

If only I'd listened to mother, I wouldn't be here today; But being so young and foolish, I let the boys lead me astray.

No. 420

THE DRUNKARD X also known as

The Drunkard's Hiccoughs
The Drunk Fiddler

The Drunken Hiccoughs, or Hiccups

This appears to be a compounded or "put together" song, for it is made up of lines and stanzas found in other songs. The tune is a popular fiddle piece for square

dancing. For similar songs and songs containing lines used in this one, see: Way Up On Clinch Mountain in Thomas (DD), 128, Kentucky Moonshiner in Sandburg (AS), 142-143, and The Unhappy Lover VII in this Master Book.

For a song also known as The Drunkard's Hiccoughs, but which is not related to our song, see I Am A Done-Up Man in Randolph, III, 139-140.

REFERENCES

Randolph, III, 133-135 Shellans, 54-55 Thede, 54-55

The Drunkard X

I'll tune up my fiddle and rosin my bow,
I'll make myself welcome wherever I go.
Hic! where shall I go?
Hic! where shall I stay?
Ha-choo-oo! will I ever get home?
I'll go home and go straight to my bed,
And they'll rattle the old brandy keg over my head.

A glass of whiskey is a mighty good thing, It'll cheer a man up when he's going to sing! Hic! where shall I go? etc.

As I staggered my way all over the street, They rolled gold coins all under my feet. Hic! where shall I go? etc.

I'll go to the barroom and put on a stew; No woman to follow and see what I do. Hic! where shall I go? etc.

I'll go to the mountain and fire up my still;
I'll sell a gallon for a two-dollar bill.
Hic! where shall I go? etc.

I eat when I'm hungry and drink when I'm dry;
If women don't kill me I'll live till I die.
Hic! where shall I go? etc.

No. 421

THE DRUNKARD XI also known as

The Drunkard's Horse
The Horse's Complaint

Old Gray Old Grey

This song originate in England. Shearin thought it similar to and probably a version of The Green Mountain Boys.

REFERENCES

Hubbard, 369
Randolph, II, 415-416

Sharp, II, 220 Shearin (SKFS), 20

The Drunkard XI

One Sunday morning, so troubled in mind,
I rode on old Gray some pleasure to find.
No one being with me except that old horse,
I gave him a whack and began to discourse.

I never dreamed that my old Gray could speak
When over his rump I gave him a tweak;
He put back his ears and he made this reply:
"There's no need to hit me. You know I can't fly.

"There's no need to hit me, altho! you're a man; I'll always take you as fast as I can.
All over the country I take you about,
For mile after mile and I never give out."

"As to your fortune you need not complain.

I feed you," I said, "with fodder and grain.

You know every where that I warm my feet;

I give you more cats than you're able to eat."

"O when you are sober, I very well know,
You feed very well and ride very slow;
But when you are boozy, I pay for it all—
You ride like the devil, feed nothing at all.

"On many a cold night when shivering I stand,
You're in some old barroom, a glass in your hand;
Your whiskey gives out, and you call for more,
And you never think of your gray horse, I'm sure."

No. 422

THE DRUNKARD XII also known as

Arrow Goodman

As Drunk as He Could Be

As Drunk as I Could Be

Cairo Gal

Down Came the Old Man

Drunkard Blues

Drunkard's Special

Drunken Fool

The Drunk Husband

Four Nights

Four Nights Drunk

The Good Old Man

The Good Old Man

Hame Came Our Gudeman

Hobble and Bobble
Home Came the Good Man
Home Came the Old Man
I Called My Loving Wife
I Went Home One Night
A Jacobite Song
Kind Wife
The Old Man Came Home
Our Goodman
Our Gudeman
Parson Jones
Three Nights
Three Nights of Experience
Whiskers on the Baby's Face

This is an old British song with both English and Scottish versions. American texts appear to have derived from the

Scottish versions, but Americans usually inject (or at least strive for) more comedy by making the husband a drunkard. It is one of those songs that lends itself to individual imagination and expression and, consequently, there are quite a few far-out versions in circulation. Near the close of the 18th century it spread over the British Isles as a bawdy ballad. In its original form, however, the story dates back to the Middle Ages and was associated with May-day rites. Two versions are given below. The first (A) is an up-dated American version and the second (B) is the older form, rarely encountered these days outside older published collections.

For an adaptation in which the "old man" has become a sailor, see The Sailor's Return in Shay (PF-2), 104-105 or Shay (PF-3), 178.

REFERENCES

Anderson (AESB), 74 Baring-Gould (SW), No. 33 Barry (ABB), No. 17 Barry (BBM), 315-317 Belden (BS), 89-91 Best, 102 Brewster (BSI), 149-150 Brown, II, 181-183; IV, 103-111 Brown (BLNC), 9 Bulletin (TFS), VIII, 72-73 Bulletin (VFS), Nos. 2, 5 Campbell & Sharp, No. 32 Chambers (SSPB), 184 Chappell (FSRA), 41 Chase (AFTS), 118-119 Child, V, 88-95 Coffin, 144-145

Cox (FSS), 154-158 Creighton (TSNS), 91-92 Davis (MTBV), 300-304 Davis (TBV), 485-494, 595-597 Dean-Smith, 70 Dixon, 211 Dunstan, 11 Eddy, 82-83 Finger (FB), 161-162 Flanders, IV. 63-71 Ford (VSBS). II. 31 Friedman, 445-449 Gainer, 86-87 Greig & Keith, 214-216 Henry (BMFS), No. 7 Henry (FSSH), 119-124 Henry (SSSA), 14-16 Herd, II (1776), 172

Herd MSS., I, 140 Houseman, 232-236 Hubbard, 34-35 Hudson (FSM), 122-123 Hudson (SMFL), No. 26 Jones, 301 Jour (AFL), XVIII, 294-295; XXIX, 166; XXX, 199, 328; XXXV, 348 Leach (BB), 653-657 Leisy, 111-113 Linscott, 259-262 Lomax (OSC), 300-301 Luther. 18-19 Macfarren, 170-171 Mackenzie, 62-67 Memoirs (AFS), XIII, 162-163; XXIX, 317-319 Moore (BFSS), 119-122 Morris, 317-319 Muir, 257-258

Pub (TFLS), XXIII, 65-66 Quarterly (SFL), 76-77; V, 169 Randolph, I, 181-185 Reeves, 167-168 Ritson (SS), I, 231 Roberts (IP), 78-81 Roberts (SBS), 97-99 Scarborough (SC), 231-236, 417-418 Sedley, 216-217 Seeger (6), 22 Sharp, I, 267-270 Shay (PF-2), 31-35 Shay (PF-3), 124-127 Silber (HSB), 24 Silverman, II, 156 Smith (BSUS), 17 Smith (SCB), 159-161 Smith (SM), IV, 66 Stout, 13 Weavers, 57-59 Whiting (TBB), 133-137

Williams (FSUT), 188

Drunkard XII

Niles (BB), 302-305

Owens (TFS), 33-34

Version A

The other night when I came home,
As drunk as I could be,
I saw a horse in the stable
Where my horse ought to be.
"Come here, little wifey—
Explain this thing to me:
How come a horse is in the stable
Where my horse ought to be?"

"You blind fool! You crazy fool!
You can't even see!
That's nothing but a milk cow
Your father gave to me."
"Many a year I've traveled,
Ten thousand miles or more!
Horse shoes on a milk-cow
I've never seen before."

The next night when I came home,
As drunk as I could be,
I saw a hat hangin' on the rack
Where my hat ought to be.
"Come here, little wifey—
Explain this thing to me:
Why is that hat a-hanging on the rack
Where my hat ought to be?"

"You blind fool! You crazy fool!
You can't even see!
That's nothing but a frying pan
My mother sent to me."
"Many a year I've traveled,
Ten thousand miles or more!
A hat-band on a frying pan
I've never seen before."

The next night when I came home,
As drunk as I could be,
I saw a head layin' on the bed
Where my head ought to be.
"Come here, little wifey—
Explain this thing to me:
Why is that head layin' on the bed
Where my head ought to be?"

"You blind fool! You crazy fool!
You can't even see!
That's nothing but a cabbage-head
My mother sent to me."
"Many a year I've traveled,
Ten thousand miles or more,
But a mustache on a cabbage-head
I've never seen before!

Version B

O, I went into the stable,
And there for me to see,
And there I saw three horses stand,
By one, by two, and by three.

O, I called to my loving wife,
And "Anon, kind sir!" quoth she:
"O what do these three horses here,
Without the leave of me?"

"Why you old cuckold, blind cuckold, Can't you very well see? These are three milking-cows My mother sent to me."

"Hey now! Godsounds! Milking-cows With bridles and saddles on!" Old Wichet a cuckold went out, And a cuckold he came home.

O, I went into the kitchen,
And there for to see,
And there I saw three cloaks hang,
By one, by two, and by three.

O, I called to my loving wife,
And "Anon, kind sir!" quoth she:
"O, what do these three cloaks do here,
Without the leave of me?"

"Why, you old cuckold, blind cuckold, Can't you very well see? These are three mantuas My mother sent to me."

"Hey now! Godzounds! Mantuas
With caps on! Such was never known!"
Old Wichet a cuckold went out,
And a cuckold he came home.

I went into the pantry,
And there for me to see,
And there I saw three pair of boots hang,
By one, by two, and by three.

O, I called to my loving wife,
And "Anon, kind sir!" quoth she.
"O, what do these three pair of boots do here,
Without the leave of me?"

"Why, you old cuckold, blind cuckold, Can't you very well see? These are three pudding-bags My mother sent to me."

"Hey now! Godzounds! Pudding-bags With spurs on! Such was never known!" Old Wichet a cuckold went out, And a cuckold he came home.

I went into my closet, And there for to see, And there I saw three pair of breeches lie, By one, by two, and by three.

O, I called to my loving wife,And "Anon, kind sir!" quoth she."O, what do these three pair of breeches do here,

Without the leave of me?"

"Why, you old cuckold, blind cuckold, Can't you very well see? These are three petticoats My mother sent to me."

"Hey now! Godzounds! Petticoats
With waistbands on! Such was never known!"
Old Wichet a cuckold went out,
And a cuckold he came home.

I went into the chamber,
And there for to see,
And there I saw three men in bed lie,
By one, by two, and by three.

I called to my loving wife,
And "Anon, kind sir!" quoth she.
"O, what do these three men in bed,
Without the leave of me?"

"Why, you old cuckold, blind cuckold, Can't you very well see? They are three milking-maids My mother sent to me."

"Hey now! Godzounds! Milking-maids
With beards on! Such was never known!"
Old Wichet a cuckold went out,
And a cuckold he came home.

No. 423

DU, DU LIEGST MIR IM HERZEN

Am I Not Fondly Thine Own? You, You, Tender and Wistful Am I Not Your Very Own? You, You, You're in My Heart

An old German love song that is well-known in certain areas of America, particularly in Pennsylvania and the Mid-West. Versions are in many commercial song books and folios, and usually with an English text that has little in common with the German original.

REFERENCES

Best, 90 Leisy (LAS), 91 Silverman, I, 257 Songe (15), 133 Wier (LS), 213 Wier (SWWS), 111

Du. Du Lieget Mir Im Herzen

Du, du, liegst mir im herzen
Du, du, liegst mir im Sinn
Du, du, Machst mir viel schmerzen
Weist nicht wie gut ich dir bin
Ja! Ja! Ja! Ja!
Weist nicht wie gut ich dir bin.

So, so, wie ich dich lieb, So, so, liebe auch mich; Die, die zartlichsten Triebe Funde ich einzig fur dich. Ja! Ha! etc.

Doch, doch, darf ich dir trauen Dir, dir, mit leichtem Sinn. Du, du kannst auf mich bauen, Weist ja wie gut ich dir bin. Ja! Ja! etc. Und, und wenn in der Ferne,
Dir, dir mein Bild erscheint,
Dann, dann wunscht ich so gerne,
Dass uns die Liebe vereint!
Ja! Ja! etc.

English Text

Yes, yes, yes, yes, You know I'm your very own.

So, so, you know I love you, So, so, don't you love me? If, if your love would prove true, Think how happy we would be.

Yes, yes, yes, yes, Think how happy we would be.

No. 424

THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH
also known as

Marlbrough Has Gone to
Battle

To War Has Gone Duke
Marlborough

Marlbrough S'en Va-t'en Gueree

SOURCE SONG. This Arabian air was picked up by the Crusaders under Godefroy de Buouillon; it was brought to Europe in the latter part of the 11th century. In

France, the tune was quickly used by someone with imagination for a song about the Duc de Guise. The story goes that Marie Antoinette learned the tune from a nurse and made it a court favorite. Popular in France as Malbrough S'en Va-t'en Guerre, the song is about a General who, contrary to the fact, dies in battle. The English used the same air for a drinking song, We Won't Go Home Till Morning. As The Duke of Marlborough the song traveled to America where it was quickly rewritten as Molly Brooks (see in MB). The tune is used for quite a few well-known songs, seven of which are in this MB:

The Bear Went Over the Mountain
Christ Was Born in Bethlehem
For He's a Jolly Good Fellow
Molly Brooks
Pig in the Parlor
Drinking Song VII (We Won't Go Home
Till Morning)

Drinking Song VIII (We'll All Go Down to Rousers

In The Old Brass Wagon we find the tune of Marlborough combined with that of Skip to My Lou, My Darling. A version of The Old Brass Wagon is in this MB. Also see and compare the tune of Early in the Morning I (in MB). The most surprising thing about this song is its absence from all the major collections of folk music published in the United States.

For an English song, Marlborough, see Karpeles (EFS), II, No. 302.

REFERENCES

Adler, 36 Gilbert (100), 40 Oberndorfer, 52

Whiteman, 31-32 Williams (FSUT), 161 Marlborough has gone to battle, Mironton, mironton, mirontaine. Who knows when he'll return? Who knows when he'll return Or will be seen again?

He'll surely come in springtime, Mironton, mironton, mirontaine. He'll surely come in springtime, He'll surely come in springtime Upon a holy day.

The spring is past and gone, Mironton, mironton, mirontaine. The spring is past and gone, The spring is past and gone, Malborough dies not return.

Madame climbs to her tower,
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine.
Madame climbs to her tower,
Madame climbs to her tower
As high as she can climb.

Her page approaches her,
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine.
Her page approaches her,
Her page approaches her
All dressed in mourning black.

Sad news I must reveal,
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine.
Sad news I must reveal,
Sad news I must reveal—
Milady's tears will flow.

Put off your silks and satins, Mironton, mironton, mirontaine Put off your silks and satins, Put off your silks and satins, Wear no more rose brocade.

For Marlborough, ma'am, is dead, Mironton, mironton, mirontaine Milady's lord is dead! Milady's lord is dead, Is dead and buried.

No. 425

THE DUKE OF YORK also known as

Find the Ring
The Grand Old Duke of York

The Noble Duke of York

English game song and jingle. The game is played like

Hunt the Thimble. Song was a favorite for years among

college students, but retained an oral life of its own.

REFERENCES

Brown, III, 135; V,

74

Northall, 98-99

Chase (OSSG), 41

Seeger (4), 266

Forbush, 46

Shoemaker (MMP), 200

Galvin, 266

Shoemaker (NPM), 195

Gomme, I, 121

Winn (1), 184

The Duke of York

Oh, the grand old Duke of York,
He marched his men to war;
But none of them got to the battlefield,
Because it was too far.

So some of them went back home

And some of them went to pray,

But none of them got to the battlefield

For the reason I will say.

Oh, the grand old Duke of York,

He had ten thousand men;

He marched them up the hill so high,

Then marched them down again.

And when they were up, they were up,

And when they were down, they were down,

And when they were half way up the hill,

They were neither up nor down.

No. 426

DUMB! DUMB! DUMB! also known as

The Bonnie Blade
The Dumb Girl, or Maid
The Dumb Wife

The Dumb Wife Cured
The Scolding Wife
The Wife Who Was Dumb

The story told by this song is an ancient one in folklore, and it has been repeatedly used in plays, poems, and stories. American versions are often quite different from those found in Europe, tho' the story remains essentially the same.

A 17th century broadside of the song is in Roxburghe Ballads, IV, 357-359. For an English dance tune version, see Chappell (OEPM), I, 285.

REFERENCES

Ashton (CB), 319-321
Barry (FS), No. 77
Brown, II, 452-454; IV,
242-243

Cazden, II, 72-73

Davis (FSV), 161

Ebsworth (RB), IV, 355-366

Eddy, 214-215

Folk-Say, I, (1929), 88
Ford (VSBS), 32
Gardner (FSH), 199-200
Hubbard, 238-239
Jour (AFL), LVII, 282283
Joyce (OIFMS), 196-197

Korson (PSL), 56

Moffat (ME), 102-103

Moore (BFSS), 224-225

Morris, 379-381

Quarterly (SFL), V, 181182

Randolph, III, 119-120

Dumb! Dumb! Dumb!

I knew young Bill MacCade
When he married a fair young maid,
And his heart was beating like a drum, drum, drum!
They were happy at the start,
And she pleased him in his heart,
But oh! and alas! She was dumb! dumbd! dumb!

A doctor lived near by,

And to him Bill did apply

To cure his loving wife of her dumb! dumb! dumb!

Doc cut the chattering string,

And her tongue began to ring;

It sounded in his ears like a drum, drum, drum.

Her tongue began to walk,
And she began to talk
Same as if she'd never been dumb, dumb, dumb!
She filled the house with strife,
Made him weary of his life;
"Give anything again if she was dumb, dumb!"

To the doctor he did go,
With his heart full of woe,
Saying, "Doctor, oh, doctor, I'm done, done, done.
For my wife has turned to scold,
And her tongue she will not hold;
Give anything again if she was dumb, dumb!"

*Oh, it is the easiest part
That belongs to my art,
To make a woman talk that is dumb, dumb, dumb!
But it's far beyond a man,
Let him do the best he can,
To make a scolding wife hold her tongue,
tongue, tongue!"

No. 427

THE DUMMY LINE also known as

The Dummy Train Riding on the Dummy Sugar Babe

This song has frequently been variated by the folk process. It has been reported as a minstrel-show song about a "short line" railroad in both California and Georgia, as a railroad and "hobo" song and as a Negro railroad song.

Ford has a version set to the tune of <u>Turkey in the Straw</u>, which begins:

Across the prairie on a streak of rust,
There's something moving in a cloud of dust.
It crawls into the village with a wheeze and whine,
It's the two o'clock flyer on the dummy line.

Randolph, III, 277-278 reprints a text from Songster (106), 32, with a chorus that goes:

Riding on the dummy, glad to get a seat,
With a jolly company all looking gay and sweet,
Riding on the dummy with the darling I adore,
Viewing hills and dales with joy I never felt
before.

Ford's version (quoted above) has a chorus that goes:

Ridin' on the dummy, on the dummy line, Rain or shine I'll pay my fine, Rain or shine I'll pay my fine, Ridin' on the dummy, on the dummy line.

Meither chorus is the same as the chorus for the song given here, which is probably from the nursery "animal" piece in Brown, III, 225-226 & V, 130; Davis (FSV), 151; Jour (AFL), XXVI, 135 & XLIV, 425, and White, 244. What I cannot tell you with certainty is which of the <u>Dummy</u> texts is older or was the original, but I can say with certainty that it isn't the version given below.

REFERENCES

Brown, III, 521; V, 291-292 Coleman, 76-77 Ford (TMA), 437-438 Perrow, XXVI, 171
Scarborough (NFS), 244245
White, 202

The Dummy Line

Some folks say that a dummy can't run, Sugar babe;
Some folks say a dummy can't run, Sugar babe.
Get on the dummy, didn't have no money;
They hit me on the head with a two-by-four!
I ain't gonna ride on the dummy no more, Sugar babe.

Chorus

Way down yonder in Pasquotank, Sugar babe,
Way down yonder in Pasquotank, Sugar babe,
Way down yonder in Pasquotank
The bull frogs jump from bank to bank, Sugar babe.

If you think that the dummy can't run, Sugar babe;
If you think the dummy can't run, Sugar babe,
I'm here to tell you what the dummy done done:
It left New York at a quarter to one
And got to Frisco by settin' of sun, Sugar babe.

No. 428

DURANG'S HORNPIPE

Fiddle and square dance piece. Music only. See under Tunes.

REFERENCES

Ford (TMA), 53 Ford (OTFM), 27 Shaw, 387 Thede, 116

No. 429

THE DUTCH COMPANY IS THE BEST COMPANY

According to Fuld, the "first known edition in print appeared in the 1873 edition of Carmina Yalensia, p. 52." Personally, I first heard the song from the singing of a bartender in Evanston, Wyoming, who sang it as a part of another song. This combining process is not unusual. Best, p. 101, has it as part of Drunk Last Night (see Drinking Song IX in MB). We give it here just as we found it.

REFERENCES

Chamberlain, 216 Chapple (HS), 321 Lewis, 86 Most (PCS), 44 Shay (DFW), 108 Waite, 75

The Dutch Company is the Best Company

Oh! when you hear the roll of the big bass drum,
Then you may hear that the Dutch have come.

For the Dutch company is the best company
That ever came over from old Germany!

No. 430

THE DUTCH WOMAN'S JIG also known Bartholomew Fair

This tremendously popular melody is from Chappell (OEPM), II, 77. It also is in <u>Pills To Purge Melancholy</u>, <u>I</u>, 1699-1714, III, 1719 and <u>The Dancing Master</u>, 1695. The words are in Pepys Collection, V, 438.

The Dutch Woman's Jig

Adzooks! che's went the other day to London town, In Smithfield such gazing, such thrusting and squeezing was never known.

A zity of wood! some volks do call it Bartledom Fair,

But che's zure nought but kings and queens live there.

In gold and zilver, zilk and velvet, each was drest,

A Lord in his zatin was busy a prating among the

rest,

But one in blue jacket did come, whome some do Andrew call,

Adsheart, talk'd woundy wittily to them all.

At last, cutzooks, he made such sport, I laugh'd aloud,

The rogue being fluster'd, he flung me a custard, amidst the croud.

The volk vell a laughing at me; and then the vezen said.

"Be zure, Ralph, give it to Doll, the dairy maid."

MB

No. 431 THE DYING CALIFORNIAN also known as

The Brother's Request
The California Brothers

The Dying Brother

This song first appeared as a poem in The New England Diadem, a Providence, R. I. newspaper, Feb. 9, 1850. In 1855 it appeared in song form, published by the Oliver Ditson Company, with music credited to A. L. Lee. In the 1859 edition of The Sacred Harp, both words a music were credited to Ball and Drinkard. Pound, and others, thought the text of this song was patterned on Lytle's famous poem, Anthony to Cleopatra, in which appeares the line "I am dying, Egypt, dying." There are a variety of textual and melodic differences in versions of this song collected from oral sources, but the story is always the same.

For a similar song, see The Dying Knight's Farewell in Thomas (SG), 28.

REFERENCES

Beadle (1), 47

Beck (FLM), 177-178

Beldel (BS), 350-351

Cobb (SH), 195

Cox (FSS), 232-233

Creighton (FSNB), 129-130

Downes (1943), 160-161

Eddy, 286-287

Fife, 38-41

Franz, 15

Grant (SF), 174-176

Greenleaf, 359-360

Hubbard, 217-218

Hudson (FSM), 221-222

Hudson (SMFL), No. 60
Jackson (SFS), 37-38
Jackson (WSSU), 184-185
James, 410
Johnson (NCS-2), 35-37
Jour (AFL), XXVI, 359;
XXXV, 364; XXXIX, 139;
XLVIII, 381; LVI, 106
Lingenfelter, 34-35
Moore (BFSS), 321-323
Pioneer Songs (1932), 13
Pound, 191-193
Randolph, II, 181-184
Scott (BA), 187-189

Thomas (SG), 28-29
Thompson (PS), 141-142

Tolman & Eddy, 364-365 White & King, 410

The Dying Californian

Lay up nearer, brother, nearer, For my limbs are growing cold; And your presence seems much nearer When your arms around me fold.

I am dying, brother, dying! Soon you'll miss me in your berth, For my form will soon be lying 'Neath a blanket of the earth.

I am going, surely going, But my hope in God is strong; I am willing, brother, knowing That God does nothing wrong.

Tell my father, when you greet him,
That I prayed for him again—
Prayed one day that I might meet him
In a world that's free from sin.

Tell my mother—God assist her,
Now that she is growing old—
Just how much I longed to kiss her
When my lips grew pale and cold.

Listen, brother, catch each whisper,
'Tis my wife I'll speak of now;
O tell her how I missed her
When the fever burned my brow.

Hark! I hear my Saviour speaking.

Oh, I know his voice well.

When I'm gone, O don't be weeping,

Brother, hear my last farewell.

No. 432

THE DYING RANGER

The Dying Cowboy
The Dying Soldier

The Wisconsin Soldier
Boy

This is an adaptation of an older song called <u>The Dying</u> Soldier. At one time in our history it seems that every one who died did so "as the sun was setting in the West." There are quite a number of these songs of men dying just as the sun was setting. This one, which dates from the decades immediately following the Civil War, is among that number.

For a different Dying Soldier song, see Fuson, 108-109 and Staton, 104.

REFERENCES

Allen (CL), 5, 80-83
Barnes (CHS), 125
Belden (BS), 397-398
Bulletin (CFS), I, No.
3, 20-21
Clark (CS), 30
Coolidge, 507-508
Coolidge (TC), 110-113
Cox (FSS), 263
Cox (FSWV), 28
Delaney No. 69, 24

Doerflinger, 274-276
Emrich (FAL), 512-513
Finger (FB), 170-173
Frey, 36-37
Lingenfelter, 270-271
Laws (NAB), 125
Lomax (CS-1919), 214-218
Lomax (CS-1938), 366-368
Moore (BFSS), 316-319
Morris, 47-49
Ohrlin, 127-128

Randolph, II, 188, 196, 264 Shay (PF-2), 137-140 Shay (PF-3), 202-205 Silverman, II, 367 Siringo (SC), 24-26

The Dying Ranger

The sun was sinking in the West,
And it shone with a lingering ray;
On the trail by a forest,
There a wounded Ranger lay
Underneath the sultry sky.
Far away from his home in Texas,
They laid him down to die.

His comrades gathered around him,
To hear what he might say,
And the tears rolled down each manly cheek
As his life-blood drained away.
He looked upon his buddies,
Saying, "Do not weep for me;
I've crossed the last deep river,
And death will set me free.

"Gather closer, closer, comrades,
I've something more to say:
I am going to tell a story
As my spirit drifts away.
Not too far away in Texas,
Beside a garden gate,
There's one who thinks I'm coming,
And with weary heart will wait.

"I have a darling sister, And she's my joy and pride; I've loved her well from childhood, And she knows how hard I tried. I've loved her as a brother, And with a brother's care I've tried in grief and sorrow To always do my share.

"When Comanches took the war-path,
And they called for volunteers,
She put her arms around my neck
And seemed old beyond her years.
'Now you must go,' she whispered,
'Drive those Indians from our shore.
My heart will need your presence,
But our country needs you more.'

"My mother now lies sleeping
Beneath the Texas sod,
And many a day has come and gone
Since her spirit went to God.
My father sleeps forever
Beneath the deep blue sea;
I have no other kindred, boys—
There's none but Sally and me.

"O listen to me, comrades,
And hear my dying prayer:
Who will be her brother bow,
And shield her with his care?"
A ranger answered gently,
And spoke for one and all:
"She'll always have a brother,
Till the last of us shall fall."
He smiled to show he heard them,
Then tried to raise his head;
He gave a final shudder,
And they knew that he was dead.

Oh, far from home and sister They lay him down to rest, With a saddle for a pillow And a rifle cross his chest.

No. 433

THE DYING SOLDIER I

also known as

Brother Green

O Brother Green, Come to

Go Tell Little Mary Not

Me

to Weep

The Song of Brother Green

This semi-religious song dates back to the 1860s. It is not related to other songs known as <u>The Dying Soldier</u>, two of which are in this <u>Master Book</u> (see Nos. 434 & 435). Like several other songs, this one appealed to both sides during the American Civil War.

Belden gives a single stanza "as sung to the tune of Barbara Allen" (see in MB). In Jour (ISHS), XXXI, 303-310, we read that The Dying Soldier was written by Rev. L. J. Simpson, Chaplain in the Army, in honor of a brother who was killed at Fort Donaldson, Feb., 1862. For related song, see Shallows Field in Fuson, 93.

REFERENCES

Brown, III, 468-470; V,

261-262

Belden (BS), 377

Brewster (BSI), 253-254

Cambiaire, 13-14

Cox (FSS), 273-274

Eddy, 253-254

Fuson, 193-194

Henry (FSSH), 363-365

Henry (SSSA), 212-213

Hubbard, 280-281

Moore (BFSS), 369-370

Owens (TFS). 77

Pound (SFSN), VI, No. 6

Randolph, II, 253-256

Roberts (SBS), 117

Sherman, 145-146

Wyman (LT), 18-21

The Dying Soldier I

Oh, brother Green, please come to me, For I am shot and bleeding, And I must die, no more to see My darling wife and children.

Stay, brother, stay, and lay me away And write my wife a letter; Tell her that I'm prepared to die And hope we'll meet in heaven.

O sister Nancy, do not weep For the loss of your dear brother, For he's gone home, with Christ to dwell, To see his blessed mother.

Two brothers yet I can't forget;
They're fighting for the Union
And one dear wife. I'd give my life
To put down this rebellion.

Two little babes, I love them well—
O could I once more see them!
I'd bid them all a sad farewell
Till we might meet in heave.

O Mary, you must treat them well, And bring them up for heaven; Teach them to love and serve the Lord, And then they'll be respected.

Of Father, you have suffered long, And prayed for my salvation;
But now I'll be to home at last—
Farewell, farewell, temptation!

No. 434

THE DYING SOLDIER II also known as

The Dying Soldier Boy

The Dying Soldier to His

Mother

The Battle of Mill Springs On the Field of Battle,

Mother

The Wounded Soldier

Young Edwards

Civil War song. The battle it refers to was fought at Mill Springs, Kentukcy, January 19, 1862. The song is similar to Dying Soldier I, but it is a different song.

REFERENCES

Brown, II, 534; IV, 273

Cox (FSS), 264-265

Fuson, 108-108

Henry (FSSH), 368-369

Perrow, XXVIII, 165

Songster (17), No. 11,

38-39

Thomas (BMMK), 83-86

The Dying Soldier II

There was a wounded soldier, He lay on the battlefield, His comrades gathered 'round him, And beside him they did kneel. The soldier raised his wounded head And to all of them he said: "Oh, who will care for mother now, Her soldier boy is dead."

Go tell my dear old father That in death I prayed for him, And that I long to meet him In the world that's free of sin. I was my father's only son, My mother's only joy; And she'll weep tears in sorrow For her dying soldier boy.

Go tell my darling sweetheart
That in death I murmured her sweet name;
It was as dear and sweet to me
As from her I came.
And if I'm really dying,
No more of her I'll see;
Please take to her this lock of hair,
That she may remember me.

Oh, when I was little boy,
How I loved to hear them tell
About the noble Captains
Who all in glory fell;
He kissed the stars and stripes
And laid them by his side—
He fought three years for the Union,
For the Union he had died.

No. 435

THE DYING SOLDIER III also known as

Erin Far Away

Old Erin Far Away

An immigrant song inspired by Irish service in the British army in India. The version below is from Rickaby, 182-184. Other versions are in Dean, 5-6; Creighton (MFS), 166 & (SBNS), 146.

The Dying Soldier III

The sun went down on Asia's shores when the deadly fight was o'er,

And thousands lay on the battlefield till it could hold no more.

- The pale moon shone on the battlefield where the dying soldier lay,
- And the shadows of death around him crept whil life's blood ebbed away.
- A passing comrade heard a moan and quickly the sufferer found,
- Saying "Gently lift my aching head from off this cold, damp ground."
- Saying "Softly, gently, comrade dear; not long with you I'll stay.
- I will no more roam in my childhood's home in old Erin far away.
- "A lock of my hair I'd have you bear to my mother far over the sea,
- And every time that she'd look at it she would fondly think of me.
- Tell her although on India's shore my mold'ring bones shall lay,
- That my heart still clings to old Ireland, to old Erin far away.
- "Go tell my sister though years have passed since last I saw her face,
- Her form is still present in my mind, her features I can trace;
- Tell her at home I will no more roam where in childhood we oft did play,
- In those merry green glades and grassy shades in old Erin far away.
- "Go tell my brother how nobly we fought, and just like our fathers, died,
- With bayonets charging on the foe and scabbards by our side.

- It nerves my heart to conquer, these Sepoys for to slay-"
- When a vision so bright rolled over his sight of old Erin far away.
- The dying soldier heaved a sigh as he tried to raise his head.
- His spirit went from this wide, wide world and the soldier he lay dead.
- His grave was made and in it laid that doom of a warrior's day,
- Far, far from his home and the friends he loved in old Erin far away.
- His comrades gathered around his grave for to take their last farewell.
- 'Tis of as brave and true a heart as ever in battle fell.
- And as they lowered him in his grave, his spirit seemed to say.
- "I will no more roam in my childhood's home, in old Erin far away."

No. 436

THE EARL OF MURRAY also known as

The Bonnie (Bonny) Earl
of Murray

The Earl of Moray

An old British ballad that once circulated in America but is now rarely encountered except in print. The ballad gives an account of a conflict between James Stewart, Earl of Murray, and the Earl of Huntly who was commissioned by the king in 1592 to bring Murray to trial in connection with Bothwell's raid on Holyrood House. Huntley journeyed to Donibristle, where Murray was residing with his mother. Murray refused to surrender and Huntley set fire to the house. Murray was caught and killed as he attempted to escape. Although Huntley did not participate in the actual killing, his men forced him to stab Murray's corpse so that he could not later claim innocence in the matter. Murray's body was kept lying in state in the church for many weeks to remind the people that his murderers had not been punished.

REFERENCES

Barry (BBM), 468-469
Brander, 97
Brown, II, 160-161; IV,
83
Child, III, 447-449
Coffin, 116-117
Edward (CHSB), 152
Finlay, II, 21-23
Flanders, III, 185-189
Flanders (BMNE), 133-134
Friedman, 264-265

Houseman, 217-218

Jour (AFL), XX, 156

Kinsley, 594-596

Langstaff (1), 54-55

Leach (BB), 491-493

Muir, 200-204

Percy (RAEP), II, 210

Quiller-Couch, 422-423

Ramsay (TTM), 346

Ritson (SS), II, 29

Sanders, 36

Silverman, I, 282 Thomson (OC), II, 8-9 Whiting (TBB), 83-84

The Earl of Murray

Ye Highlands and ye Lowlands, Oh where have you been? They have slain the Earl of Murray And they laid him on the green.

Woe be to thee, Huntley,
My word to betray!
I bade you bring him to me,
But forbade you him to slay.

He was a brave gallant,
And he rode at the ring;
And the Bonnie Earl of Murray—
He might have been a king!

He was a noble man And played at the ball. O, the Bonnie Earl of Murray Was the flower of them all!

O! false-hearted Huntley With his wicked hand! He has slain the Earl of Murray, The noblest in the land.

No. 437

EARLY IN THE MORNING I also known as

The Drunken Sailor Hooray an' Up She Rises

Sailor Walk Away Shanty What Are You Going To Do With a Drunken Sailor?

What Shall We Do With a Drunken Sailor?

Aboard ship or upon land this old shanty is one of the better known traditional songs in America. According to Bone, the shanty was used "chiefly as a showy accomplishment when all hands were employed on deck and there was an atmosphere of high good humor..."

The tune has been used for hymns, game songs, and love ballads. See <u>Duke of Marlborough</u> in <u>MB</u>.

REFERENCES

Best, 134

Bone, 40-41

Boughton, 70

Briggs, 86

Brown, V, 502

Bullen & Arnold, xiv,

16

Colcord, 30, or 78

Davis (SSC), 46-47

Doerflinger, 48-49

Eckstorm, 241

Emrich (FAL), 468-469

Ford (TMA), 74

Greig & Duncan, No. 4

Harlow, 25, or 107

Hugill (1), 134-135

Ives (SB), 136, or 156

Kit Q, 32

Leisy, 88-89

Leisy (SPS), 173

Loesser, 189-190

Masefield (SG), 370

Meloney, 27

Patterson (SA), 227

Pound (SFSN), XXVI, No. 4

Randolph, III. 399

Ryan, 154

Samson, 54

Scott (SA), 8-9

Sharp (EFC-2), 8

Shay (ASSC), 61-62

Shay (IMWS), 61-62

Siegmeister, 10-11

Silverman, II, 269

Terry, I, 30-31

Trident, 100-101

Whall (SSS), 80

Winn (1), 14

Wood, II, 83

What shall we do with a drunken sailor? What shall we do with a drunken sailor? What shall we do with a drunken sailor, Early in the morning?

Chorus

Hooray! and up she rises! Hooray! and up she rises! Hooray! and up she rises, Early in the morning!

Put him in a boat and roll him over, (3) Early in the morning.

What shall we do with a drunken sailor? (3) Early in the morning?

Put him in the brig until he's sober, (3) Early in the morning.

That's what you do with a drunken sailor, (3) Early in the morning.

No. 438

EARLY IN THE MORNING II

also known as

I'm Goin' Up the River

This is a typical "country blues" piece with floating lines. I have seen a version in only one published collection: Wheeler (SD), 105.

Early in the Morning II

I'm goin' up the river before long, And you are gonna miss me when I'm gone.

Chorus

Early in the morning,
Just about the break of day,
You should see me hold the pillow
Where my woman used to lay.

I'm tired of your low down, dirty ways;
I'm gonna leave you one o' these days.

If I'd listened to what mama said, I'd be home sleepin' in a feather bed.

Woke up this morning 'bout halfpast four, And there you was a-knockin' on my door.

I loved you good but you done me bad—You're the worst good gal I ever had!

No. 439

EARLY IN THE MORNING III also known as

Sailor Likes His Bottle O! So Early in the Morning The Sailor's Loves

This is an English shanty. If it was sung by sailors aboard American ships, there is no published record of it. According to Hugill, this was adapted from <u>Gently</u>, <u>Johnny</u>, <u>My Jingalo</u> (see <u>Gently</u>, <u>Johnny</u>, <u>Be Gentle</u> O in <u>MB</u>).

REFERENCES

Davis (SSC), 56-57 Hugill (1), 56-57 Sharp (EFC-2), 51

Early in the Morning III

The maiden, oh, the maiden, oh, The sailor loves the maiden, oh! So early in the morning, The sailor loves the maiden, Oh!

Chorus

A maid that is young,
A maid that is fair,
A maid that is kind and pleasant, Oh,
So early in the morning
The sailor loves the maiden, Oh!

The bottle, oh, the bottle, oh, The sailor loves the bottle, oh, So early in the morning The sailor loves the bottle, oh.

Chorus

A bottle of brandy, bottle of gin,
A bottle of Irish whisky, oh!
So early in the morning
The sailor loves his bottle, oh!

The maiden, oh, the bottle, oh,
A pipe of good tobacco, oh,
So early in the morning
The sailor loves them all, heigh-ho.

Chorus

A bottle of spirit, a maiden fair, A pipe of good tobacco, oh, So early in the morning These are the sailor's loves, heigh-ho!

No. 440

EARLY IN THE SPRING

also known as

Early, Early in the Spring Early in One Spring It Was Early Spring

The Letters of Love

Sweet William

*Twas Early in One Spring

Where the Bullets Fly

This is an American version of an English ballad which was itself an adaptation of the 17th century ballad,

The Seaman's Complaint. All English versions tell of a young man "pressed" into "the service of his King" who, as a result, lost the woman he loved. American versions make no mention of being "pressed" in to military service; the young man simply "sailed the seas" to serve his King.

The popularity of the ballad insured its adaptation to specific areas of America, so it is not surprising to learn one such adaptation is the cowboy ballad, The Trail To Mexico (see in MB).

In many instances the tune was dispensed with entirely and replaced by a new one, sometimes a borrowed one, but the story remained essentially the same.

REFERENCES

Ashton (RSS), 562
Belden (BS), 163-164
Brown, II, 290; IV, 160
Cambiaire, 55-56
Campbell & Sharp, No. 72
Chappell (FSRA), 130-131
Creighton (MFS), 98, 163
Creighton (TSNS), 154-155
Cox (FSS), 358-361
Cox (TBFS), 79
Cox (TBWV), 64-65

Davis (FSV), 62-63
Fife, 181-182
Greig, II, art. 128
Greig & Duncan, No. 51
Henry (FSSH), 233-235
Henry (SSSA), 144-146
Hudson (FSM), 155-156
Hudson (SMFL), 29
Jour (AFL), XLIV, 78-79
Karpeles, 203-204
Karpeles (EFS), I. 620

Laws M 1, 180
Logan, 28-30
Moore (BFSS), 206-208
Peacock, II, 549-550
Petrie, No. 765
Pub (TFLS), VII, 151-153

Quarterly (SFL), V, 175-176 Randolph, I, 333-337 Scarborough (SC), 328, 444 Scott (BA), 39-40 Sharp, II, 151-154 Sharp (FSFS), No. 70

Early in the Spring

Oh, early, early in the spring,
I sailed the seas to serve my king;
I left my own true love behind,
Who always said that her heart was mine.

When I would take her in my arms,
I thought she had ten thousand charms.
Oh, she was fair and she was sweet,
And said, "Let's marry when next we meet."

For seven years I sailed the sea
And thought she loved no one but me;
I wrote long letters to my dear,
But not one word did I ever hear.

For seven years I served my king
And then I went back home again,
Saying, "Where is the darling of my life
Who promised she would be my wife?"

Her father said, "You've come too late!

She grew weary and could not wait."

Oh, curse the gold and silver too,

And curse all girls who can't be true!

I've lost the woman I adore;
I'll sail away from England's shore.

I'll wander out where the bullets fly And sail the sea till the day I die.

"O Willie, Willie, stay ashore, And go to sail the seas no more! Don't go where the bullets fly— There's many girls prettier than I."

O dark and drizzly was the day Our ship sailed for Amerikay; With music sweet and trumpet sound, Across the sea our ship was bound.

No. 441

EARNEST LOVE I

East Virginia

I Was Born in East Virginia

Go With Me To East Virginia

Old Virginny

There are many versions and adaptations of this song, several of which became as popular as this one. For examples, see <u>Earnest Love II & III</u> immediately following.

Earnest Love I is sung to more than one melody and it is difficult to determine which is the original or the older. Sharp obviously believed that the song originated in England; otherwise it would have been excluded from his Appalachian collection of English songs.

REFERENCES

Emrich (FAL),	563-564	Lomax (OSC), 144-145
Leisy, 92-93,	143-145	Lomax (PB), 50
Lomax (FSNA),	292-293	Randolph, IV, 207

Ritchie (FS), 71 Ritchie (SFC), 146-148 Sharp, II, 232-234

Silber (HSB), 102 Silverman, I, 114

Earnest Love I

I was born in East Virginia, To North Carolina I did go, And there I met a fair young maiden And I learned to love her so.

O her hair was dark and curly, And her lips were cherry red; If she should ever love another, In my heart I would be dead.

In my heart there is no other-The way I love you is a sin! If this old world should turn against you, You know. dear. I'd take you in.

In my dreams I'm always with you, All thro the day there is no rest; The minutes are to me like hours-There's a pain deep in my chest.

Go with me to East Virginia, To live and love and never part; I love you now and well forever-Don't say "no" and break my heart.

No. 442

EARNEST LOVE II also known as

Curly-Headed Baby

The Blue Ridge Mountains She's My Curly-Headed Baby When I Left the Blue Ridge Mountains

This song is obviously related to <u>Earnest Love I</u> and <u>III</u>, and was probably adapted from the former. My opinion is that the song was a rewrite by some semi-professional song-writer performer in the country music field. For a similar version, see Roberts (SBS), 121-122.

Of the two versions below, version A is the better known and the one probably rewritten by the semi-professional. Its popularity is due to the "curly-headed baby" refrain and performances on radio programs and phonograph recordings.

Earnest Love II (Version A)

I have loved her since I met her More than any words can tell; Should she leave me for another, I could never say farewell.

Chorus

She's my curly-headed baby, Used to sit on Mama's knee: She's my curly-headed baby, She's from sunny Tennessee.

I'd rather be in some dark corner Where the sun would never shine, Than for her to love some other Since she's promised to be mine.

In her heart she knows I love her, Love her better than the rest; There's no one else, not now or ever, And I'll always love her best. When I left my home in the Blue
Ridge Mountains,
To South Carolina I did go;
Courted there a fair young lady,
Who's name and age I did not know.

Her hair was of dark brown color, Her cheeks were a rosy red; On her breast she wore a white lily— Thro! the night some tears were shed.

When I'm asleep I'm dreamin' of her, When I'm awake I find no rest; Every moment seems to be an hour, Achin' pains all through my chest.

Her papa said we two could marry, Her mama said it would never do; But if you say, yes, 0 my honey, I will run away with you.

I'd rather be dead and in my coffin, With my face turned toward the sun, Than to lay here alone and lonely A-thinkin' of the things you've done.

I'd rather be in some dark holler, Where the bright sun never shines, Than for you to be another's darlin' And to know you can't be mine.

No. 443

EARNEST LOVE III also known as

Don't Forget Me, Little Darling

Georgy Boy

Greenback Dollar
I Don't Want Your Greenback
Dollar
I Don't Want Your Millions,

Mister

In Old Virginny
Old Virginny
Won't You Remember,
Little Darling?

This song, derived from <u>Earnest Love I</u>, is more widely known than its ancestor. The tune, however, is distinctly different from the tune used for <u>Earnest Love I</u>, although the words to both songs fit the tune.

This song is not related to Hoyt Axton's <u>Greenback Dollar</u>, the folk hit of the 1950s-60s.

REFERENCES

Arnold, 47 Brown, II, 426; IV, 231 Jour (AFL), XLVI, 32 Randolph, IV, 207-209 Roberts (IP), 237-238 Roberts (SBS), 155-156

Earnest Love III (Version A)

I travelled north from West Virginia,
Met a girl in Ohio;
She was rich—a banker's daughter—,
And I couldn't let her go.

Chorus

I don't want your greenback dollar, I don't care for wealth or fame; All I want is true love, darling, And I hope you feel the same.

A heart for sale is no one's bargain; One way love brings only pain. Loneliness will stay right with you, And the tears will fall like rain. I'd rather be in some dark corner Where the sun will never shine Than for you to love another Since you've promised to be mine.

Your Papa says we cannot marry, Your Mama says it must not be; But I will die if you believe them And take your love away from me.

You may meet with many changes
As you glide down life's great stream,
But remember, always remember,
You are my one and only dream.

(Yersion B)

Don't forget me, little darling, When from you I'm far away; All I want is your love, little darling, Please come home, come home and stay.

I don't want your greenback dollar,
I don't want your watch and chain;
All I want is your love, little darling—
Won't you take me back again?

Many a night with you I rambled On the shore of the dark blue sea; All the while you loved another— In my grave I'd rather be.

Mama said we could not marry;
Papa said it would never do.
But if you say you really love me,
I'll run away and marry you.

Some folks say you love another

And no longer care for me,

But I don't believe them, little darling—

Love is blind and cannot see.

Please forgive and let me love you;
I can't stand this endless pain.
All I want is your love, little darling—
Won't you take me back again.

(Version C)

Once I had a darling sweetheart, And he thought the world of me— Until he found another woman. Now he cares no more for me.

Chorus

I don't want your greenback dollar,
I don't want your watch and chain;
All I want is you, my darling—
Won't you take me back again.

I don't want your greenback dollar, I don't want your silver change; Just give me a thirty-eight pistol To blow out your dirty brains!

(<u>Version</u> D)

You can keep your greenback dollar, You can keep your watch and chain; All I want is your love, darling— Won't you let me change your name?

When you're in some foreign country, When from me you're far away,

Just remember, little darling, We will meet again someday.

WEST TO STATE OF THE PARTY

When that train pulled out of Ashville, And you had told me goodbye, You said, "Go back home, little darling, Go back home and do not cry."

When I got home my heart was broken, A-thinking of the days now past, A-thinking of the lonesome hours That I knew had come at last.

When you're in some foreign country, And do the things I know you'll do, Please remember, little darling, No one loves you the way I do.

No. 444

EASY DOES THE TRICK

also knownas

Gently Does the Trick

I first learned this song in 1937, in South Carolina. The only version I have seen in print is the one in Finger (FB), 114. Despite a serious effort to track it down, I found nothing about its origin anywhere. However, I feel safe in saying this is a professionally written song, and that it was probably featured on minstrel stages.

Easy Does the Trick

O listen while I sing a song both good and wise;
I'll make the rafters ring with valuable advice.
While going through this world, you'll find it rarely wrong

To keep a steady pace and keep on going strong.

O it's gently, softly, easy does the trick,

Get on easy, careful—never be too quick.

The bronc fresh from the pasture may not be a steady laster.

And it's easy does the trick.

If in some prison dark you should happen to land,
For picking up a steer that bears another's brand,
Be gentle, meek and mild and freedom you may gain.
But if you act real tough, you'll wear a ball and chain.

O it's easy, softly, slowly does the trick.
You'd walk clanky, hobbledy, not a bit too quick.
They'll keep your legs in order and you'll quietly cuss
the warder.

Saying, "Easy does the trick,"

Now if a bronc should buck and lift you in the air,
And you suddenly feel you'd rather not be there—
Your elevation feels, well, anything but nice—
Don't just come down a-whack! just take this free
advice:

Come down softly, gently, easy does the trick.

Just fall easy, careful, never be too quick.

Your eye the distance gauges so you land by easy stages,

For it's easy does the trick.

No. 445

THE EDUCATED MAN I

Adam Was the First Man The Creation The Creation Song Darky Sunday School The History of the World The Story of Creation Walk in the Parlor Walk In. Walk In. I Say

Mid-19th century "stage" song. As De History ob de World, the song was copyrighted in Massachusetts by C. H. Keith and published in Boston by the Oliver Ditson Company. The song was popular for a long, long time and its tune was used for other songs and its text was parodied. Some of the adaptations and parodies also became popular. For examples, see: Uncle Sam's Farm in MB, The Steam Navigation Thieves in Dwyer, 138-139, and also compare Walk Tom Walker in Arnold, 30. The song is, according to Cox (FSS), 501, "a variety of the famous minstrel song popular in the forties and fifties under the title 'Walk in de Parlor' or 'History of the World'." A version in The Vauxhall Comic Song-Book, edited by J. W. Sharp, London (no date), carried this piece of information: "Sung by Dan Emmit, at Boston. United States." That the song was popular on the minstrel stages of America is evidenced by the high number of minstrel-type song-books containing it, such as Christy's Negro Serenaders (New York: T. W. Strong). p. 136 and Christy's Nigga Songster (same publisher), p. 131.

REFERENCES

Brown, III, 399; V, 238 Christy, I, 56 Cox (FSS), 501-502 Ethiopian, 100 Ford (TMA), 278-280 Harlow, 203-205 Hubbard, 335-336
Hugill (1), 344-345
Jordan, 231-233
Minstrel Songs, 71
Negro, 73
Nigger Melodies, 170

Randolph, II, 372-373 Trifet, 123 Scarborough (NFS), 181-183 White, 143-147

The Educated Man I

O, I come from Ole Virginny Wid my head full ob knowledge, And I neber went to free school Nor any oder colledge. But one ting I will tell you Which am a solemn fact. I tell you how dis world was made In a twinkling ob a crack.

Chorus

Den walk in, den walk in, I say, Den walk in and hear de banjo play. Den walk into de parlor And hear de banjo ring And watch dis nigger's fingers While he plays upon de string.

O dis world was made in six days. An' den dey made de sky; An' den dey hung it ober head An' left it dar to dry. An' den dey made de stars. Out ob nigger wenches eyes. For to gib a little light When de moon didn't rise.

So Adam was de first man. Ebe she was de oder: An' Cain walk'd on de treadmill Because he killed his broder. Ole Modder Ebe Couldn't sleep widout a piller.

An' de greatest man dat ebber lived Was Jack de Giant Killer.

An' den dey made de sea,
An' in it put a whale;
An' den dey made a raccoon
Wid a ring around his tail.
All de oder animals
Was finished one by one
An' stuck against de fence to dry
As fast as dey was done.

O lightning is a yellow gal,
She libs up in de clouds;
An' thunder he's a black man,
For he can holler loud.
When he kisses lightning,
She dodges off in wonder,
Den he jumps an' tares his trousers,
An' dat's what makes de thunder.

No. 446

THE EDUCATED MAN II also known as

Adam and Eve
Adam Was the First Man
Bible Stories, or Tales
Darkies' Sunday School
The Darky Sunday School
The Down Town Bible Class

If Religion Was a Thing
That Money Could Buy
Sunday School Song
The World Was Made in Six
Days
Young Folks, Old Folks,
Everybody Come

This song shares a theme with Educated Man I, but that is as far as the relationship goes. A version

was published in sheet music form by M. Whitmark & Sons, New York, and that may have been the original source for the folk versions collected later. The fact that the song mentions John L. Sullivan, the boxer, indicates that it was written after the 1880s. An interesting parody, The Mormon Sunday School, is in Cheney, 168-169.

REFERENCES

Arnold, 104-105 Loesser, 266-267

Best, 50-52 Lomax (ABFS), 351-354

Brown, III, 400-402 Shay (PF-2), 112-116

Cazden, II, 109-117 Shay (PF-3), 184-187

Cheney, 167-168 Trident, 32-33

Hubbard, 335-338 Winn (2), 156-157

The Educated Man II

Now come along, you young folks,
And educate your dome;
Join the Down Town Bible class
And make yourselves to home.
But kindly check your cigarettes
And whiskey at the door,
And you'll hear some Bible stories
That you never heard before.

Adam was the first man
And Eve, she was his spouse;
They lost their job for stealing fruit
And went to keeping house.
All was very peaceful
And quiet on the main,
Until a little baby came
And they started raising Cain.

Cain he raised potatoes,
And he peddled them in town;
Abel called him hayseed
Every time he came around.
Cain he laid a stick of wood
On brother Abel's head,
And when he took that stick away,
He found poor Abel dead.

Noah was a mariner
Who sailed around the sea
With half a dozen wives
And a big menagerie.
He failed the first season
When it rained for forty days,
For in that sort of weather
No circus ever pays.

Methuselah is famous,

Because he couldn't croak,

Altho he finally grew to be

And old and seedy bloke.

He had so many whiskers

That you couldn't see his head——

If he'd lived a little longer

He'd have used them for his bed.

Jonah was an emigrant,
So runs the Bible tale;
He took an ocean voyage
In a trans-atlantic whale.
The whale was overcrowded
And Jonah was distressed,
So he just pushed the button
And the whale did all the rest.

David was a shepherd's boy, His mother's pride and joy; A harmless little toy.

Along came Goliath

A-looking for a fuss;

David heaved a cobblestone

And busted in his crust.

Samson was a strong man

Of the John L. Sullivan school;

He killed a thousand Philistines

With the jawbone of a mule!

Along came a woman

Who filled him up with gin

And shaved-off his whiskers—

And the coppers pulled him in!

No. 447

THE EDUCATED MAN III also known as.

Four Thousand Years Ago
A Highly Educated Man
The Historian
I Was Born About Four
Thousand Years Ago
I Was Born Almost Six
Thousand Years Ago

I Was Born Four (Ten)
Thousand Years Ago
I Was There When Noah
Built the Ark
I Went To See My Susan
Saw Noah When He Built
the Ark

Another of those songs constructed on Biblical humor. It is, though, of a different source than the prededing two and is currently better known. For a Mormon-bent adaptation, see Passing Through in Cheney, 111-112.

REFERENCES

Agay (1), 63 Best, 54 Brown, III, 512-514; V, 284-285 Bulletin (TFS), V, 48
Cazden, II, 84-85
Gardner (BSSM), 448-449
Hubbard, 341-342
Jour (AFL), XXVI, 190
Leisy (SPS), 152-153
Kincaid No. 1, 26
Lomax (ABFS), 346-350

Lomax (USA), 30-31
Perrow, XXVI, 160
Randolph, III, 144-148
Richardson (AMS), 101
Sandburg (AS), 330-331
Silverman, II, 179
Winn (1), 146-147

The Educated Man III

I was born about four thousand years ago,

And there's nothing in this world that I don't know.

I saw Peter, Paul, and Moses playing ring-around
the roses,

And I'll whup the man that says it isn't so.

I was there when Satan looked the Garden o'er,
Saw Eve and Adam driven from the door;
And behind the bushes peeping, saw the apple they
were eating,

And I swear I'm the one who ate the core!

I saw ol' man Jonah swallowed by the whale,
And I never thought he'd live to tell the tale.
But ol' Jonah smelled of garlic, and he gave the
whale a colic,

And the whale coughed up and let him out of jail!

I saw Samson when he knocked the Hittites cold!

Saw Daniel face the lions in the hole!

I helped build the tower of Babel, up as high as they were able,

And there's lots of other things I haven't told.

I taught Solomon to say his A B C's!

Taught Columbus how to sail the seven seas!

MB

And while sailing down the bay with Methusaleh one day,

I saved his flowing whiskers from the breeze!

Queen Elizabeth once fell in love with me!

We were married in Milwaukee secretly!

But I schemed around and shook her, and I went with

General Hooker

To shoot mosquitoes down in Tennessee!

I remember when our country had a king!
I saw Cleopatra pawn her wedding ring!
I was in the Revolution, saw them sign the
Constitution,

And I think that's all I'm gonna sing!

No. 448

EDWIN IN THE LOWLANDS LOW also known as

Amy and Edward Come All Men and Maidens Come All Young Men and

Maidens

Driver Boy

Edmon Dell

Edmund Who Plowed the

Lowlands Low

Edwin Doe

He Ploughed the Lowlands

Low

Lowlands Low

Miss Emma

Plowed the Lowlands

Young Edmond

Young Edmond Dell Young Edmondale

Young Edmond of the Low-

lands Low

Young Edmund

Young Edmund in the Low-

lands

Young Edward of the Lowlands

Young Edwin in the Lowlands

Low

Young Emily

Young Emma

Young Emma of the Lowlands

Low

We have here an American version of an English song, and one that is sometimes mistakenly referred to as The Golden Vanity (see in MB). The common reference in both songs to "the Lowlands Low" is probably responsible for the confusion. Whatever the reasons for erroneous references, the songs are not related.

REFERENCES

Belden (BS), 127-128 Brewster (BSI), 202-203 Brown, II, 266; IV, 153 Bulletin (FSSN), XII, 12-13 Campbell & Sharp, No. 46 Chappell (FSRA), 63-65 Cox (FSS), 345 Creighton (TSNS), 220-222 Davis (FSV). 54-55 Dean-Smith, 118 Flanders (VFSB), 106-108 Gardner (BSSM), 62-63 Greig, II, art. 123 Greig & Duncan, No. 189 Henry (FSSH), 164-166 Hubbard, 51-53 Jour (AFL), XX, 274; XXXV, 153, 421; XLV, 40-41; XLIX, 230; LII, 25-26

Jour (FSS), I, 124; III, 266; VIII, 227

Jour (IFSS), III, 24

Karpeles, 130-131

Laws M 34, 197-198

Leach (BB), 703-705

Mackenzie, 92-93

Moore (BFSS), 162-163

Morris, 345

Peacock, II, 641-642

Randolph, II, 59-64

Sharp, I, 350-357

Sharp (ECFS), 136

Williams (EFS), 106

Wyman (TKMS), 42-45

Edwin in the Lowlands Low

Come all young men and maidens, Attend unto my song; It is concerning gold I sing, Which leads to many a wrong. Young Emily was a servant girl, She loved her sailor bold; Because she loved him dearly, He plowed the Lowlands Low.

'Twas seven long years and better
Since Edwin was at home;
He came into young Emily's house
When she was all alone.
He came unto young Emily's house
His gold all for to show;
What he had gained all on the main,
He'd plowed the Lowlands Low.

My father lives by yon seaside,
He keeps a public inn
Where you can go and stay all night
Until the morning dim.
I'll meet you by day in the morning—
Don't let my parents know
Your name it is young Edwin,
Who plowed the Lowlands Low.

Young Edwin being weary,
He early went to bed;
And little he knew of the danger
That e'er hung o'er his head.
Said Emily's cruel father,
"His gold will make a show;
And I'll send his body a-floating
Down in the Lowlands Low."

Young Emily on her pillow lay,
She dreamt a dreadful dream;
She dreamt she saw her true love's blood
Flowing down as a stream.
She arose by day in the morning,
To seek her love did go,
Because she loved him dearly,
He'd plowed the Lowlands Low.

"That came last night to dwell?"
"He's dead," replied her father,
"And you no tales must tell."
"O cruel, cruel father,
You shall hang a public show
For the murder of Young Edwin,
Who plowed the Lowlands Low."

And let her story be known.

The jury found him guilty

In trial that was his own.

"The shells that are in the ocean,

That washes to and fro,

Reminds me of my Edwin,

Who plowed the Lowlands Low."

No. 449

EIGHTH OF JANUARY also known as

Battle of New Orleans

Jackson's Victory

Original title was <u>Jackson's Victory</u>, so called in commemoration of General Andrew Jackson's successful military action against the British Army at New Orleans, January 8, 1815. The tune became widely known and was played as a march on the fife and drums at recruiting etations of the Union Army during the Civil War. The title was probably changed at that time, as Ford suggested, "for political reasons."

Version \underline{A} is with text and tune, but version \underline{B} has no text and is given under TUNES as a fiddle piece.

REFERENCES

Botkin (MRF), 560 Ford (OTFM), 26 Ford (TMA), 63, 192 Quarterly (SFL), I, No. 3, Sept., 1937, 25-27 Silber (SI), 213 Thede, 114

Eighth of January (Version A)

'Twas on the eighth of January,
Just at the dawn of day,
We spied those British officers
All dressed in battle array;
Old Jackson then gave orders,
"Each man to keep his post,
And form a line from right to left,
And let no time be lost."

With rockets and with bombshells,
Like comets we let fly;
Like lions they advanced us,
The fate of war to try;
Large streams of fiery vengeance
Upon them we let pour,
While many a brave commander
Lay withering in his gore.

Thrice they marched up to the charge,
And thrice they gave the ground;
We fought them full three hours,
Then bugle horns did sound.
Great heaps of human pyramids
Lay strewn before our eyes;
We blew the horns and rang the bells
To drown their dying cries.

MB

Come all you British noblemen
And listen unto me;
Our Frontiersman has proved to you
America is free.
But tell your royal master
When you return back home,

When you return back home,
That out of thirty thousand men,
But few of you returned.

Version B (see under TUNES)

No. 450

EL BORRACHITO also known as

The Drunken Fellow

The Little Drunkard

Mexican-American drinking song from Southwest, U. S. A. According to Lummis, who found it in New Mexico, this song dates from the time of the Conquest. Espinel, who recovered a version in Arizona, describes it as being a Tonadilla of the latter part of the 18th century known as El Caramba. A Tonadilla is a short lyric comedy with music and dancing in one act, never having more than three characters, and sometimes only one.

For additional information and versions of other songs, see "Canciones De Mi Padre" by Luisa Espinel in Bulletin (UA), General Bulletin No. 10, Vol. XVII, No. 1, January 1st, 1946. Also see Lummis (LPT), 229-230.

El Borrachita

(Spanish)

Al borrachito todo se le dispensa; Cuando anda chispo no conoce la verguenza. Si me emborracho es por una consecuencia To do lo causa la passion de una muger.

Amigo Vino, tu me tumbas con tu aliento.

Las copas llenas onde están que no las tiento?

Si me emborracho, es de puro sentimiento

Porque no me ama una ingrata muger.

El whisky tomo yo por apetito—
Compro mi trago si me hace muy poquite,
Con una taza de tequila mi abuelito—
Todo lo causa la pasion de una muger.

English translation by Lummis

The fellow half-seas-over everyone excuses, When tight he's not ashamed to do just what he chooses.

If I get full, the only reason for my booze is That my passion for a woman caused it all.

Friend Wine, your jolly, jolly breath it sends me reeling!

Where are the full cups whose red kisses
I'd be stealing?

If I get drunk, it's purely from excess of feeling,

Just because an ungrateful woman loves me not.

I take the whisky for the thirst that may befall one;

I buy my drink—which seems to me a very small one,

Like my grand-dad with his glass of stuff—
a tall one—

And a passion for a woman caused it all.

No. 451

EL CARBONERO
also known as
The Charcoal-Man

According to Lummis, this Mexican-American song "purports to have been composed in El Pino, a tiny hamlet on the edge of the Navajo Reservation, on the verge of the greatest coal-measures in New Mexico. But while the ditty may have been formulated there, and even may apply to the peasant diggers of coal, it is altogether too suggestive of Central Mexico, where the charcoal-burner is a part of the landscape." See Lummis (LPT), 240-242.

El Carbonero

(Spanish)

Ya voy hacer una iglesita, Mamá, De piedrita de hormiguero, Para que vaya á misa, Mamá, Junto con mi carbonero.

El primer amor que tengo, Mamá, Ha de set un carbonero, Va á vender su carbón, Mamá, Pero gastando dinero.

Alli viene el carbonero, Mamá, Bajando por la cuchilla; Va á vender su carbón, Mamá, Á real y medio la quartilla.

Alli viene el carbonero, Mamá, Bajando por los corrales; Va sacudir su carbón, Mamá, Pero guardando los costales. Ya voy hacer una iglesita, Mamá, De piedrita de hormiguero, Para que vaya á misa, Mamá, Junto con mi carbonero.

Ya voy hacer una casita, Mama, De piedrita de hormiguero, Para vivir alli solita, Mama, Junto con mi carbonero.

English Version

I am going to build me a chapel, Mama, Of stone that the ants uncover, So that I may go to mass, Mama, Along with my coal-man lover.

The very first sweetheart I've had, Mama, Has to work at charcoal-burning; He has to go selling his coals, Mama, But bravely spends all he's earning.

Ah, yonder he comes, my coal-man, Mama, Descending the ridge at leisure; He's selling the charcoal he made, Mama, At a dime and a half the pint measure.

Ah, yonder he comes, my coal-man, Mama, Coming on down by the stable; He's going to shake out the charcoal, Mama, But saves the sacks when he's able.

I am going to build me a cottage, Mama, Of pebbles the ants uncover, So as to live there alone, Mama, Along with my coal-man lover.

No. 452

EL COYOTITO
also known as
The Little Coyote

Charles Lummis recovered this song in New Mexico and published it in 1893. In his notes, Lummis says of this song: "Hardly ever do the edigencies of the measure permit all the words to be given their proper accent....But in the Coyotito alone do I remember the forcible splitting of a word in twain and leaving the halves parted by the impassable gulf or a full rest— as befalls in the first line of every verse of this song, and more or less in other lines."

The original versions of text and tune are in Lummis (LPT), 233-234. The music was transcribed by Henry Holden Huss.

El Coyotito

(Spanish)

Cuando sali de Hermosillo, Lagrimas vine llorando, Y con la flor del trompillo Me venia consolando.

Yo soy como el coyotito Que los revuelco y los dejo, Y me voy al trotecito Mirando por debajejo.*

Ya se cayo el pino verde Onde habitan los pichones; Ya cayo el que andaba ausente— Ahora verán pelones.

Ya se cayó el jacalito + Onde colgaba mi espada.

Paque est tanto laberinto Si alcabo todo se acaba.

Ya se cayo jacalito Onde colgaba mi espejo. Debajo del roble encinito Tendió su cama un conejo.

Ya se secó el nopalito Onde ibamos á las tunas. Ya me no mas anderás celando Con tus celos en ayunas.

Les encargo mis amigos Que si ven á mi querida, No le digan que estoy preso— Porque es el bien di me vida.

- * A diminutive for debajo
- + A little jacal, the house of chinked palisades.

English Version

Lummis, who translated the text, said "a fair English equivalent of this remarkable ditty....is perhaps unattainable."

When I par-ted from my city, Tears and tears I came a-crying, And with the trumpet-flower pretty To comfort myself was trying.

I am just like the coyotito
That just rolls them over and leaves them,
And I go trotting so neat, On,
My downcast glance deceives them.

Fallen is al-ready the stately
Pine where doves perched by the air-full.

He who was gone has happened home lately, and the short-haired had better be careful.

Fallen is al-ready the humble
Hut where my sword was suspended;
What's the use of fuss and of grumble,
If all things at last are ended.

Fallen is al-ready the lonely
Hut where my mirror was peeping;
And in the oak-thickets only
The rabbit has stretched for sleeping.

Dried is now the prickly-pear cooling That we both hunted when younger; Now me no more wilt thou go fooling With my jealous tricks in my hunger.

Friends, I charge ye all unshaken,
If my sweetheart ye be seeing,
Tell her not that I have been taken,
For she is the good of my being.

No. 453

EL FERROCARRIL

also known as

The Railroad

Mexican-American song from Southwest Texas, recovered and transcribed by Charles Lummis and Henry Holden Huss. Franquilin, in the second stanza, is Spanish for Franklin—the first railroad name of El Paso.

Alli viene el ferrocarril, Vamos a ver ondo 'stá— Ah! que gusto nos dará— Cuando lo veamos venir!

Chorus

Llegando la emigracion,
"Good morning," repetiré.
"Come in! come in!" les diré,
"Vengan oir mi cancion."

De Chihuahua Franquilin Corren los Americanos, Ganadoles el dinero Á Todos los Mejicanos.

Si fueras al campamiento Onde vienen trabajando, Yo asi me vivo cantando Para ganar el sostento.

Ni el sol ni el viento podrá Hacerme retroceder; Millas y millas correr, Para ganar nuestro bien.

La maquina va partir, Esten toditos alerta. Vayan sacando el dinero Que ya vamos á partir.

English Version; roughly translated.

The railroad is coming this way— Let us go look at it near. When we shall see it appear, Ah! what a joy it will be.

Chorus

And when the tourists shall throng, "Good morning," I will repeat;
"Come in! Come in!" I'll entreat,
"Come ye and list to my song."

Up from the town on the line Come running the Americanos, Earning us everyone money—
Money for all us paisanos.

Were you at the camp where they're giving

Work, and the Laborers bringing—
That's just the way I live singing
Only to earn me a living.

Neither sun, neither wind shall nor could

Make me turn back till I've done; Mile after mile I will run That I may win us some good.

The engine is going to start.

Lively! Be all of you ready!

Come, pull your money out— steady,

For now we are going to start!

No. 454

ELLEN'S ELOPEMENT also known as

Arise, Arise, Ye Seven
Brothren
As He Rode Up To The Old
Man's Gate

Brandywine
Earl Brand
Lady Margaret
Lord Loving

Lord Robert
Lord William
Lord William and Lady Margaret
Lord William and Lord Douglas
Lord William's Death
Rise Ye Up
The Seven Brethren
The Seven Brothers
Seven Horsemen
The Seven Sleepers
The Seventh Brother

Ellender
A Soldier
The Soldier's Wooing
Song of a Soldier
Sweet William
Sweet William and Fair
Ellen
Sweet Willie
William and Ellen
William and Lady Margaret
William and Margaret

This is a derivative of an English-Scottish ballad that parallels the Danish Ribold and Guldborg. English title is Earl Brand. Sir Walter Scott called it The Douglas Tragedy. Robert Bell published it as The Brave Earl Brand and the King of England's Daughter. In Motherwell's MS., we find it as Lord Douglas. Both Hales and Furnivall have it as The Child of Ell American versions of Ellen's Elopement tell the same story as is told by Scott's Douglas Tragedy, although many of the details important to ancient belief have been dropped. Thus we find a song called The Bold Soldier being associated with Ellen's Elopement by American collectors in love with the Child The songs are not related, however, and there is no evidence to show that either was influenced by the other. For a version of The Bold Soldier, see Soldier of Fortune in this Master Book.

Excepting the beliefs expressed in versions of the ancient type, the theme has survived better in American tradition than in England. Probably the "abduction theme" had a special appeal to the American feeling for individual determination as opposed to social pressure and class control.

The version below came to me through the singing of Louis Tyndal, Wilmington, N. C., in the late 1920s.

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Karpeles, 25-26 Karpeles (FSN). II. No. 2 Kinloch MSS, I, 327 Kinsley, 115-118, 119-121 Leach (BB), 66-71 Lomax (OSC), 154-156 Mackenzie, 7-11 Mackenzie (QB), 60-62 Modern (LN), XXV, No. 4 Moore (BFSS), 15-18 Morris, 241-243 Motherwell, 180 Muir, 161-162, 173 Niles (BB), 31-39 Ord. 404 Percy MS., 57 Perrow, XXVIII, 152-154 Pound. 68-69 Pub (MLN), XXV, 1910, 104 Quarterly (SFL), VIII, 136 Quiller-Couch, 160, 157, 163 Randolph, I, 48-49 Randolph (OMF), 219-221 Roberts (IP), 13-16 Scarborough (SC), 114-116 Scott (MSB-1902). II, 1; III, 246 Sharp, I, 14-25 Shearin (BBCM), 4 Shearin (SKFS), 7 Stokoe, 6-7 Wells. 147-148 Western Folklore Quarterly, XVII, 77-96 Whiting (TBB), 41-44

Ellen's Elopement

MB

Wake up, wake up, you seven sleepers,
And learn how things shall be.
O take good care of your other daughters,
For sweet Ellen is going with me.

Rise up, Rise up, my seven bold sons, And put on your armor bright; A soldier came and took your sister— Rode away with her last night.

He mounted her on a milk-white steed, Himself on a dapple gray; He put his arms around her shoulders, And they lightly rode away.

Hold up, hold up, my lady, he said, And hold my reins in your hand; Against your father and seven brothers, I am forced to make a stand.

She held his reins in her milk-white hand And never shed one tear, Until she saw her brothers all fall, And the father she loved so dear.

O hold your hand! my lover, she cried, My heart is sad and sore; I can always find another lover, But a father I'll find no more.

Then choose, then choose, the soldier he said, It's will you go or bide?
You know I'll go, the young lady said, All those I loved have died.

So they rode on, and on they rode
All by the light of the moon,
Until they came to the wan riverside,
And there they lighted down.

They lighted down for to take a drink,
The water ran so clear;
And down the stream ran the soldier's
own blood,

And she felt the hand of fear.

Lie still, lie still, dear William, she said,
I fear you have been slain!
*Tis but the shadow of my scarlet cloak
That shines in the water so plain.

So they rode on, and on they rode,
All by the light of the moon,
Until they came to his mother's hall door,
And there they lighted down.

Get! Get up! dear mother, he cried,
Get up and let me in!
Get up! Get up! dear mother, he cried,
Greet the woman I fought to win!

Now make my bed, dear mother, he said, And make it broad and deep. Let sweet Margaret beside me lie, And the sounder I will sleep.

O William was dead before midnight, Sweet Margaret before the day: May all lovers who go together All have far more luck than they.

No. 455

ELLIE RHEE

also known as

Carry Me Back to Tennessee

was copyrighted by him in 1865.

Ella Ree, or Rhee

This is one of those "plantation"-type songs so popular in America during the last half of the 19th century. There is a different song with a similar name title, Ella Ree, which was also popular throughout the South during the Civil War. For versions of Ella Ree, see Staton, 34 and Wharton, 213-214.

This song, Ellie Rhee, is ascribed to Sep. Winner and

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Pound (SFSN), XXIII, No. 15
Randolph, IV, 388
Staton, 34

Ellie Rhee

Sweet Ellie Rhee, so dear to me, Is gone forevermore; Our home was down in Tennessee, Before the cruel war.

Chorus

Oh, carry me back to Tennessee, Back where I long to be, Among those fields of yellow corn, With my darling Ellie Rhee.

Oh, why did I, from day to day, Keep wishing to be free, And from my old home run away And leave my Ellie Rhee? They said that I would soon be free, Be happy every day, But if they take me back again, I'll never run away.

The war is over now at last,

The colored race is free;

The good times that they promised us,

I'm waiting for to see.

No. 456

EL PASTOR TONTO

also known as

The Stupid Shepherd

An unusual Mexican-American song found in New Mexico by Charles Lummis. He called it a New Mexican version of Venus and Adonis, with Venus being less ornate and more modest than Shakespeare's character and Adonis less rhetorical and something of a clown.

Lummis admittedly did not record the entire piece and the stanzas available to us leave much to be desired.

See Lummis (LPT), 244-247.

El Pastor Tonto

Una niña en un balcon

Le dice á un pastor, "Espera!

Que aqui te habla una paloma,

Que de amor se desespera."

"No me hablas de esa manera,"

respondió el villano vil,

"Mi ganado 'stá en la sierra.

Con él me hé de ir á dormir."

"Oyes, pastor tan hermoso,
Que aqui te habla una paloma.
Arrimate por acá
Ni haya miedo que te coma."
"Arrimate por acá
Ni haya miedo que te coma.

"Bien estás San Pedro en Roma,"
Respondió el villano vil,
"Mi ganado 'stá en la sierra,
Con él me hé de ir a dormir."
"Mi ganado 'stá en la sierra,
Con él me hé de ir a dormir."

English Version

(Repeat last 2 lines of each stanza).

In a balcony a pretty damsel cried out, "Oh, stay!" to a shepherd staring, "For here a tender dove bespeaks you Who is for love and you despairing."

"Oh, you mustn't speak to me in that way!"
Replied the dull and stupid clown,
"For my flock is in the mountains,
With it I have to go and lay me down."
"Listen, shepherd, tall and handsome,
For here a tender dove doth greet you;
Come nigh, and don't be acting
As if afraid that I might eat you."
"I wouldn't care if you were St. Peter
In Rome," replied the foolish clown,
"For my flock is in the mountains,

And there I must go lay me down."

No. 457

EL VIEJO also known as The Old Man

This humorous and popular Mexican-American song has a chorus dating back to the Moorish wars. Except for the borrowed chorus the song is a product of New Mexico.

Much of the song's humor is lost in translation, but the English text does convey "an idea of the story and its meaning." See Lummis (LPT), 231-232.

El Viejo

Todos dicen que soy un viejo, Yo no se en que se pueden fundar. Yo me encuentro tan gordo y robusto Que tres veces me puedo casar.

Chorus

En el morro paseba el joven

Combatiendo contra el invasor.

Tanto sangre en los campos regaba,

¿No te causa verguenza, traidor?

Soy un viejo de noventa años, Los cuento desde que empeze a andar. Las muchachas me niegan los besos, Y conmigo no quieren bailar!

Todos dicen! "hipócrito viejo!"
Paque en misa me gusta rezar,
Y en el baile me gusta tener
Una novia á quien apretar.

ENGLISH VERSION

Ev'ryone says I am an old fellow,
But the basis is over my head;
Though I am fat, I'm feeling quite mellow,
And three times more I'm ready to wed.

Chorus

On the bluff strolled a young Spanish soldier,

Fighting off the invader who came.

Blush ye not, Oh, invaders and traitors,—

Does the blood on the land cause you shame?

I am old, if it's old to be ninety— And I count from when walking began; Now the girls all deny me their kisses, Not a dance will they give the old man.

Ev'ryone calls me "old hypocrite!"

Just because at the ball and the mass
I am faithful to love and religion,
For I pray to the Lord and I dance.

No. 458

EN REVENANT DE LA JOLIE ROCHELLE also known as

As I came Back from Beautiful Coming Back Home
Rochelle L'aviron Qui Nous Mene
C'est L'aviron Qui Nous Mene

This song, a variant of an ancient French ballad, is similar to the English ballad, The Baffled Knight.

La Rochelle was a favorite of the French song-makers who seem to have been partial to sea adventures. This song

echoed up and down the Mississippi, Missouri and Ohio rivers, sung by French explorers and traders. Naturally, it was popular in Quebec and along Canadian rivers also. Many versions have been collected in Canada, and the version below is one of them. It is reproduced from Gagnon, 155-156.

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Barbeau (JSOQ), 138-141 Gibbon, 58-60 Peacock, II, 517 Tiersot (FSF), 76-78

En Revenant de la Jolie Rochelle

En revenant de la joli Rochelle (2)

J'ai rencontré trois jolies demoisell's.

La voilà ma mi' qu'mon coeur aime tant!

La voilà ma mi' qu'mon coeur aime!

J'ai rencontré trois jolies demoiselles, (2) J'ai point choisi, mais j'ai pris la plus belle, La voilà ma mi', etc.

J'ai point choisi, mais j'ai pris la plus belle (2) J'l'y fis monter derrièr' moi, sur ma selle, La voilà ma mi', etc.

J'l'y fis monter derrier' moi, sur ma selle, (2)
J'y fis cent lieues sans parlet avec elle.
La voilà ma mi', etc.

J'y fis cent lieues sans parler avec elle, (2) Au bout des cent lieues, ell' me d'mandit à boire. La voilà ma mi', etc.

Au bout des cent lieues, ell' me d'mandit à boire, (2) Je l'ai menée auprès d'une fontaine. La voilà ma mi', etc. Je l'ai menee auprès d'une fontaine, (2) Quand ell' fut là, ell' ne voulut point boire. La voilà ma mi', etc.

Quand ell' fut là, ell' ne voulut point boire, (2) Je l'ai menée au logis de son père. La voilà ma mi', etc.

Je l'ai menée au logis de son pere, (2) Quand ell' fut là, ell' buvait à pleins verres; La voilà ma mi', etc.

Quand ell' fut là, ell' buvait à pleins verres, (2) A la santé de son père et sa mère. La voilà ma mi', etc.

A la santé de son père et sa mère, (2) A la santé de ses soeurs et ses frères. La voilà ma mi', etc.

A la santé de ses soeurs et ses frères, (2) A la santé d'celui que son coeur aime. La voilà ma mi', etc.

English Version

As I came back from beautiful Rochelle,
As I came back from beautiful Rochelle,
There did I meet three pretty demoselles.

Chorus

Here's the one for me, here's the one I love, Here's the one for me, here's my loved one!

There did I meet three pretty damoselles, (2)
I did not choose, but took the greatest belle.

I did not choose, but took the greatest belle, (2)

I set her up behind me on my saddle.

I set her up behind me on my saddle, (2)
One hundred leagues and not a word was spoken.

One hundred leagues and not a word was spoken, (2) When they were o'er, she asked me for some water.

When they were o'er, she asked me for some water, (2) I took her then to where there was a fountain.

I took her then to where there was a fountain, (2) When she got there, she would not drink the water.

When she got there, she would not drink the water, (2)

I took her to the dwelling of her father.

I took her to the dwelling of her father, (2) When she got there, she emptied all the glasses.

When she got there, she emptied all the glasses, (2) Drinking the health of father and of mother.

Drinking the health of father and of mother, (2) Drinking the health of sister and of brother.

Drinking the health of sister and of brother, (2)
Drinking the health of him who is her lover.

No. 459

EN ROULANT MA BOULE also known as

A-Rolling My Ball A-Rolling My Bowl I'm Rolling My Ball On, Roll On, My Ball Roll My Ball En Roulant Ma Boule is derived from a 15th century song which expressed the grievence of peasants against hunting parties of the nobility who were very careless of fences, grain and livestock. In Canada, where it is listed as "trois beaux canards," Barbeau printed some 92 different versions. Add that number to other versions I have seen, and we'd have a total of 107.

En Roulant Ma Boule is one of the first French songs to be sung up and down America's great inland rivers and lakes. The text and tune given below is from Gagnon, 12-15.

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Haywood (FSW), 34-35 Luther, 9-10

En Roulant Ma Boule

Derrier' chez nous, ya-t-un étang, En roulant ma boule. Trois beaux canards s'en vont baignant, Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant.

> En roulant ma boule roulant, En roulant ma boule.

Trois beaux canards s'en vont baignant, En roulant ma boule. Le fils du roi s'en va chassant, Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant, etc.

Le fils du roi s'en va chassant, En roulant ma boule. Avec son grand fusil d'argent, Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant, etc. Avec son grand fusil d'argent, En roulant ma boule. Visa le noir, tua le blanc, Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant, etc.

Visa le noir, tua le blanc, En roulant ma boule. O fils du roi, tu es méchant! Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant, etc.

O fils du roi, tu es méchant! En roulant ma boule. D'avoir tué mon canard blanc, Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant, etc.

D'avoir tue mon canard blanc, En roulant ma boule. Par dessous l'aile il perd son sang, Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant, etc.

Par dessous l'aile il perd son sang, En roulant ma boule. Par les yeux lui sort'nt des diamants, Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant, etc.

Par les yeux lui sort'nt des diamants, En roulant ma boule. Et par le bec l'or et l'argent, Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant, etc.

Et par le bec l'or et l'argent, En roulant ma boule. Toutes ses plum's s'en vont au vent, Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant, etc.

Toutes ses plum's s'en vont au vent, En roulant ma boule. Trois dam's s'en vont les ramassant, Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant, etc.

Trois dam's s'en vont les ramassant, En roulant ma boule. C'est pour en faire un lit de camp,

Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant, etc.

C'est pour en faire un lit de camp, En roulant ma boule.

Pour y coucher tous les passants.
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant, etc.

English Version

Behind our house there is this pond, I'm rolling my ball. Three handsome ducks are having fun, And roll a-roll my ball around.

Chorus

A-rolling my ball around, a-rolling my ball; A-rolling my ball around, a-rolling my ball.

Three handsome ducks are having fun, I'm rolling my ball.

The Prince he has a silver gun, And roll a-roll my ball around.

That silver gun is polished bright, I'm rolling my ball. He shot the black but hit the white, And roll a-roll my ball around.

O Prince, O look, see what you've done! I'm rolling my ball. O wrongly you have used your gun! And roll a-roll my ball around.

O wrongly you have used your gun!

I'm rolling my ball.

You shot and killed the whitest one!

And roll a-roll my ball around.

Red blood is flowing from his wings, I'm rolling my ball. His tears are large as diamond rings, And roll a-roll my ball around.

His feathers float upon the air, I'm rolling my ball. They're gathered by a maiden fair, And roll a-roll my ball around.

She gathers them but does not weep,

I'm rolling my ball.

She'll make a bed where two can sleep,

And roll a-roll my ball around.

No. 460

THE ERIE CANAL I

Fifteen Miles on the

I Got an Old Mule and Her

Erie Canal

Name is Sal

Fifteen Years on the

I've Got a Mule

Erie Canal

Low Bridge! Everybody Down

Got an Old Mule

At the time of its construction the Erie canal was referred to as "Clinton's Folly," because Governor DeWitt Clinton, New York, was the driving force behind the

massive undertaking. The canal, of course, contributed mightily to the economic well-being and cultural heritage of the United States. It flooded the entire West with business and was responsible in no small way for the remarkable growth of New York City. The canal was finished and the canal was opened in 1825. By 1845 nearly four thousand boats, requiring the employment of twenty-five thousand men, women, and boys, were plying the canal. The same route used today by the New York Central Railroad between Albany and the Great Lakes was part of the canal's domain.

Many songs were written about the canal and the people working it, especially the canal-boatmen, and several of the songs became nationally popular. The song below is one of the many. Another is The Eric Canal II (see in MB). For yet another, see Raging Canawl in Sandburg (AS), 178. For an additional version of Raging Canal as well as several other Eric Canal songs, see Lomax (ABFS). 455-474.

The song below, written by William S. Allen and published by the F. B. Haviland Company, New York, 1913, was entitled, <u>Low Bridge! Everybody Down!</u>. The 1913 copyright was renewed by Arthur Allen in 1941 and then assigned to the Jerry Vogel Music Company, New York, N. Y.

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Scott (SA), 10-11
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Silber (HSB), 42
Warner, 39
Whitman, 61
Yolen, 38-40

The Erie Canal I

I've got a mule and her name is Sal;
A darn good worker and a darn good pal.
It's back and forth we travel, me and Sal,
For fifteen miles on the Erie Canal.
We've hauled some barges in our day,
Filled with lumber, coal and hay,
So we know every inch of the way—
From Albany to Buffalo we earn our pay.

We sweat and strain, but that's alright;
Got to keep on workin' from morn till night.
Our job ain't done till the moon is bright;
It's fifteen miles on the Erie Canal.
Get up there, mule, here comes a look;
We'll make Rome 'bout six o'clock.
It's one more trip, then back we'll go—
It's right back home to Buffalo.

We better get along, make time, gal,
Fifteen miles on the Erie Canal—
You bet your life I'd never part with Sal!—
It's fifteen miles on the Erie Canal.
A friend of mine once got her sore,
Kicked him hard—need I say more?
She jerked her leg and then let go,
And kicked him clear to Buffalo!

No. 461

THE ERIE CANAL II also known as

Ballad of the Erie Canal The Er-i-ee Was A-Rising
The Er-i-ee Canal Forty Miles From Albany
This is probably the second best known song about the

Erie Canal, and is by far the most humorous. The rollocking tune has been used for other songs, including onw known as <u>Gun Fight at the O. K. Corral</u> by Dickson Hall.

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Sandburg (AS). 180

Seeger (6), 87

Silverman, II. 250

Winn (2), 44-45

The Erie Canal II

We were forty miles from Albany, Forget I never shall; We had a terrible storm that day On the Er-i-ee canal.

Chorus

The Er-i-ee was a-rising
And the gin was gettin' low,
And I hardly think we'll get a drink
Till we get to Buffalo-o-o,
Till we get to Buffalo!

We were loaded down with barley seed And chuck-up full of rye; The Captain he looked down at me With his goddamn wicked eye!

The Captain strode upon the deck, A spy-glass in his hand; The fog rolled in so goddamn thick That he couldn't see the land. Two days out from Syracuse Our vessel struck a shoal, And we nearly foundered on A chunk of Lackawanna coal.

The wind began to whistle, And the waves began to roll; We had to reef our royals, boys, And hide down in the hole.

The Captain had a big fat wife, She wore an old red dress; We hoisted her upon the pole As a signal of distress.

The Captain he got roaring drunk,
The crew all went to jail;
And I'm the only son-of-a-bitch
That's left to tell the tale!

No. 462

ERIN-GO-BRAGH
also known as

Bold Erin-Go-Bragh
Daniel Campbell

Daniel Campbell's Trip to England
Duncan Campbell

Despite its suggestive title this is not an Irish song; it is Scottish. The original story concerns a highlander Scotsman who has a run-in with a lowland Scots policeman. In the next phase the story moves to London where the Scots policeman is replaced by a "sassy" English officer who mistakenly assumes the highland Scotsman to be an Irishman on the lam.

There are many versions extant, most of which derived

from early broadsides versions of the piece. Several of the old broadsides are in the Harvard College Libray, including the following: Bebbington, Manchester, No. 107; W. T. Fordyce, New Castle, No. 154; Harkness, Preston, No. 298; Hodges; and Such, No. 148.

A broadside was also published in America by De Marsan, List II. No. 17.

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Erin-Go-Bragh

O, as I was a-walking up Wackleford Street,
A bold and young villain I happened to meet;
He looked in my face and he tipped me some jaw,
Saying, "What brought you over from Erin-go-bragh?"

My name is Dan Campbell as I come from Argyle, I've travelled this country for many a mile; I've trampled all over old England and all, And the name that I go by is Erin-go-bragh.

One night in old England, while walking down the street,

A hard-nosed policeman I happened to meet; He stared in my eyes and he gave me some jaw, Saying, "You're a bold Paddy from Erin-go-bragh."

"I am not a Paddy, though in Ireland I've been; I am not a Paddy, but that is no sin.

It's many a Paddy in travel I saw,

And there's many a hero from Erin-go-bragh."

"I know you're a Paddy by the cut of your hair—
It's quite plain to see by the clothes that
you wear.

You've left your own country to hide from the law, Like the other bad rebels from Erin-go-bragh."

A lump of black tarmac was right there in my fist; Around his greet napper I ma de it to twist. The blood from his napper I quickly did draw, And I made him remember this Erin-go-bragh.

They gathered all round me like a gaggle of geese:

It's "catch that wild Paddy, he'll kill our police!"

And he had more friends, sir, than ever I saw, And the fighting got rougher for Erin-go-bragh.

I ran to the river and I jumped in my boat;
I hoisted my sail and away I did float,
Saying, "Goodbye, old England, and all of your law,
And the devil be with ye!" from Erin-go-bragh.

No. 463

ERIN'S GREEN SHORE also known as

A Bed of Primroses Dixie's Green Shore The Irish Dream The Irishman's Dream Song The Mantle of Green On Erin's Green Shore

This song was widely distributed and is apparently well-known throughout the United States and Canada. It was also popular in Great Britain, where it was a favorite of the broadside publishers. In the early part of the 18th century, versions appeared in The Merry Musician, II, 129; Watt's Musical Miscellany, I, 62; Wehman's Pocket-Size Irish Song Book, No. 1, 34;

and the Ballad Opera, Polly, 1729. A different version, given as As Down in the Meadows, is in Chappell (OEPM), 127.

A version of this song known as The Mantle of Green should not be confused with another old song, The Mantle So Green, which is in this Master Book as Disguised Lover VIII.

REFERENCES

Korson (PSL), 45-46 Belden (BS), 282-283 Moore (BFSS), 194-195 Cazden. I. 86-87 O'Conor, 38 Cox (FSS), 442-444 Peacock, II, 362-363 Creighton (SBNS), 171-172 Randolph, I, 324-325 Delaney (ISB-1), 7 Thomas (DD), 176-178 Gainer, 126-127 Wehman (CS), I, 34 Greenleaf, 142-143 Wehman (ISB), 1887, 42 Hubbard, 134-135

Erin's Green Shore

One evening quite late as I rambled
On the banks of a clear flowing stream,
I sat down on a bed of primroses
And so gently did fall in a dream.

I dreamt of a lovely fair maiden
With a beauty I'd not seen before;
And she sighed for the wrongs done her country
As she strolled along Erin's green shore.

Her eyes they did sparkle like diamonds, Or stars on a clear, frosty night; Her cheeks were like two blooming roses, And her form was a wonderful sight.

Then I addressed this fair, young female:
"My jewel, come tell me your name;
I know that here you are a stranger,
But I am more than glad that you came."

Seven Links in My Chain

"I'm a daughter of Daniel O'Connell, From England I've lately sailed o'er; I've come here to awaken my brothers Who slumber on Erin's green shore."

In prospects of joy I awakened, To find I had been in a dream; The beautiful maiden had fled me, And I long for to slumber again.

May heaven above be her guardian,

For I know I shall see her no more;

May the sunbeams of joy fall around her

As she strolls along Erin's green shore!

No. 464

ERIN'S LOVELY HOME also known as

Aran's Lonely Home
Old Erin's Lovely Vale

Like Erin's Green Shore (to which some collectors relate it by reference), this song seems to have been popular in both England and the United States. Versions have been collected from oral sources from Nova Scotia to the Ozarks. During the 1860s and 1870s the song appeared in many of the widely circulated songsters. Versions were issued on both sides of the Atlantic in broadside form, and some of the publishers were: Bebbington, Manchester, No. 99; Cadman, Manchester, No. 239; John Gilbert, Newcastle, No. 26; J. Harkness, Preston, No. 457; J. H. Johnson, Philadelphia; John Ross, Newcastle;

Ryle & Co., London; Such, No. 31; and Wehman, No. 181.

Creighton (MFS), 64-65
Greenleaf, 142-143
Greig, No. 47
Henry, No. 46
Huntington, 198-201
Jour (FSS), I, 117;
II, 167-168, 211
Jour (IFSS), I, 11-12
Karpeles (EFS), I, 349-351
Laws, M 6
Leach, 48-49

MacColl & Seeger, 250-251
Mackenzie, 117-118
O'Conor, 25
O'Lochlainn, 202-203
Ord, 106-107
Randolph, I, 356-357
Sharp (FSFS), II, 24-25
Sharp (100), 124-125
Songster (45), 168
Songster (192), 38
Songster (194), 35
Wehman (ISB), No. 1, 107

Erin's Lovely Home

All of you who love your liberty, I pray that you'll draw near;

A sad and dismal story shall fall upon your ear.

Here in a distant country I languish and I moan,

Recalling all the years I spent in Erin's lovely home.

When I was young and in my prime and scarcely twenty-one,

I once became a servant unto a gentleman.

I served him true and honestly, and very well 'tis known.

But cruelly he banished me from Erin's lovely home.

The reason why he banished me I mean to let you know:

I loved his only daughter, and she loved me also;

But she had land and money while nothing did Town—

And that is why he banished me from Erin's lovely home.

One day in her father's garden—'twas in the month of June—

Among the growing flowers all in their youthful bloom,

She said, "My dearest Willie, if with me you will roam,

We'll bid adieu to all our friends in Erin's lovely

Now when we got to Belfast, just at the break of day,
My true love gave me money our passage for to pay;
Five thousand pounds she counted and said it was my
own:

That I'd never fret for those I'd leave in Erin's lovely home.

It's when we thought all danger gone her father did appear,

And soon I was separated from the arms of my own dear.

They forced me back to Homeford, in the county of

Tyrone.

And from there I was transported from Erin's lovely home.

When I received my sentence, it grieved my heart full sore;

But parting with my own true love did grieve me ten times more.

There's seven links all in my chain and every link a year,

But one day I'll return again and reclaim my own dear.

No. 465

EVELINA

also known as

Dear Evelina, Sweet Evelina My Dear Evleen
Evalina Sweet Evelina

This is a popular song from the professional music world of early 19th century. It is still in print, included in

many old-time song books and folios, but nevertheless managed to carve a niche for itself in oral tradition.

REFERENCES

Brown, V, 424
Bulletin (TFS), III,
No. 4, 94
Cambiaire, 87
Chamberlain, 310-311
Chapple (HS), 417-418
Ford (TMA), 142, 403

Jour (AFL), LIX, 466

Jour (FSS), V, 315 Leisy (LAS), 109-110 Luther, 259 Most (PCS), 14-15 Pound, 211-212 Randolph, IV, 344 Songs (15), 76-77 Wier (SWWS), 179-180

Evelina

Way down in the meadow where the lily first blows, Where the wind from the mountains ne'er ruffles the rose,

Lives fair Evelina, the sweet little dove,
The pride of the valley—the girl that I love.

Chorus

Dear Evelina, sweet Evelina,
My love for you will never, never die!
Dear Evelina, sweet Evelina,
My love for you will never, never die!

She's fair as a rose, like a lamb she is meek,
And she never was known to put paint on her cheek.
In the most graceful curls hangs her raven black hair,
And she never requires perfumery there.

Three years have gone by and I've not got a dollar; Evelina still lives in that green grass holler. Although I am fated to marry her never, I've sworn that I'll love her forever and ever.

EVERY NIGHT WHEN THE SUN GOES DOWN also known as

Every Night When the Sun
Goes in

In the Evening When the Sun Goes Down

This is a country blues with wide acceptance, even today. Performers and songwriters can't seem to leave it alone. A "pop" version (In the Evening When the Sun Goes Down), written by Leroy Carr, was published in sheet music form by Leeds Music Corporation (now MCA Music) in 1935. A version re-titled Suzanne, by Millard Thomas and Harry Belafonte, became a moderate hit in 1952 as a result of its being performed in the film Bright Road by Belafonte. The traditional version, Every Night When the Sun Goes Down, has been recorded dozens of times by various performers, but not necessarily under the same title. Its availability in print has precluded its appearance in many of the standard folk-song collections, but its popularity shows no sign of diminishing.

REFERENCES

Agay (1), 43 Downes, 329 or 385 Leisy, 96-97 Leisy (SPS), 127 Lomax (ABFS), 149-150 Sharp, II, 268 Silverman, I, 208 Silverman (FB), 193-194

Every Night When the Sun Goes Down

Every night when the sun goes down, Every night when the sun goes down, Every night when the sun goes down, I hang down my head and mournful cry.

Love, don't weep after I am gone, (3)

Just lift up your head and carry on.

How I wish that my train would come, (3) And carry me back where I came from.

Every night when the sun goes down, (3)

I long to return to my home town.

No. 467

THE EVIL BROTHER

also known as

Ballad of the Cruel

Brother

The Bride's Murder

Brother's Revenge

The Three Knights

The Cruel Brother

Three Ladies Played at Ball

The story told by this old ballad is not unique. Many similarities to the details are found in several ancient tales of European folklore. None of the others, however, attained the degree of popularity achieved by this ballad. A number of scholars regard this as one of the many incest ballads, but the incest motive is absent from all versions recovered in the United States.

REFERENCES

Barry (BBM), 431-433 Gainer, 13-15 Gilbert (SACC), 68 Bronson, I, 185-190 Brown, II. 35-38; IV. Herd, I, 88 18-19 Herd MSS. I. 41 Child, I, 141-151; V, Hudson (SC), 6 Jamieson, I, 66-72 412 Jour (AFL). XXVIII. 300-301 Christie, I. 109 Kidson (GEFS), 24-26 Coffin, 42 Kinloch (ASB), I. 21 Dean-Smith. 61 Flanders, I, 171-174 Kinloch MSS. I. 27 Friedman, 175-177 Kinsley, 236-238

Leach (BB), 78-81
Niles (BB), 55-57
Notes, 1st series, VI,
53; 2nd, V, 171;
4th, IV, 517 & 7,

Pound, 21-23
Quiller-Couch, 287-289
Roberts (IP), 19-21
Sharp, I, 36-38
Sharp (AEFS), 22-26

The Evil Brother

105

Three fair young maids went out to play ball,

Hey, oh, the Lily oh!

Three young landlords came to court them all,

And the rose blooms so sweet I know.

The oldest girl was both tall and fair, etc. But the youngest was beyond compare, etc.

The middle one was fair between, etc.
But the youngest seemed a beauty queen, etc.

The young men bowed unto all the three, etc. But to the youngest they bent the knee, etc.

She turned her pretty head aside, etc.

Each begged of her to be his bride, etc.

Her cheeks were of a blushing red, etc.

She said, "Sirs, I'm too young to wed." etc.

But one of them then took her hand, etc.

And said, "I'll make you lady of my land." etc.

He got consent from all her kin, etc. But her brother John did not come in. etc.

The wedding day at last came on, etc.

The bride and groom would soon be gone. etc.

Her brother's knife was long and sharp, etc.
He stabbed his sister through the heart. etc.

"O lead me gently o'er you hill, etc.
And lay me down to make my will." etc.

"What will you leave your brother John?" etc.
"The gallows-tree to hang him on!" etc.

No. 468

THE EVIL MOTHER also known as

Babes in the Greenwood
Children's Song
The Cruel Mother
Down by the Greenwood Shady
Down by the Greenwood Sidey,
or Sidding
Fine Flowers in the Valley
Greenwood Side
The Greenwood Siding
The Greenwoods of Si-boney-o

The Lady of York
There Was a Girl, Her
Name Was Young
There Was a Lady Lived
in York
Three Babes
Three Little Babes
Three Little Babies
Two Little Babes
Yonder in Si-bo-ney-o

An old European ballad set to various airs. Originally the ballad contained various medieval murder and burial superstitions. For an informative study, see Wimberly, 254. For at least 57 tunes, see Bronson, I, 276. Several versions of this ballad have been reported in the United States, but most of them are fragmentary and lack clarity of meaning. For an obviously related and similar ballad, see Lady Anne in Greig & Duncan, No. 194.

REFERENCES

Barry (BBM), 80-93 Bronson, I. 276-296 Buchan, II, 98, 111 Buchan (BNS), II, 217-228 Buchan (GSEI), 90 Bulletin (FSSN), VIII, 7-8 Bulletin (VFS), Nos. 3 & 5 Burne, 54 Campbell & Sharp, No. 9 Cazden, II, 104-105 Cazden (MD), 104-105 Child, I, 218-227; V, 413 Christie, I. 105-107 Coffin, 50-51 Cox (FSS), 29-30, 522 Creighton (SBNS), 3-5 Creighton (TSNS), 17-20 Davis (MTBV), 81-83 Davis (TBV), 133-136, **560-**561 Dean-Smith, 61 Dick, 347 Eddy, 24 Flanders, I. 230-238 Flanders (BMNE), 66-67 Freidman, 181-181 Fuson, 59-60 Gainer, 26-27 Greenleaf, 15-16 Greig & Duncan, No. 193 Henry (FSSH), 47-48 Herd, II, 237

Herd MSS, I, 132; II, 191 Hudson (SC), 6 Johnson (SMM), No. 326 Jones, 301 Jour (AFL), XXV, 183; XXX, 293; XXXII, 503; XLV. 159 Jour (FSS), II, 109; III, 70-72; VI, 80 Karpeles (FSN), I, No. 2 Kinloch (ASB), 44-46 Kinloch MSS. V. 103 Kineley, 68-69 Korson (PSL), 38-39 Leach (BB), 103-106 Mackenzie, 12-13, 391 Mackenzie (QB), 104-106 Manny, 209-210 McGill. 83 Moore (BFSS), 32-34 Morris, 250-254 Motherwell (1827), 162 & II, 31 Motherwell MS., 186, 390, 402 Niles (BB), 83-87 Notes (1st series), VIII, 358 0kun, 459 Peacock, III, 804-805 Pound. 18-19 Quarterly (SFL), VIII, 139 Quiller-Couch, 102-103 Randolph, I. 73-74 Scarborough (SC), 169-171, 403

Scott (MSB), III, 259 Seeger (1), 87 Sharp, I, 56-62 Sharp (FSFS), 54-55 Sharp (100), 35 Shearin (BBCM), 4 Shearin (SKFS), 7 Smith (SM), IV, 33 Wells, 150-151 Williams (EFS), 28 Williams (FSUT), 295 Wimberly, 254

The Evil Mother

There was a lady dwelt in York,

Hey for the Rose o' Malindie 0;

She fell in love with her father's clerk,

Down by the green wood sidie 0.

She laid her head against a stone, etc.
And there she made a bitter moan, etc.

She took a knife both long and sharp, etc.
And stabbed her babes right thro the heart, etc.

She took a ribbon from her head, etc.

And bound their necks till they all were dead, etc.

One day beside her castle wall, etc.

She saw two naked boys playing ball, etc.

"O little boys, were you but mine, etc."

I would feed you with flour-bread and wine, etc."

She said, "My children, can you tell, etc. Where shall I go—to heaven or hell?" etc.

"O yes, dear mother, we can tell, etc.
Our home is heaven, yours will be in hell!" etc.

EZEKIEL SAW THE WHEEL

also known as

Ezekiel, You and Me
There in the Middle of

Way in de Middle of de Air

the Air

*Zekiel Saw de Wheel

A spiritual based upon a Biblical holy vision. The vision, reported in Ezekiel 1:16, goes: "The appearance of the wheels and their work was like unto the color of beryl; and they four had one likeness; and their appearance and their work was as it were a wheel in the middle of a wheel."

REFERENCES

Best, 149 Courlander, 50-52 Dett, 60-61 Hayes, 26-29 Mackenzie (SH), 120-121 Sandburg (AS), 488-492 Whitman, 200 Work (ANSS), 148-149

Johnson (SBNS), 144-146

Ezekiel Saw the Wheel

Ezek'el saw the wheel of time, Way up in the middle of the air; Ev'ry spoke was human kind, Way up in the middle of the air.

Chorus

Ezek'el saw the wheel way up in the middle of the air! Ezek'el saw the wheel way up in the middle of the air!

I'll tell you what a hypocrite will do, etc.
Talk 'bout me and talk 'bout you, etc.

Watch out, sinner, don't step on the cross, etc.
Your foot might slip and your soul get lost, etc.

You saw the Lord has set you free, etc. Why don't you let your neighbor be? etc.

FAIR AND FOOLISH MAIDEN also known as

The Betrayed Lady
The Deceived Girl

The Sinful Maiden

The Fair Flower of

Sin's Reward

Northumberland

The Ungrateful Knight

The Flower of Northumberland

This is a Scottish ballad that dates back to at least the 17th century. The story theme is used in many old European ballads and seems to have a wide appeal. The ballad has a poor traditional record in the United States, but has survived in one or two Southern states. The earliest published text known thus far is in Deloney's Peasant History of John Whitcomb, 1633.

REFERENCES

Buchan, II, 166
Buchan (ABS), II, 208
Child, I, 111-118
Kinloch (ASB), 131
Kinloch MSS., V, 49
Kineley, 272-277
Leach (BB), 71-74

Motherwell MS., 102
Niles (BB), 40-45
Quiller-Couch, 314-317
Ritson (AS), 169
Sanders, 222-225
Stokoe, 94-96

Fair and Foolish Maiden

He was a pris'ner far from home,
And he was longing to be free;
He saw the sheriff's daughter fair,
And quickly decided on his plea,
Quickly decided on his plea.

Said he, as she was standing near,
"Fair Miss, I'd like a word with you?
I am a stranger far from home,
The finest home one ever knew." (2)

Said she, "This is my father's jail, For he is sheriff in this town; And he forbade this kind of talk, So I must turn your favor down." (2)

"Sweet maid, 0, won't you pity me? Go steal the key and set me free. Then you and I will leave this place, And you'll be rich in Tennessee." (2)

"I will not help, I will not go,
I will not steal the jail-house key.
I'm sure you have a loving wife,
And children too, in Tennessee." (2)

He swore by Jesus on the Cross
That wife and children had he none,
That if she would but set him free,
He'd love but her till life was done. (2)

She went and searched her father's desk, And then she robbed her mother's till; And she unlocked the jailhouse door, And with him rode across the hill. (2)

When they had left the state behind, And crossed into old Tennessee, He ordered her to go back home, For now he knew that he was free. (2)

"You are a false and faithless man,"
Sobbed the maiden most bitterly.
"You know that I cannot go home,
That helping you has ruined me." (2)

"Fair and foolish maid;" said he,
"Return unto your father's door.
I have no need in Tennessee
To keep a young Kentucky whore." (2)

Unto her father's house again

Came this maiden in fear and shame;

And though her father did not speak,

She found her mother quite the same. (2)

Her mother took her in her arms
And spoke these words most tenderly:
"You're not the first girl thus deceived
By some young man from Tennessee."

No. 471

FAIR ANNIE

Burd Helen
The Fause Lord
Lady Jane

Lord Thomas and Fair
Annie
The Sister's Husband

Here we have a version of an old "incest" ballad, a familiar theme in European folklore. Such ballada began to circulate in the 15th century. An excellent literary version of this story is the 12th century Lai de Freisne by Marie de France. All of these ballads dealing with incest were changed in the United States, for here incest was not only taboo but censored. It is not surprising, therefore, to find only the nub of the story is left in the few American versions of this ballad which have survived.

REFERENCES

Barry (BBM), 446-448
Campbell & Sharp, No. 14
Child, II, 63-83
Combs (FSMEU), 129-130
Combs (FSUS), 114-118
Davis (TBV), 177-179
Friedman, 114-122

Greig & Keith, No. 25
Herd (AMSS), 307
Jamieson, II, 375
Kingsley, 138-143
Leach (BB), 196-201
Motherwell, 327-335
Muir, 149

Quiller-Couch, 179-184 Scott (MSB), II, 102 Sharp, I, 95-96 Wells, 317
Whiting (TBB), 8-13

Fair Annie

"Goodbye, goodbye, fair Annie," he did say,
"I'm off for a year and a day."
And as the year came rolling 'round,
Fair Annie thought the time awful long.

When she first heard he was a-coming home, She took her youngest son And stood with him upon the hill, And thought of all that she had done.

"You're welcome to your house," she said,
"You're welcome to your land;
You're welcome with your new found bride,
That you lead by the hand."

"I thank you, sister Annie," he said,
"And I thank you heartily.

I'm grateful for the way you greet
My fair new bride and me."

She served them up, she served them down,
And she answered all their cries;
But all alone within her room
The tears fell from her eyes.

When songs were sung and all words done,
And all had gone to bed,
Fair Annie lay so quiet and cold,
A-wishing that she were dead.

"O, if my sons were seven young rats, And running in the hall, And if I were a big gray cat I would destroy them all!"

FAIR LADY OF THE PLAINS also known as

The Cowgirl

The Fair Maid

The Death of a Maiden Fair

Old Georgy

Aside from the fact that this is obviously a western pioneer song, I know very little about it. It has been recovered in the South and the West but not in the North and East.

REFERENCES

Arcadian (June, 1930), 30

Fife, 120-121

Henry (FSSH), 358-359

Jour (AFL), XLV, 153-154

Laws (NAB), 136-137

Larkin (1931), 147-149

Lingenfelter, 272-273

Moore (BFSS), 333-334

Randolph, II, 199-203

Fair Lady of the Plains

I once knew a maiden who lived on a the plains,
She helped me herd cattle thro' slow, steady rains;
She helped me one season with that year's round-up,
And she would drink rye whisky from a cold bitter cup.

She would drink rye whisky, but it didn't show;
She was a fair maiden as white as the snow.
I taught her the cow trade and how to read brand;
To use a six-shooter with either right or left hand.

I taught her to stand pat and never to run,
To never fear danger while she had a gun.
We camped in a canyon in the fall of the year,
Surrounded by cattle all rounded-up without fear.

The redskins came at us and shattered the night, She rose from her bed, to stand with me and fight; She stood there beside me with a gun in each hand, The bullets were flying as we stood off that wild band.

Then out rolled the thunder and down came the rain, Along came a bullet and crushed out her brain.

Now arise all you cowboys and fight for your life,

For those wretched redskins have murdered my wife!

No. 473

THE FAIRY SHIP also known as

The Duck Dance I Saw a Ship A-Sailing Ship A-Sailing

This is a nursery song that originated in England. I cannot say when it came to America, but obviously it came.

REFERENCES

Bancroft, 346-347 Bertail, 61 Brown, I, 71 Moorat, 18
Wier (YAM), I, 91

I saw a ship a-sailing,
A-sailing on the sea,
And, O! it was all laden
With pretty things for me.
There were comfits in the cabin,
And apples in the hold;
The sails were made of satin,
And the mast was made of gold.
The four and twenty sailors
That stood between the decks,
Were four and twenty white mice
With rings around their necks.

-continued next page

MB

The captain was a duck, a duck, With a jacket on his back, And when the fairy ship set sail, The captain he said, "Quack!"

No. 474

THE FAITHFUL SAILOR BOY also known as

Farewell, Farewell, My

The Sailor Boy's Fare-

Own True Love

well

The Sailor Bold

The Soldier Boy

The Sailor Boy

Your Faithful Sailor Boy

This English song is probably derived from some forgotten broadside. Doerflinger reports it as "a dogwatch favorite in British vessels." The versions recovered in America are, unfortunately, fragmented or shortened and are in print without reliable historical data.

There is another song known as The Sailor Boy (see The Lost Lover in MB), but it is not related to this song.

REFERENCES

Baltzer, II, 82

Doerflinger, 164

Brown, II, 342-344; IV,

Fuson, 61-62

199-200

Manny, 237-238

Chappell (FSRA), 59

The Faithful Sailor Boy

Upon a dark and stormy night, When the snow lay on the ground, A sailor boy stood on the deck Of a vessel outward bound. "Farewell, farewell, my own true love. This parting gives me pain. But you will be my guiding star Through sunshine and through rain."

"Adieu, adieu, my own true love,
Always be true to me.
And while your ship sails on the sea,
I'll always think of you."
But he never did return again,
For his ship it foundered low;
And that's the way a sailor's life
Is often meant to go.

No. 475

THE FALLING OF THE PINE

According to Dean, this song came from the Georgian Bay region. Considering the skill with which the text was put together, I'd say the person who did the actual writing knew exactly what he (or she) was doing. The words were written to match an Irish tune, Blaris Moor, which dates back to at least 1797; see Joyce (OIFMS), 108.

REFERENCES

Barry (MWS), 18-19, 96
Beck (LLC), 98-99
Beck (SML), 34-35
Dean, 73-74
Eckstorm, 17

Glass (SFRF), 19
Rickaby, 82-84
Shoemaker (MMP), 202
Shoemaker (NPM), 197-199

The Falling of the Pine

You lumbermen undaunted with courage bold are wanted,
Make ready for the shanty before your youth's decline.
O the city folk will wonder, they'll gaze on you and
ponder.

For the noise exceeds the thunder at the Falling of the pine.

As winter days grow colder, like wolves we all grow bolder,

Our axes we will shoulder and from pleasures resign.

To the woods we will all advance, our axes clearly

glance

As like brothers we commence for to fall the stately pine.

The shanty is our station, the woods our occupation, where each man has his station, with some to score and line.

It is nine foot of a block, and a chip with every knock, And the wolves and deer we'll shock at the falling of the pine.

From slumber we're awaking when day light is a-breaking,
And after breakfast taking, our axes we will grind.
Tho' the forst be sharply keen the air is always clean,
And we'll make the valley ring with the failling of
the pine.

Our shanty work is finished when winter is diminished; From timber we are banished for just a little time. When we see approach of summer we return to the timber And prepare to turn it all into handsome rafts of pine.

By water we're surrounded and fear is not unfounded,
And if we don't get wrecked all trouble we resign;
For the rapids that we run seem to us a lot of fun,
*Cause our troubles are all done when we're on our
rafts of pine.

O when we get to Quebec, O boys, we will not forget;
Our whistles we will wet with beandy and with wine.
With the girls we'll be amused till our money is all used,

Then, my boys, we won't refuse to go back and fall the pine.

FALSE LOVER I

The Broken Heart

Darling, Do You Known Who

Loves You?

The Dear Companion

Fond Affection

Fond Devotion

Fond of Affection

For I Have Loved You Dearly

Forsaken

Future Days

Go and Leave Me

If It's in Your Heart

I Have Loved You Dearly
I Once Did Love Your Fond
Affection
Little Darling, Pal of
Mine
Now Go and Leave Me, If
You Wish
Old Love Song
Once I Loved With Fond
Affection
The Railroad Flagman
Raven Dark Hair
Separation
Since You Think I am
Unworthy

The story theme of this song (and of those of like title which follow it) is the basis for literally hundreds of traditional and non-traditional songs. There is little originality in the parting of lovers following a misunderstanding or a quarrel, and the belief of one that deception was practiced by the other. Although many songs with this theme may appear to be the same, it is not necessarily the case. It is sometimes difficult to distinguish one such song from another, but that is because the folk process has fused them by mixing lines and stanzas from several into one. In the original versions of the various songs, however, distinctive differences did exist. This particular song is of British origin. It is not related, though, to the English song known as The False Lover and which may be seen in Baring-Gould (SW), IV, No. 97, pp. 30-31.

For a "country music" adaptation of this song, see Columbus Stockade Blues, No. 284, in this Master Book. A form of this song, recovered in Canada, is the Yon Green Valley in Creighton (MFS), 86-87. A remote form may be seen in Neely, 234-237.

REFERENCES

Belden (BS), 209-210
Belden (PLSB), No. 88
Brown, II, 398-408; IV,
222-225
Campbell & Sharp, No. 58
Combs (FSKH), 12-13
Greig, II, art. 169
Henry (BMFS), 52-53
Henry (FSSH), 250-251,
252-253
Henry (SSSA), 165-166

Jour (AFL), XLV, 70-71
Ord, 181-182
Owens (TFS), 90-91
Randolph, IV, 250-255
Ritchie (FS), 16
Sandburg (AS), 323
Sharp, II, 109
Sharp (AEFS), 40-43
Spaeth (WSM), 32-33

False Lover I Version A

Once I loved you, dearly loved you,
And you said that mine you'd be—
Till that dark-eyed girl came flirting,
Then you thought no more of me.

Chorus

Go and leave me if you wish to, Never let me cross your mind; If you think I am unworthy, Go and leave me, I don't mind.

You have wrecked a heart that loved you, You have hurt me night and day; You were false, and you were cruel, Yet I loved you anyway. Some dark night while you are sleeping, Dreaming of the love we shared, Know that I, the one who loved you, Has a heart that always cared.

How I wish I was like marble, Cold and white on some far shore; Then my heart would not be aching, And this pain I'd feel no more.

<u>Version</u> B

aka

The Railroad Flagman

Once I loved a railroad flagman, And he loved me happily Till another did perquade him— Now he cares no more for me.

Chorus

Go on, leave me if you wish to!
Go on, leave me, I don't mind.
Since my love is not worth having,
Never let me cross your mind.

Pretty flowers were made to blossom, And the stars were made to shine, Handsome men were made for women— But you are no longer mine.

Down among the reeds and rushes, Where the tall green willows wave, When I'm dead and in my coffin, There you'll find my lonely grave.

Version C

Fond Affection

Once I thought you truly loved me, And I loved you more than life; But another girl has won you And I'll never be your wife.

Chorus

Farewell, leave me if you want to! I have learned that love is blind. Farewell, leave me if you want to! Leave me, darling, I don't mind.

Many times with you I've wandered, But you know you're free to go; Thought that you were mine forever, Now I know it isn't so.

I am writing you this letter, Telling you that you are free; From this moment on, forever, You are nothing more to me.

May your life be long and happy,
May your troubles be but few;
May you find a place in heaven
When your life on earth is through.

No. 477

FALSE LOVER II also known as

The Broken Engagement
The Broken Vow
The Brown-Eyed Girl

Farewell, Farewell Forever
I Loved You Better Than You
Knew

I Wish That I Was Marble
Lover's Farewell
Met, Loved, Parted
Sweet the Hour When First
I Met You

Thou Hast Learned to Love
Another

We Have Met and We Have
Parted

You Have Learned to Love
Another

This form of the False Lover song has its roots in many sources, which probably accounts for the many versions and variants collected and published. It is almost certain that most American versions derived from a mid-19th century parlor song, Thou Hast Learned To Love Another, with words and music by Charles Slade. A copy of the song may be seen in Ditson's Home Melodist, 1859, p. 38. In broadside form it is No. 272 in the Partridge series, and begins:

Thou hast learned to love another,
Thou hast broken every vow;
We are parted from each other,
And my heart is lonely now.

For a complete text, see Belden (BS), 211.

The similarities to the piece given below are numerous and obvious, which leads to the assumption that traditional versions derive from Slade's song. It is possible, but not likely, that Slade based his song on folk stanzas and lines.

REFERENCES

False Lover II

We have loved and we are parting, How it hurts you'll never know; You have proved to be false-hearted, And you may forever go.

Chorus

Go and leave me if you want to, Go and leave me far behind; In your heart you love another, Go and leave me, I don't mind.

I will give you back your letters, And your picture on my wall; We will part to meet as strangers, Never more to speak at all.

You may go and love another, Go and take her for your bride; But I know my heart will suffer— Love can never conquer pride.

Though I love you as no other,

More than you can ever know;

But you broke the vow that binds us,

And you may forever go.

We are parting now forever,

Gathering flowers from the dell—

Oh, I pray that you may never

Feel the pain no words can tell.

Along the river bank I'll wander, Till I see you free once more, Then I'll plunge beneath its water, To land on some fair shore.

When your name is called in heaven, May you neither scringe nor sigh; Think of nothing you are leaving, Though it's hard to say goodbye!

No. 478

FALSE LOVER III also known as

Broken Engagement
The Broken Heart

They Were Standing By the Window

Though versions of this song share titles in common with other forms of the False Lover theme, the song itself is not related. The song smacks of being a 19th century parlor song, but it comes to us with little confirmable information. Author, omposer, and publisher are not known to me or any of the dozen other collectors, editors and researchers who have reported versions from traditional sources.

REFERENCES

Brown, II, 417-421; IV,

229-230

Davis (FSV), 90

Henry (BMFS), 56-57

Henry (SSSA), 149-150

Randolph, IV, 283-284

Shellans, 29

False Lover III

She was standing by her window, And the breezes kissed her cheek; He had waited long in silence, Waited long for her to speak.

At last she murmured softly,
As she raised her tearful eyes
With a look so full of sadness,
That it filled him with surprise:

"I've been told you love another,
That you never did love me;
If those cruel words are true, dear,
I forever set you free."

Then from her blue eyes faded
All the tender misty light,
And her small hands clenched in passion
While her face grew stern and white.

"Long you've held my soul in bondage, Long I've been your willing slave; Even now, though you forsake me, I would die your life to save.

"I'll return each little missive You have written in the past; But the burning words within them, They will haunt me to the last.

"Do not think that I'll forget you.

No, I'll live on just as now,

Till the arms of earth enfold me

And the dew is on my brow.

"Fare you well," she added gently,
As he seized her outstretched hand,
Covered it with burning kisses,
Whispering, "God will understand."

"Fare you well," he added hoarsely,
"But by yonder star above,
To deceive you I ne'er intended
When I told you of my love."

"He is gone," the white lips quivered; Lower bends the golden head, And the little hands were folded As the gentle spirit fled.

God in mercy sent an angel

To relieve her from all care,

For he knew the weight of sorrow

Was far more than she could bear.

FALSE LOVER IV also known as

Anna Lee

I have Finished Him a Letter

Annie Lee

It is Finished

The Finished Letter

Nothing More to Me

He is Nothing More to

The Jealous Lover

Saucy Anna Lee

Me

This represents the typical kind of song written by professional composers in the years prior to the Civil War. but I failed to find a professionally published version anywhere. Belden gave a version dated 1873, but the song is older than that.

For a similar song, see They Say He Courts Another in Hubbard, 123.

REFERENCES

Belden (BS), 213-214

Pound (SFSN), XIV, No. 20

Brown, II, 376-377; IV, Randolph, IV, 288-290

212-213

Shearin (SKFS), 25

Neely, 231-233

False Lover IV

I have written him a letter Telling him that he is free; From this moment on forever He is nothing more to me.

Now my heart is light and gayer, Since the deed at last is done: I will teach him now, when courting, He should never court but one.

Everybody in this village Knows that he's been courting me; But this morning he was riding With that saucy Anna Lee.

I am told he smiled upon her As she scantled by his side; And no doubt he's gone and promised To make Anna Lee his bride.

He can have her if he wants her,
If he loves her more than me;
But I want him to remember
He is nothing more to me.

Now he's coming in the gateway;
I will meet him at the door—
I will tell him that I'll love him,
If he'll court Miss Lee no more.

"Madam, I received your letter Telling me that I am free, That forever from this moment You are nothing more to me.

"You were chosen for the bride, I the groom was to be; But I want you to remember You are nothing more to me.

"Goodbye, Addie, goodbye, darling— Happy may you always be; But I want you to remember This all came from jealousy."

FALSE LOVER V

Blue Eyes
The Broken Engagement
Broken Ties
Broken Vows
Cold. Cold Clay

How Sadly My Heart Yearns

Toward You

I'm Thinking Tonight of My

Blue Eyes

Lament of a Lonely Lover

In this form the False Lover theme is more of a composite than anything, but it has gown to be more popular than all the others combined. Its tune has been appropriated over and over again, and smally quite successfully. For examples, we offer The Great Speckled Bird, a religious song, and the recent country music hit, Honky Tonk Angels. The trend began in the 1920s, set by A. P. Carter who lifted both text and music of False Lover V and turned out I'm Thinking Tonight of My Blue Eyes. The song is still a favorite with country-type music performers and their audiences.

REFERENCES

Brown, II, 415-417; IV, 229 Cambiaire, 103 Fuson, 140 Henry (FSSH), 235-236 Henry (SSSA), 167
Neely, 229-230
Quarterly (SFL), IV, 181
Randolph, IV, 333-334
Sizemore (1), 22

False Lover V

Oh, I know now it would have been better
For us both if we never had met;
For the pleasures we once shared together,
Have become the sorrows that I can't forget.

Oh, I'm thinking tonight of you, darling, While you're sailing far over the sea; I am thinking of how long I've loved you, And wondering if you have ever loved me.

Once you told me that you dearly loved me, Said that nothing could ever come between; But you sailed away on the ocean, And now your deceit I have seen.

Oh, how sadly my thoughts turn toward you, Even though you have broken my heart; What a terrible thing to let me love you, When you knew all along we would part.

When the cold, cold earth falls upon me, Won't you come, love, and shed just one tear? You can say to the strangers around you That a heart you have broken lies here.

How I wish you had not been unfaithful
To the dream that was once ours to share;
And I wish you were still here beside me,
So I could believe that you really do care.

No. 481

THE FALSE ROOSTER also known as

The Gray (Grey) Cock
The Lover's Ghost

Saw You My Father?
Saw You My True Love John?

As The Grey Cock this ballad is well-known in England and Scotland. According to Barry, the earliest record of The Grey Cock is 1772, when it appeared in Vocal Music, or The Songster's Companion, II, 36. This is

not entirely true, because part of the ballad was published by Herd in 1769, who then published all of it in 1776. William Chappell informs us that "This song is printed on broadsides, with the tune." Actual age of the ballad is not known, and neither is its source. It has been claimed that its form was taken from an older Irish song, The Lover's Ghost. This claim accounts for references to both songs that are found in some collections.

Our American version, The False Rooster, is often difficult to keep track of, because parts of it appear in many other songs, notably in Scotland. Most the text appears in Willie's Fatal Visit in Buchan (ABS), II. 259.

The tune also gets around. Minus text, it is printed in Thompson's Collection of 200 Country Dances, III, 99, published in 1775 and several other similar works. The tune was borrowed in America for a religious ballad, Saw Ye My Saviour?, which has been recovered from traditional oral sources by Flanders (BMNE), 122 and Jackson (SFS), 44-45.

REFERENCES

Barry (BBM), 310-313 Chappell (PMOT), II, 731 Child, IV, 389-390 Creighton (TSNS), 83-85 Dick, 100, 386 Herd (1769), 324 Herd (1776), II, 208 Hudson (SC), 8-9 Hughes, II, 64 Johnson (SMM), No. 76
Joyce (OIFMS), 219
Leach (BB), 611-612
Moore (BFSS), 113-115
Reeves (EC), 136-138
Sedley, 42-43
Sharp, I, 259-260
Thomson, III, 2
Williams (EFS), 52

Upon a summer's evening when the fever was a-dawning, I heard a fair maid make a mourn;

She was weeping for her father and a-grieving for her mother.

And a-thinking all on her true love, John.

"Have you seen my father? Have you seen my mother?

Or have you seen my true love, John?"

"I have not seen your father, nor have I seen your mother,

But, yes, I did see your true love, John.

"It's now late at night, the stars give no light, And wind and rain are coming on; He's met with some delay and it's keeping him away, But surely he will come before long."

Up young Johnny rose and to her door he goes,
And gently knocked, then knocked again.
The fair maiden responded quick, and to the door
she went

And opened it to let him in.

"Fly up, fly up," she told her rooster, "Fly up,
And crow to warn me when it's day;
I will reward you with flecks of gold, and after
you grow old,

You'll fly with wings of silver grey."

He perched upon a rafter and he proved false thereafter,
For when he crowed it was too soon.
The fair maid thought it day when she sent her lover
away,

And it was but the light of the moon.

THE FALSE TRUE LOVER

The False Lover Won Back

The True Lover

Apparently of Scottish origin, this song dates from between 1795 and 1806. Although it has been reported from several areas of the country, the song is quite rare in U. S. tradition. There are several similar songs, one of which is The Seven Seas in this Master Book.

REFERENCES

Belden (BS), 78
Buchan (ABS), I, 268
Buchan MSS, I, 114
Child, IV, 209-211
Christie, I, 144

Greig & Keith, 153

Jour (AFL), XXXIV, 395
397

Leach (BB), 575-576

Muir, 230

The False True Lover

There was a young and pretty maid Who loved a youth named John.
Upon a day she heard him say,
"It's time to travel on."

"Where are you going, John?" she said,
"And why so light and gay?
It seems to me, the way you look,
Your journey's far away."

He gave to her an awful frown, And said, "What's that to you? I'm off to see a lovely girl, And she is fair and true." "Then have you played me false, dear John,

In summer amid the flowers? Then I will pay you back again Amid the winter showers.

"No need to worry over me,
For false loves seldom win:
If you go out with other girls,
I'll go with other men."

She then put on her finest clothes, And after him went she; He said to her, "Go back again— You cannot go with me."

The first town that they came to,
He bought her a diamond ring.
And then he said, "Go back again—
I'm off to have a fling."

The next town that they came to, He bought her a pair of gloves. And then he said, "Go back again, And find some other loves."

The next town that they came to, His heart had grown more warm; And he was engrossed with her And love came like a storm.

The next town that they came to,

He bought her a wedding gown.

And now these two are man and wife,

And he is settled down!

THE FALSE YOUNG MAN

As I Stepped Out Last

Sunday Morning

As I Walked Out

As I Walked Out One May

morning

Come Along, My Own True Love

I Walked Out Last Sunday

Morning

Set You Down, My Own True

Love

This is an English love ballad that has developed some interesting versions in the hinterlands of America. Many of its lines have wandered from song to song, thus making it difficult to determine exactly where some of them rightfully belong. For examples, see and compare The House Carpenter in Davis (TBV), 469; The Lass of Roch Royal in Child, III, 511; and The False Young Man in Randolph, IV, 240-241. Also see: Sedley, 158-159.

The False Young Man

As I walked out last Sunday morning,
To hear the birds sing sweet,
I went and stood upon the cabin porch
Jus! to hear my true love speak.

"Come in, come in, my old true love, And sit awhile with me; For it's been almost seventeen months or more Since you sailed far over the sea."

I can't come in, and I won't sit down,
I haven't got the time;
For you've found yourself another sweetheart
to love,

And you are no longer mine.

Oh, once your heart belonged to me;
Your head lay on my breast;
And you made me believe, by the oath
that you swore,
That the sun rose in the West.

I'll never believe another girl,
In country or in town,
Unless she's standing on some mountain top
Saying she wants to come down.

No. 484

A FAMILY AFFAIR also known as

Fair Lucy Lizie Wan Lizzie May, <u>or</u> Wan Rosie Ann

This ballad is rare in American tradition, probably because of its incest theme. In all old songs that originally dealt with the subject of incest, Americans tend to muddy the issue or disregard it altogether. The original story of this ballad, for example, was completely rewritten as The Bloody Brother for distribution in America, where murder is more readily accepted than incest. The Bloody Brother is in the Nafis and Cornish Forget-Me-Not Songster, issued in 1845.

REFERENCES

Bronson (BAS), 52
Bulletin (FSSN), VII, 6-8
Child, I, 447-449
Coffin, 63
Flanders, I, 332-338
Flanders (BMNE), 143-145
Friedman, 159-160
Herd, I, 91

Herd MSS., I, 151; II, 78
Jour (EFDSS), I, 53-54
Leach (BB), 167-169
Morris, 257-259
Motherwell MS., 398
Niles (BB), 117-119
Sharp, I, 89

A Family Affair

Fair Lizzie sat down in her cold bedroom; She cried and she moaned all alone. Her father came home and he wanted to know The reason for her moan.

The reason is a fearful one,

Dear father, I'll tell you why:

I've found myself all filled with child,

And wish that I could die.

Fair Lizzie remained in her cold bedroom; She grieved and wept all through the day. Her mother stopped by, and she wanted to know: What ails you. Lizzie May?

The ailing is a dreadful one,
Dear mother, I'll tell you why:
I've found myself all filled with child,
And wish that I could die.

Fair Lizzie remained in her cold bedroom; She kneeled, and she prayed and she groaned. Her brother came in and demanded to know The reason why she moaned.

I'll tell you why, dear brother, she said, And most sorrowful you will be;

I've found myself all filled with child, And it's of you and me.

Upon the hearing of those true words, Her brother turned most angrily; And then he left her in her cold bedroom, As dead as she could be.

What will you do when your father comes home?

My son, will you answer me?

I'll sign upon some battleship, Mom,

And sail across the sea.

How far away, and for how long?

My son, will you answer me?

O, when the sun and moon both cease to shine,

And that may never be.

No. 485

FANNY MOORE also known as

Fair Fannie Moore

Fannie

Fair Fanny Moore

The Murder of Fanny Moore

According to Louise Pound this is a British ballad.

Not all collectors agree, however—an almost certain indicator that no one really knows. If, as some have claimed, the text describes an actual crime I have been unable to locate a record of it. For that reason, this song was not included among the group of "Historical" Murdered Girl songs given in this Master Book.

REFERENCES

Belden (BS), 139-141
Botkin (SFL), 720-721
Brown, II, 264-265
Cox (FSS), 441
Dean, 85-86
Flanders (NGMS), 233-234
Flanders (VFSB), 58-59
Jour (AFL), XXV, 12
Lomax (CS-1919), 219-221

Moore (BFSS), 168-169
Morris, 130-131
Owens (TFS), 75-77
Peacock, III, 610-611
Pound, 206-207
Pound (POB), 226
Randolph, II, 64-69
Shoemaker (MMP), 59-60
Shoemaker (NPM), 68-69

Fanny Moore

There's a cottage in the valley, Now deserted and alone; It has lately been neglected, And is greenly over-grown.

As you enter through the doorway, There's a stain upon the floor; And you're looking at the death blood Of the fair young Fanny Moore.

Young Fanny was a lovely girl,
And she played the loving game;
Her heart was sought by two young men,
And one had wealth and fame.

But the wealth he offered to her Could not her heart restore; For the farmer in the valley Was the one one she did adore.

Young Henry Mack, the farmer, He was of a low degree, But he wooed and won fair Fanny, And the one she wed was he.

Young William was quite angry; He came in at the door, And he quickly tried to take her, And she fell upon the floor.

As she begged for him to leave her, He refused to give her rest; Then he buried his long sharp knife In her snowy white breast.

They took and hung young William On a tree right near the door, For his taking of the fair life Of the lovely Fanny Moore.

Young Henry Mack, the farmer, Went distracted and wild; Then he wandered far, far from home, And never more did smile.

No. 486

FARE THEE, O MY HONEY, FARE THEE WELL also known as

We have no specific information regard this song, but it is undoubtedly of American origin and probably dates from the latter half of the 19th century. It is similar to many another <u>Fare Thee Well</u> songs. I have seen only one version in print, but it is quite unlike this one. See <u>Alice B</u>. in Sandburg (AS), 28-29.

Fare Thee, O My Honey, Fare Thee Well

I'm goin' West, I'm goin' far away,
So it's fare thee, O my honey, fare thee well.
You done your best, but I'm leavin' today,
So it's fare thee, O my honey, fare thee well.

I'm leavin' here, bound for another land,
So it's fare thee, O my honey, fare thee well.
I'll write you, dear, from 'cross the Rio Grande,
So it's fare thee, O my honey, fare thee well.

No. 487

FAREWELL, MY BROTHER

Pre-Civil War spiritual. According to Marsh (SJS), 185, this is one of the spirituals popularized by the original Fisk Jubilee Singers. For another version, see: Jubilee (PS), 22 and Pike, 264.

Farewell, My Brother

Farewell, my brother,
Farewell forever!
Farewell, my brother now,
For I am going home.
Oh! goodbye, goodbye,
For I am bound to leave you.
Oh! goodbye, brother,
For I am going home.

Shake hands, my brother,
Shake hands forever!
Shake my hand, dear brother, now,
For I'm bound to leave you.
Oh! goodbye, goodbye,
For I am bound to leave you.
Oh! goodbye, brother,
For I am going home.

No. 488

FAREWELL, O HONEY

also known as

Dink's Song

Fare Thee Well, O Honey

This hauntingly beautiful song was first printed by Lomax, who obtained it from the singing of a Memphis prostitute in Texas. During the 1950s-60s, almost every professional folk singer in the business included the song in their repertoires. The late Sam Cooke recorded an up-tempo version for RCA-Victor records, the closest the song came to popular music exposure.

REFERENCES

Ives (SA), 226-227 Lomax (ABFS), 195-196

Lomax (PB), 144

Lomax (USA), 66-67 Seeger (6), 88 Silverman, I, 151

Farewell, O Honey

If I had me some magic shoes,
I'd put 'em on and leave my blues,
Farewell, O honey, O honey, farewell.

A train rolled in and she got on; It rolled away and she was gone, Farewell, O honey, O honey, farewell.

If I had wings like Noah's dove,
I'd fly away to my true love,
Farewell, O honey, O honey, farewell.

A man may take, a man may give, But he needs love to really live, Farewell, O honey, O honey, farewell.

No. 489

THE FARMER I also known as

McDonald's Farm

Old MacDonald Had a Farm

This is an "aacumulative" song, and one widely known in the United States. It printed so frequently in music books and folios that collectors of folk songs usually pass it over. Nevertheless, it is traditional and can legitimately be classified as a folk song. It is more popular than Farmer II, of which it is a variant form.

See and compare Sweet Fields of Violo in Pound, 238-240.

REFERENCES

Bertail, 148

Kennedy (TAB), 116-118

Best. 21

Luther, 256

Brown, III, 174; V, 104

0kun, 230-231

The Farmer I

Old MacDonald has a farm, E-i-e-i-o!
And on this farm he had some chicks, E-i-e-i-o!
With a chick, chick here
And a chick, chick there,
And here a chick, there a chick,
Everywhere chick, chick—
Old MacDonald had a farm, E-i-e-i-o!

And on this farm he had some ducks, E-i-e-i-o!
With a quack, quack here,
And a quack, quack there,
And here a quack, there a quack,
Everywhere quack, quack—
Old MacDonald had a farm, E-i-e-i-o!

And on this farm he had turkeys, etc.
With a gobble, gobble her and, etc.
And on this farm he had some pigs, etc.
With a hoint, hoint here and, etc.
And on this farm he had a horse, etc.
With a he-haw here, and, etc.
And on this farm he had a cow, etc.
With a moo, moo her, and, etc.
And on this farm he had a dog, etc.

With a bow-wow here, and, etc.

No. 490

THE FARMER II also known as

Come Along, Girls, to the
Merry Green Fields
Come, Come
Come, Says Harry
In the Merry Green Fields
of Ireland
The Merry Green Fields
Away

The Merry Green Fields of
the Low Lands
My Grandfather Had Some
Very Fine Ducks
Oh, Grandma Had Some Very
Fine Geese
To the Merry Green Fields
Away

This "accumulative" song, with words and music credited to L. Compton, was published in sheet music form in the 19th century. Brown, in his headnotes to McDonald's Farm, says this song is a version of Old MacDonald. See and compare The Farmyard in Karpeles (EFS), II, No. 342 and Sweet Fields of Violo in Pound, 238-240. The Merry Green Fields, which is given elsewhere in this Master Book, is not related.

REFERENCES

Brown, III, 175-176 Chamberlain, 298 Jordan, 273-276 Jour (AFL), XXXI, 177
Randolph, III, 211-212

The Farmer II

My Grandfather had a very fine farm,

And a very fine stock had he—

With a big lot here, and a big lot there,

With here a lot, there a lot, here a lot, there a lot,

Come along, girls, to the merry green fields,

To the merry green fields away.

My Grandfather had some very fine ducks,

Some very fine ducks had he—

With a quack quack here and a quack quack there,

With here a quack, etc.

My Grandfather had some very fine hens,

Some very fine hens had he—

With a cackle cackle here, and a cackle cackle there,

With here a cackle, there a cackle,

Here and there a cackle—

With a quack, quack here and a quack quack there,

With here a quack, there a quack,

Here and there a quack,—

Come along, girls, to the merry green fields,

To the merry green fields away.

NOTE: Add as many animals as you like, adding each to the previous choruses until you run out of animals or breath. Examples:

My Grandfather has some very fine dogs, sheep, cows, goats, pigs, etc.

No. 491

THE FARMER AND THE SHANTY BOY also known as

The Farmer's Son and the

Shanty Boy

The Mossback

The Shanty Boy

The Shanty-Boy and the

Farmer's Son

The Shanty Boy Wins

Trenton Town

Lumbermen's song patterned on the medieval debat type of ballad; a type far more common in Great Britain than in America. Lomax dates this piece back to—at least—the 1840s. The tune resembles that of the Black Water Side in Flanders (BMNE), 39. There are also points of similarity in the text of an old English ballad, I Love My Sailor Boy, as recorded in Rickaby, 203. This piece was first printed as a typical "shanty song" by Arthur Hill in an article Life in a Logging Camp, Scribner's Magazine, XIII, June, 1893, 696 ff.

REFERENCES

Barry (MWS), 78-79

Beck (LLC), 163-166

Beck (SML), 103-106

Belden (BS), 443-445

Dean', 51-52

Eckstorm, 27-28

Flanders (NGMS), 166-169

Gardner (BSSM), 264-265

Jour (AFL), XXXV, 399-401

Lomax (ABFS), 446-447

Lomax (FSNA), 109-110

Rickaby, 48-53

Shoemaker (NPM), 215-217

The Farmer and the Shanty Boy

As I strolled out one evening, just as the sun went down, so carelessly I wandered till I came to Trenton Town.

I heard two maidens talking, as I slowly passed them by;

One said she loved a farmer's son, and the other a shanty boy.

The one who loved the farmer's son did speak again, and say:

"I love him because I know at home with me he'll stay.

He'll be at home all winter—to the shanties he'll

never go!—

And when the spring-time does arrive, the land he'll plough and sow."

"All for to plough and sow your land," the other girl did say;

*But the crops could be a failure, and the debts you couldn't pay.

When the crops turn out a failure, or the grain market is low,

The sheriff'll come and sell your land, to pay the bills you owe."

"As for the selling of the land, I now feel no alarm;
There is no need to be in debt when on a paying farm.
You raise your bread and clothing, and you never work
in the rain;

The shanty boy must work each day his family to maintain.

"But still you praise your shanty boy, who to the woods must go!

He starts work before daylight, and works through rain and snow.

My farmer boy stays at home, and beside me he does lie; He tells to me some tales of love while cold winds whistle by."

"Indeed, I praise my shanty boy; he early goes in fall.

He's so stout and hearty, too, and fit to stand the squall.

It's with pleasure every spring I receive him when he comes down;

His money then he freely spends, and never shows a frown.

"I could not stand those silly words your farmer's son would say-

They are so green the cows oft-times have taken them for hay-

How easy it is to know them when they come into town!

For little boys yell at them: 'Hey, Mossback! are you

down?'"

"For all I said of shanty boys, I hope you'll excuse me.
As for my ignorant farmer's son, I hope I'll soon be
free.

If ever I do get a chance, with a shanty boy I'll go;
I'll leave ol' Mossback-stay-at-home his land to plough
and sow!"

No. 492

A FARMER BOY also known as

The Farmer's Boy

To Be a Farmer's Boy

A sentimental English song that found a popular place in American music. According to Bell and Dixon, it is a song from the early part of the 18th century. It was frequently printed in England as a stall ballad by Pitts, Such, and Catnach, and in the United States by Wehamn and Wrigley. In the South, the tune was widely used as a dance piece. An informant told Franck C. Brown, "'The Farmer's Boy' is a grand tune for twistification." The Twistification, Brown explains, is a modified form of an intricate old dance known as The Grapevine Swing.

REFERENCES

Belden (BS), 272-273 Broadwood (ECS), 120-121, 134-135 Brown, III, 125-126; V, 67-69 Creighton (TSNS), 158 Davis (FSV), 71-72
Flanders (VFSB), 118-119
Hubbard, 197-199
Jour (AFL), LIV, 172
Kidson (TT), 63-65, 174
McCaskey, VIII, 139

Moore (BFSS), 230-231 Pound, 69-71 Pound (SFSN), II, 1 Randolph, I, 425-427 Stout, 27-28 Treat, 37-39

A Farmer Boy

The sun was sunk behind you hill, across you dreary moor, When poor and lame a boy there came up to a farmer's door.

"Can you tell me if here it be that I can find employ,
To plough and sow, to reap and mow, and be a famer's boy?

"My father's dead, and mother's left with five children, big and small;

And what is worse for mother still, I'm oldest of them all.

I'll work as hard as any turk, if you'll give me employ
To plough and sow, to reap and mow, and be a famer's boy.

"And if you won't give me employ, one favor I've to ask:
May I please stay till break of day, safe from the
winter's blast?

At break of day I'll trudge away, and elsewhere seek employ,

To plough and sow, to reap and mow, and be a famer's boy."

"Come, try the lad," the mistress said, "Let him no further seek.

He's far from home, and young to roam," and tears ran down her cheek.

"It must be hard to want for food, and wander for employ;
Don't turn him away, but let him stay and be a farmer's
boy."

Now when the boy became a man, the good old farmer died, And left the lad the farm he had, and his daughter for his bride.

The lad that was, the farm now has, oft smiles, and thinks with joy

Of the lucky day he came that way, to be a famer's boy.

No. 493

THE FARMER IN THE DELL also known as

The Farmer in the Den
The Farmer in the Well
Farmer's Den
The Farmer's in His Den
High-O-Cherry-O

ence list below.

High-0! for Rowley-0! High-0-Maderio High-0-Merry-0 High-0-Valerio Way. Ho! the Cherry 0!

This is a ring type game song. Text and tune are similar to the Dutch children's song, <u>In Holland Staat'n Hus</u>.

For directions on how to play the game consult the refer-

REFERENCES

Bancroft, 347-348
Bertail, 8
Bohme (2), 673
Botkin (APPS), 29, 97,
100
Brown, I, 146-150; V,
535
Brown (OEAG), 16
Bulletin (TFLS), VI, 3
Chase (OSSG), 35
Douglas, 37
Fauset (FLNS), 128
Florida 21, 296-297

Forbush, 46-48

Ford (TMA), 264-266

Haddon, 267

Hofer (CSG), 20

Hornby, 64

Johnson (EPG), 137

Jour (AFL), II, 310; VIII,

254-255; XXXI, 51-52;

LIX, 436; LX, 23

Linscott, 7

Lloyd, 46

Newell, 129-130

Pub (TFLS), I, 26

Quarterly (SFL), VI, 185-187 Wier (YAM), I, 135 Social Plays, 27 Whitney & Bullock, 142

Winn (1), 180 Wolford, 42-43

The Farmer in the Dell

The farmer in the dell. The farmer in the dell, Way, ho! the cherry O! The farmer in the dell.

The farmer takes a wife, etc. The child takes a nurse, etc. The nurse takes a dog, etc. The cat takes a rat, etc. The rat takes the cheese, et.

And so on, stanza after stanza.

No. 494

THE FARMER IN THE FIELD

This game song, usually found in the Southern states, is related to the above song, Farmer in the Dell. The tune is obviously a variation of Mulberry Bush, as given in this Master Book under TUNES. Cox has a version in Quarterly (SFL), VI, 191-192, where he describes how the game is played in the South. It was also employed as a nursery song.

The Farmer in the Field

O the farmer's in the field, In the field, in the field, O the farmer's in the field So early in the morning.

O he comes to plough the ground, etc.

Have you seen him sow the seeds? etc.

No. 495

THE FARMER IS THE MAN

The Farmer He Must Feed Them All
The Farmer Comes to Town The Farmer Is the Man Who Feeds
Them All

A humorous rural song with political overtones; it grew out of the economic unrest experienced by frontier and .Mid-West farmers between 1870 and 1890.

REFERENCES

Arnett, 120
Botkin (AFL), 879-880
Downes, 250-251 or 292293
Fowke (SWF), 96-97
Glass (SW), 42-43
Greenway, 213

Lomax (FSNA), 132
Randolph, III, 258
Sandburg (AS), 282-283
Scott (BA), 267-269
Seeger (6), 57
Siegmeister, 42-44
Whitman, 82

The Farmer is the Man

Lingenfelter, 485

When the farmer comes to town with his wagon broken down, Oh! the farmer is the man who feeds them all.

If you'll only look and see, I think you will agree,

That the farmer is the man who feeds them all.

Chorus

The farmer is the man, the farmer is the man! Lives on credit till the fall;

Then they take him by the hand, and they lead him from the land,

And the middle-man's the one who gets it all!

When the lawyer hangs around, while the butcher cuts a pound,

Oh! the farmer is the man who feeds them all!
When the preacher and the cook go strolling by the brook,
Oh! the farmer is the man who feeds them all!

When the banker says he's broke, and the merchant's up in smoke.

They forget that it's the farmer feeds them all!

It would put them to the text if the farmer took a rest,

Then they'd know it's the farmer feeds them all!

Final Chorus

The farmer is the man, the farmer is the man!

Lives on credit till the fall. With the interest rate

so high.

It's a wonder he don't die,
For the mortgage man's the one who gets it all!

No. 496

THE FARMYARD

also known as

The Animal Song
The Barnyard Song
Bought a Cow
Bought Me a Bird
Fiddle-I-Fee
Greenwood Trees

I Bought a Cow

I Bought Me a Rooster

I Had a Bird

I Had a Little Rooster

I Had a Rooster

I Love My Rooster

My Household

to a remote period. It is known in most European countries and there are many versions and variations extant in the United States. It is of the form and style of The Swapping Song (see in MB), but not the same as.

This song may be extended by the simple process of adding the names and characteristic sounds of various animals. Unlike this one, some versions are in a cumulative form. For a similar song with a common title, see I Had

The theme of this song is an ancient one, dating back

<u>A Little Rooster</u> in Yolen, 13-17.

Because of the various animals and like titles involved, this song is sometimes confused with <u>The Swapping Song</u>, but aside from the names of certain animals the two are not related.

REFERENCES

Armitage, II, 14 Arnold, 126 Brown, I, 89; III, 172-174; V. 102-104. Chambers (PRS), 190 Chase (AFTS), 171-174 Davis (FSV), 187 Downes (1943), 238 Gainer, 164-165 Galvin, 337 Greig, II, art. 159 Halliwell (NRE), 332 Halliwell (PRNT), 263 Karpeles (EFS), II, No. 336 Loesser, 42-43 Lomax (FSNA), 440-441 Moore (BFSS), 387-388

Morris, 418 Newell, 115-116 Randolph, III, 36-39 Reeves (EC), 111 Richardson (AMS), 77 Roberts (SBS), 197-198 Scarborough (NFS), 196 Seeger (1), 104-108 Seeger (4), 337 Sharp, II, 310 Shearin (SKFS), 35 Silverman, I, 312 **Sizemore** (1), 24 Talley, 145 Thomas (DD), 156-157 Winn (1), 47-49Wyman (LT), 6-13 Yolen, 18-19

The Farmyard

Had a bird, and the bird pleased me.

Fed that bird 'neath yonder tree.

The bird went tweedle-dee-dee.

Had me a cat, and the cat pleased me.

Fed my cat 'neath yonder tree.

The cat went meow, meow, meow.

Had me a dog, etc.
The dog went woof! woof! woof!

Had me a pig, etc.
The pig went oint, oint, oint!

Had me a sheep, etc.

The sheep went baa, baa, baa!

Had me a cow, etc.

The cow went moo, moo!

And so on, until you run out of animals.

No. 497

THE FATAL WEDDING also known as Wedding Bells

This song floated into the folk stream when forgotten by the commercial music firm responsible for its introduction and distribution. The Fatal Wedding was written and composed by William H. Windom and Gussie L. Davis, and was published by Spaulding, Kornder & Gray, New York, 1893. The copyright was assigned in 1908 to M. D. Swisher, Philadelphia. The widow of the composer finally gave the copyright to E. B. Marks, Inc. Both Bradley Kincaid and Vernon Dalhart made successful recordings of this song in the 1920s.

For another and completely unrelated song called The Fatal Wedding, see Randolph, IV, 279-280.

REFERENCES

Belden (BS), 141-143 Brewster (BSI), 329-333

Brown, II, 629-631; IV,

303-305

Davis (FSV), 71

Greenleaf, 368

Hubbard, 208

Hudson (FSM), 195-197

Hudson (SMFL), 57-58

Kennedy (AB), 259-260

Kennedy (TAB), 248-249

Neely, 163-164

Pound, 140-142

Pound (SFSN), V. No. 6

Randolph, IV, 277-279

Roberts (IP), 197-200

Spaeth (REW), 172-174

The Fatal Wedding

The wedding bells are ringing
On a moonlit winter's night;
The church was decorated,
All within was gay and bright.
A mother with her baby came
And saw the lights aglow;
She thought of how those same bells chimed
For her three years ago.

To let her pass inside.

"For baby's sake you may step in,"

The gray-haired man replied.

"If anyone knows reason

Why this couple should not wed,

Speak now, or hold your peace forever,"

Soon the preacher said.

"I must object," the woman cried
In voice so meek and mild,
"That bridegroom is my husband, sir,
And this our little child."

"What proof have you?" the preacher asked.

"My infant," she replied.

She raised the babe, then knelt to pray—

The little one had died.

The parents of the bride then took
The outcast by the arm,
"We'll care for you thro life," they said;
"You saved our child from harm."
The parents, bride and outcast wife
Then quickly drove away;
The bridegroom died by his own hand
Before the break of day.

No. 498

THE FATE OF JOHN BURGOYNE

This is a song from the American Revolution, and one of several written about the defeat of British General John Burgoyne, affectionately known as Gentleman Johnny. Historical background is this:

In the Spring of 1777, in preparation for a decisive campaign against the American rebels, the British government ordered General Burgoyne to push down the Hudson valley and to cut off New England from the rest of the Colonies. That Burgoyne failed in this mission is a matter of history.

American rebels were delighted to sing of the sorrows and misfortunes of Gentleman Johnny. The tune they used was the long familiar <u>Girl I Left Behind Me</u>.

Other versions are in Rabson, 48-49; Scott (BA), 75-76 and Silber (SI), 127-128.

When Jack, the King's commander bold,
Was going to his duty,
He smiled and bowed thro all the crowd
At every blooming beauty.
The Lower House sat mute as mouse
To hear his grand oration;
And all the peers with loudest cheers,
Proclaimed him to the nation.

The off he went to Canada,

Next to Ticonderoga;

And quitting those, away he goes

Straightway to Saratoga.

But the sons of freedom gathered round,

His hostile bands surrounded;

And when they'd fain have turned their backs,

They found themselves surrounded.

In vain they fought, in vain they fled;
Their chief, humane and tender,
To save the rest soon thought it best
His forces to surrender.
Thus may America's brave sons
With honor be rewarded;
And be the fate of all her foes
The same as here recorded.

No. 499

FAHHER'S WHISKERS

This was a parody of a very popular song, <u>The Parlor</u>, given elsewhere in this <u>Master Book</u>. College students and "barbershop wuartettes have kept the parody alive.

REFERENCES

Best, 61 Ford (TMA), 434-435 Silverman, II, 211

Father's Whiskers

Tune: The Parlor

We have a dear old father, To whom we daily pray; He has a set of whiskers— They're always in the way.

Chorus

Oh! they're always in the way!
The cows eat them for hay!
They hide the dirt in father's shirt—
They're always in the way.

We have a dear old mother, With whom at night he sleeps; She wakes up in the morning Eating shredded wheat.

We have a dear old brother; He has a Ford machine. He uses father's whiskers To strain the gasoline.

We have a dear old sister—
It really is a laugh,—
She sprinkles father's whiskers
As bath salts in her bath.

Now father has a son,
His name is Sonny Jim;
He wants to grow some whiskers,
But father won't let him.

Around the supper table
We make a merry group,
Until dear father's whiskers
Get tangled in the soup!

When father goes in swimming,
No bathing suit for him—
He ties his whiskers 'round
his waist
And gaily plunges in.

When father's in a tavern, He likes his lager beer; He pins a pretzel on his nose To keep his whiskers clear!

No. 500

FERD HEROLD BLUES

also known as

The Big Boat's Up the River

When I first heard this song, sometime during 1939, I was in New Orleans. It was sung by Lonnie Shelton, who knew many old river-type songs and really knew how to sing the blues. He called the song Big Boat's Up the River, but had no information concerning it that he could share with me. Later, after beginning research for this Master Book, I came upon the song in Mary Wheeler's Steamboatin' Days. According to her notes, the Ferd Herold was a steel hull packet owned by Ferd Herold, a brewer, and Peter Hauptman, a tobacco manufacturer, both of St. Louis. After operating for a time, in competition with established lines, and at a loss, the boat was sold to the Lee Line. She was finally dismantled and the hull was used for a barge. See Wheeler (SD), 53.

Big boat's up the river an' ain't comin' down!
Big boat's up the river an' ain't comin' down!
Lord, Lord!

I believe in my soul that boat's gone aground, Lord. Lord!

Hear that whistle, baby, hear that whistle blow! (2) Lord. Lord!

I believe in my soul that boat's on the go, Lord, Lord!

When I come home, baby, gonna sleep all day! (2).

Lord, Lord!

And then you 'n' me, babe, gonna love the night away,
Lord, Lord!

<u>Ferd Herold's</u> up river for a long, long time! (2)

Lord. Lord!

If she ain't movin' soon, I'm a-gonna lose my mind!

Lord, Lord!

No. 501

FEW DAYS

also known as

I Am Going Home

I'm A-Goin' Home

This is a "campground" or "revival meeting" spiritual, and it was sung by both white and black people. John G. McCurry, compiler of the Social Harp, said he wrote the song about 1855. Not true, of course, because the song was published nine years earlier, 1846, in White's Negro Singer's Own Book, p. 96.

The song was parodied and adapted many times, generally for secular use. For examples, see versions \underline{B} and \underline{C} below.

For an early adaptation, see <u>Hurrah for Home!</u> elsewhere in this <u>Master Book</u>. For an 1856 Presidential campaign song using the tune, see <u>Buchanan vs Fremont II</u> in this <u>Master Book</u>. For a different religious text—the one John G. McCurry wrote about 1850— see <u>Navagation</u> in McCurry, 165.

Version B, a parody known as I've Got a Home Up Yonder, or There Was an Ole Fish, is also in Jackson (WSSU), 265 and Richardson (AMS), 72. Version C, another parody, is also in Finger (FB), 165 and Scarborough (NFS), 200 as Zaccheus Climbed the Sycamo' Tree.

REFERENCES

Chase, 199-200

Jackson (SFS), 223

Jackson (WSSU), 265

Lomax (ABFS), 566 McCurry, 209

Few Days

Version A

I pitch my tent on this camp-ground,
Few days, few days,
And give ol' Satan one more round,
Then I am going home.
I can't stay in these diggings,
Few days, few days,
I can't stay in these diggings,—
I am going home.

Version B

A big old fish that was a whale, A few days, and a few days, Swallowed Jonah head and tail, And I'm a-goin' home. I got a home up yonder, A few days, and a few days: I got a home up yonder
And I'm a-going home.

Version C

Zaccheus climbed the Sycamo' tree,
Few days, few days!
Zaccheus climbed and didn't tell me,
Few days, get along home.
O he's way up yonder!
O he's way up yonder!
O he's way up yonder in the Sycamo' tree!

Zaccheus climbed his Lord for to see,

Few days, few days!

He's sittin' on a limb in that tree!

Few days, get along home.

O he's way up yonder!

O he's way up yonder!

O he's way up yonder in the Sycamo' tree!

No. 502

FIDDLERS' GREEN

According to Dolph, this song "is clearly another relic of frontier days and should be classed with 'The Wide Missouri' and the old Fourth Cavalry song, 'Old Arizona.'" See Dolph, 25-26 and Whiteman, 49.

Fiddlers' Green

Half-way down the trail to hell,
In a shady meadow green,
Are the souls of all dead troopers camped
Near a good old-time canteen.
And this eternal resting place
Is known as Fiddlers' Green.

Marching past, straight thro Hell, The Infantry are seen, Accompanied by the Engineers, Artillery and Marine. For none but the shades of Cavalrymen Dismount at Fiddler's Green.

Tho: some go curving down the trail To seek a warmer scene. No trooper ever gets to Hell Ere he's emptied his canteen. And so rides back to drink again With friends at Fiddlers' Green.

And so when man and horse go down Beneath a saber keen, Or in a roaring charge or fierce melee You stop a bullet clean, And the hostiles come to get your scalp, Just empty your canteen. And put your pistol to your head And go to Fiddlers Green.

No. 503

THE FILIPINO HOMBRE

This song is from the Philippine Insurrection. According to Trident, the words were written by Captain Lyman A. Cotten, U. S. N. The tune was borrowed.

REFERENCES

Dolph, 188-190 Luther, 291

Sandburg (AS). 434-435 Trident, 146-147

The Filipino Hombre

Tune: The Gay Caballero

There once was a Filipino hombre,
Who ate rice, pescado y legumbre;
His trousers were wide, and his shirt
hung outside,

And this, I may say, was costumbre.

And the rest of the family nearby.

His daddy un buen' Filipino,
Who never mixed tubig with bino,
Said, "I am no insurrecto, no got gun
or bolo,"—

Yet used both to kill a vecino.

His <u>mujer</u> once kept a <u>tienda</u>,
Underneath a large stone hacienda.
She chewed <u>buyo</u>, and sold for jaw-bone and gold

To soldados, who said, "No en tienda."

His brother, who was a cochere,

Buscare' in Manila dinero;

His prices were high when a cop was

near by

To help scare the poor pasajero.

He once owned a <u>bulic manoc</u>,

With a haughty and valorous look,

Which lost him a name, <u>y mil peso también</u>,

So he changed to Monte for luck.

When his pueblo last held a <u>fiesta</u>,

His <u>familia</u> tried to digest a

Mule that had died of glanders inside,

And now his <u>familia</u> no esta.

No. 504

A FINE OLD ENGLISH GENTLEMAN

This song was adapted from the much older ballad, The Old and Young Courtier, which begins:

An old song made by an aged old pate

Of an old worshipful gentleman, who had a

great estate,

That kept a brave old house at a bountiful rate.

And an old porter to relieve the poor at the gate;

Like an old courtier of the Queen's And the Queen's old courtier.

In Pepys Diary, under June 16, 1668, we read: "Come to Newbery, and there dined— and musick: a song of the 'Old Courtier of Queen Elizabeth,' and how he was changed upon the coming of the King, did please me mightily, and I did cause W. Hewer to write it out."

In the adapted form of A Fine Old English Gentleman, the song was obtained by a vocalist, Henry Phillips.

A copyright infringement suit was brought by a Mr. Purdy, of Holborn, who was declared by the court to be the legal owner of the tune. Since then, the song has undergone several more adaptations. See and compare A Fine Old Irish Gentleman and The Fine Old Southern Gentleman in this Master Book.

The version given below is from Johnson (FS), 435-438.

A Fine Old English Gentleman

I'll sing you an ballad that was made by an old pate,
Of a poor old English gentleman, who had an old estate;
He kept a brave old mansion at a bountiful old rate,
With a good old porter to relieve the old poor at the gate,
Like a fine old English gentleman, all of the olden time.

When winter cold brought Christmas old, he opened house to all,

And tho three score and ten his years, he featly led the ball;

Nor was the houseless wanderer then driven from the hall.

For while he feasted all the great, he ne'er forgot the

small—

Like a fine old English gentleman, all of the olden time.

But time, tho old, is strong in flight, and years roll'd swiftly by.

When autumn's falling leaf foretold this poor old man must die!

He laid him down right tranquilly, gave up life's latest eigh,

While heavy sadness fell around, and tears bedewed each eye-

For this good old English gentleman, all of the olden time.

No. 505

A FINE OLD IRISH GENTLEMAN

This is an adaptation of the former song. The words were written by J. Brougham. For other versions, see Jordan, 227-230 and Levy, 140-141.

A Fine Old Irish Gentleman Tune: A Fine Old English Gentleman

- I'll sing you a fine old song made by a fine old paddy's pate,
- Of a fine old Irish gentleman who never worked and grew tired of his estate.

Except a fine old patch o' potatoes that he liked exceedingly to ate,

For they were beef to him and mutton, too, and barring

a Red Herring or

a rusty rasher of bacon now and then,

Almost every other sort of mate,

Yet this fine old Irish gentleman was one of the real old stock.

His cabin walls are covered o'er with good old Irish mud, Because he could not afford to have any paper hanging,

And between you and me,

He wouldn't give a damn for them if he could; And just as proud as Julius Sayser

Or Alexander the Great,

This independent ragamuffin

Stood with a glass of fine old Irish whiskey in his fist,
Which he's decidedly of opinion will do a mighty deal
of good

To this fine old Irish gentleman, all of the real old stock.

Now this fine old Irish gentleman wore mighty curious clothes.

Tho: for comfort I'll be bail that they'd bate

Any of your fashionable beaus-

For when the sun was very hot

The gentle wind right thro his ventilation garments most beautifully blows;

And he's never troubled with any corns, and I'll tell you why:

Because he despises the weakness of wearing anything as hard as leather on his toes—

Yet this fine old Irish gentleman was one of the real old stock.

No. 506

THE FINE OLD SOUTHERN GENTLEMAN also known as Taylor, the Fine Old Southern Gentleman

This adaptation of the Old English Gentleman was not meant to be political, though it celebrated the name of General Zachary Taylor, who was the successful Whig candidate for President in 1848. The text is in The Rough and Ready Songster, New York, 1848. Other versions are in Dolph, 410-411 and Luther, 117-118.

The Fine Old Southern Gentleman

I'll sing to you an honest song,
Made by an honest fate,
Of a fine old Southern gentleman
Who owns a fine estate;
And who, in peace or war, or both,
Has ever been first-rate.
An honor, too, to old Kentuck',
His noble, native State,
This fine old Southern gentleman,
One of the present time.

He isn't like your "nice young men"—
Your dandy Broadway beaux—
Who smell of Goraud's "eaux jasmine,"
And all other kinds of eaux!
And pinch, in true Parisian boots,
The excruciated toes—
He never "cut a swell"—a friend—
Or aught but fighting foes,
This fine old Southern gentleman,
One of the present time.

No. 507

THE FINEST FLOWER

also known as

Covent-Garden
Cupid's Garden
Down in Cupid's Garden
Lovely Nancy

The Lover's Meeting
Pretty Nancy
'Twas Down in Cupid's
Garden

This song was originally recovered by Gale Huntington "from a broadside pasted in the back cover of the Hercules journal," where "it had no title." William Chappell thought Cupid's Garden was a corruption for "Cuper's Garden," which was "a celebrated place of amusement on the Thames." (Cuper's Garden closed in 1753).

Many versions of this old song are still available in print, not a few from oral sources. Several sets of words are sung to the tune, but all are about "Cupid's Garden."

The version known as <u>Lovely Nancy</u> is not related to other songs of that title.

In addition to broadside versions by Catnach and by Such, versions are in R. Brimley Johnson's <u>Popular British</u>
<u>Ballads</u>, <u>II</u>, 246; Vocal Library, 539; and <u>The Hullah</u>
<u>Song Book</u> (1886), 94-95.

REFERENCES

Chappell (PMOT), 727-728 Ford (VSBS), II, 100-101 Huntington, 90-94

Notes, 9th series, XI,

Stokoe, 186-187

The Finest Flower

It was down in Covent Garden one day I chanced to rove,
To view the finest flower that in the garden grows.
The one it was the Chemink, pink lily and the rose,
Which was the finest flower that in the garden grows,
That in the garden grows.

The one was lovely Nancy, most beautiful and fair;
The other was a virgin that still the laurel wear.
In hand and hand together this lovely couple went;
Resolved was the sailor to know the maid's intent,
To know the maid's intent.

Altho that she did slight me because that I was poor;
Oh, no my love, no not my love, I love a sailor dear.
Down in Portsmouth Harbor our ship lies waiting there,
All fitted out for sea, my boys, when the wind it shall
blow fair,

When the wind it shall blow fair.

If ever I shall return again, w happy I shall be
To have my own true love set dangling on my knee.
And if ever I should return again unto my native shore,
I will marry pretty Nancy and go to sea no more,
And go to sea no more.

No. 508

PIRE DOWN BELOW also known as Fire! Fire!

A shanty with many versions extant, some with distinctive texts but most of which deals with one of the most dreaded dangers aboard ship—fire. Sung by British as well as American seamen, the shanty came ashore and became a game song for children.

REFERENCES

Colcord, 117
Davis (SSC), 76-77
Harlow, 124-126
Hugill (1), 519-522

Langstaff (1), 64-65 Seeger (1), 162-163 Sharp (EFC-2), 27

Fire Down Below

Oh! there's fire in the lower hole!
There's flame down below!
Fire in the Mainwell—
The captain didn't know!

Chorus

Fire! Fire! Fire down below!
Oh, bring a bucket of water, girls,
There's fire down below!

Oh, there's fire in the fore-top, There's flame in the main! Fire in the windlass, And there's fire in the chain!

As I strolled out one morning fair All in the month of June, I overheard a Southern girl A-singing this old tune.

No. 509

THE FIRE SHIP I also known as

As I Was Walking Down Ratcliffe Ratcliffe Highway Highway

A common theme runs through this song and the two that follow it, Fire Ship II and III: A sailor gets involved with a harlot. The story can develop in two ways, so that endings differ. In one, the sailor is robbed by the harlot; in the other, the sailor catches a venereal disease from her. All forms are obviously related, and closely, too, but the various songs are not necessarily

sung to the same tune.

All such songs are generally couched in nautical double entendre, meaning that sexual words and phrases are partially disguised.

Fire Ship I is English and quite old, but its popularity aboard American vessels was as great as aboard English ships.

For an unrelated <u>Ratcliffe</u> <u>Highway</u> song, see: Ashton (MSB), 262-264.

REFERENCES

Doerflinger, 114-116 Hugill (1), 200-202

Hugill (2), 211-213

Sedley, 8-9

Shay (ASSC), 205-206

Williams (EFS), 85

The Fire Ship I

Along Ratcliffe Highway, as I looked all around, I spied a flash packet all solid and sound. As soon as I seen her I slacked me main brace, And I hoisted me stuns'ls an' quickly gave chase.

Chorus

O me riggin's slack an' me rattlin's are frayed; I've rattled me rigging down Ratcliffe Highway!

Her flag was three colors, her masthead was low,

She was round at the counter and bluff at the bow;

From larboard to starboard a roller was she—

She was sailing at large, she was running free.

I fired me bow-chaser, a signal she knew; She backed her main tops'l an' for me hove to. I lower'd me jolly-boat an' pulled alongside, An' found that her gangway was open and wide.

I tipped her me flipper an' towrope an' all; She then let her hand on me reef-tackle fall. She took me right up to her lily-clean room, An' in her main riggin' I fouled me jibbon.

I enter'd her cubby-hole an' swore damn yer eyes, For she was a fireship rigged up in disguise. She had a foul bottom from sternpost to fore, An' between wind an' water she ran me ashore.

She set fire to me riggin' an' fire to me hull;
Away to the lazareet I had to scull.
With helm hard-a-starboard as I rolled along,
Me shipmates all cried, "Jack, yer mainyard is sprung!"

I'm now safe in harbor, me moorings all fast;
I'll lay here quite snug, boys, till danger is past.
With mainyard all served, boys, an' parcel'd an'
tarr'd—

Wasn't that a stiff breeze, boys, that sprung me mainyard?

A drink to the gal with the black, curly locks!

A drink to the gal who ran me on the rocks!

A drink for the quack, boys, who eased all me pain!

If I meet that flash packet I'll board her again!

No. 510

THE FIRE SHIP II also known as

Fire Ship in Disguise One of the Rakish Kind The Pirate Ship
The Rakish Kind

This is a later version of Fire Ship I. It is also more widely known in America, probably because of a popular adaptation by Jessie Cavanaugh and Arnold Stanton, One of the Rakish Kind, that became a big

hit in 1950 as a result of a recording by Guy Mitchell.

REFERENCES

Hugill (1), 171-172

Johnson (BBLL), 46

Leisy (SPS), 178-179

The Fire Ship II

As I strolled out one evening
For a night's career,
I spied a lofty fire ship
An' to her I did steer.
I hoisted her my signals,
Which she very quickly knew,
An' when she saw my bunting fly
She very soon hove to.

Chorus

She'd a dark and rolling eye, An' her hair hung down in riglets; She was a nice girl, a decent girl, But one of the rakish kind.

O, sir, you must excuse me,
For I know it's late,
An' if my parents knew it,
O, sad would be my fate.
My father is a preacher—
A good an' honest man,
An' my mother is a Methodist—
I do the best I can.

I took her to a tavern, Treated her to wine, And I was so enchanted I nearly lost my mind. I hugged and kissed and fondled, And I found to my surprise, She was nothing but a fire ship All rigged up in disguise.

We lay in bed together
With our bodies bare,
And then I fired my cannon
Into her thatch of hair.
Then broadside followed broadside
Until all my shot was spent;
Then I rammed that fire ship's waterline
Until my ram was bent.

She took her leave next morning,
Took my money too;
My clothes were gone, and my watch,
And nothing could I do.
She left behind a souvenir
Her gratitude to show;
For in nine days, to my surprise,
I felt the fire below!

Now all you jolly sailors
Sailing on the sea,
From England to America,
A warning take from me:
Beware of lofty fire ships,
They will surely ruin you;
They'll empty out your shot locker
And pick your pocket too!

No. 511

THE FIRE SHIP III also known as

Strolling Through Norfolk While Strolling Through Norfolk

This is an American adaptation of the above songs, Fire Ship I and II.

REFERENCES

Shay (DFW), 69

Trident, 38

The Fire Ship III

While strolling through Norfolk
One day on a spree,
I spied a fair packet
With sails flying free.
Her flag was three colors,
Her masts they were low,
She was broad in the counter
And bluff in the bow.

Chorus

Singing fal de-i-rol-ee, Sing fal de-i-rol-ee, Sing fal de-i-rol-ee, Sing fal de-i-aye!

I gave her a signal,
A signal she knew;
She backed round her main yards
And quickly hove to.
I hailed her in English,
She answered "Okay!"
She was from the back country
And bound for the Bay.

And at me she bore,
And yard-arm to yard-arm
We sailed near the shore.
We sailed along gaily,
All steaming with heat,
Until she dropped anchor
On Waterfront street.

I took a tow from her,
And up in her room,
I fell to deck with her
And opened her womb.
She treated me royally,
Just like a guest,
And I knew when I left her
That I'd had the best!

No. 512

THE FIRST BANJO also known as

The Ark
The Banjo Song
De Fust Banjo

Old Noah
The Possum and the
Banjo

This song is derived from an extract of Irwin Russel's dialect poem, Christmas Night in the Quarters, which dates from 1878. Some unknown composer took lines 184 through 227 and set them to music—a piece that has come to be known as The First Banjo. It has earned a place in folk tradition, because, as Smith (SCB) says, "it's folk genealogy is unimprachable."

REFERENCES

Cox (FSS), 508-509 Hubbard, 345-346 Randolph, II, 324-327 Smith (SCB), 42-44 Talley, 44-45

The First Banjo Version A

Go way, old fiddle,

I'm tired of hearin' you a-squawking!

Stay quiet for your betters—

Don't you hear the banjo talking?

All 'bout the possum's tail

The banjo's gonna lecture. Listen

About the hair that isn't there,

And why that hair is missin'.

Gonna have an overflow,
Says Noah, looking solemn;
And then he took the paper
And he read the river column.
Then he put his men to work
Clearing timber patches;
Swore he was gonna make a boat
To beat the steamer Natchez.

Noah's neighbors laughed,
But he knew what was gonna happen;
For forty days and forty nights,
The rain kept right on droppin'.
The rain it stuck to pourin' down
So burdensome and heavy,
The river rose immediately
And busted through the levee.

Noah's ark kept on sailin', A-sailin' and a-sailin'; The lion got his dander up And busted through the railin'. Then Sam, our only nigger, Was sailin' in the packet, Got lonesome in the barber-shop And couldn't stand the racket.

Thought he would amuse himself,
And steamed some wood and bent it;
Soon he had a banjo nade,
But at first he didn't mean it.
He wet some leather, stretched it on,
Made bridges, screws, and aprons;
He fit it to the proper neck,
Made very long and tapering.

'Gourse the possum he is here,
As fine as I am singing;
The hide upon the possum's tail
Will do for banjo stringing.
He took the hide and shaved it out
From little e's to graces;
He strung her up, he tuned her up
From little e to basses.

Straightaway he struck a jig,
And said, "Forget the weather!"
It sounded just like twelve banjos
A-playin' all together.
Some were patting, some were dancing,
And Noah called the figure;
The happiest man in that crowd
Was Sam, our only nigger.

<u>VERSION</u> B

aka The Ark, Talley, 44-45

Ole Nora had a lots o' hands A-clearin' new ground patches; He said he's gwinter build an Ark, An' put tar on de hatches.

He had a sassy Mo'gan hoss
An' gobs of big fat cattle;
An' he driv' em all aboard de Ark,
W'en he hear de thunder rattle.

An' dem de rover riz so fas'
Dat it bust de levee railin's.
De lion got his dander up,
An he lak to a broke de palin's.

An' on dat Ark wuz daddy Ham—
No udder Nigger on dat packet.
He soon got tired o' de Barber Shop,
Caze he couldn' stan' de racket.

An' den jes to amuse hisself, He steamed a board an' bent it, son. Dat way he got a banjer up, Fer ole Ham's de fust to make one.

Dey danced dat Ark from een to een,
Ole Nora called de figgers;
Ole Ham, he sot an' knocked de chunes,
De happiest of de niggers.

No. 513

FISHER'S HORNPIPE

The <u>Hornpipe</u> is an English traditional dance. This tune is an American variation, but one widely played by fiddlers at "country" dances. There is no known text, except

ME

for those words used by individual "callers" to direct movements and steps of "square dancers."

For the melody,

see: FISHER'S HORNPIPE under TUNES.

For other traditional arrangements, see:

Burchenal, 47 Ford (OTFM), 24

Ford (TMA), 39

Linscott, 77

Ryan, 146

Silverman, I, 315

No. 514

FIVE TIMES FIVE

This children's piece could be an extract or a floater, because it shows up in various places as part of other songs, such as <u>Charlie I</u> (Weevily Wheat) in this <u>MB</u>. Also see and compare: Botkin (APPS), 349; Botkin WFL), 787-788; and the <u>Twistification</u> piece in Botkin (APPS), 38 and Lomax (FSNA), 316.

Five Times Five

Five times five is twenty-five, Five times six is thirty, Five times seven is thirty-five, Five times eight is forty.

Way down in the cypress swamp
Water is deep and muddy,
Fell in love with a pretty little girl,
But she wed my buddy.

Five times nine is forty-five, Five times ten is fifty, Five times 'leven is fifty-five, Five times twelve is sixty. Take that pretty girl by the arm, Lead her like a pigeon, Make her dance just one more time And scatter her religion.

No. 515

THE FLAT RIVER GIRL

The Flat River Raftsman

Jack Hagade, or Haggerty

Jack Haggerty's Flat River

Gal, or Girl

Jack Haggerty's Lament
Jack Hargaty
Tom Willoughby

A song once widely known in lumbercamps. Like most floating songs, this one wasn't always sung to the same tune. The "Flat River" referred to in the song is a matter in contention. Linscott thought the river referred to is near Greenville, Maine, "at the foot of Moose Lake." Both Rickaby and Sandburg selected the Flat River that flows through southern Michigan.

For a detailed discussion of the ballad's origin, see Geraldine Chickering's The Origin of a Ballad in Modern Language Notes, I, 465-468.

For an adaptation, see The Cowboy's Flat River Girl in Beck (LLC), 149-150.

REFERENCES

Barry (MWS), 39, 74-75
Beck (FLM), 262-263
Beck (LLC), 140-148
Beck (SML), 124-131
Botkin (NEF), 876-877
Botkin (WFL), 768-769
Brown, II, 610-611

Carmer (SRA), 17-18
Cazden, II, 100-101
Cazden (MD), 100-101
Doerflinger, 245-246
Eckstorm, 124-126
Friedman, 421-423
Gardner (BSSM), 267-269

Glass (SFRF), 17-18
Gordon (FSA), Aug. 28, 1927
Jones, 4
Kennedy (AB), 212-213
Kennedy (TAB), 271-272
Laws C 25

Linscott, 214-217
Pub (MLN), XXXV, 465-468
Rickaby, 3-10
Sandburg (AS), 392-393
Shoemaker (NPM), 218-219

The Flat River Girl

Come listen all you fellows,
For what I say is true:
Never believe in a woman—
You are lost if you do.
And should you chance to meet one
With hair all combed to curl,
Just think of William Willoughby
And his Flat River girl.

Her form was like the willow,
So slender and so neat,
And she was a thing of beauty
From her head down to her feet.
Her laughter was like music
As it floated on the breeze;
And she said she truly loved me
As we strolled through the trees.

She's just a blacksmith's daughter,
On the Flat River side,
But I had always intended
For to take her as my bride.
Then one day on the river
A letter came to me,
And it said I should forget her,
That our love could never be.

I know her ugly mother,
And I know she is to blame;
She caused my love to leave me,
And take another name.
I never will forgive her,
For she robbed me of a wife;
And when I think of her treach'ry,
It nearly takes my life.

No. 516

THE FLOATERS

"Floaters" are lines, stanzas, and refrains that show up in more than one song, sometimes in several, sometimes slightly altered and sometimes word for word. For example, the following lines are genuine floaters:

The higher up the cherry tree and

I wish I had a needle and thread.

Both lines are found in dozens of songs, and it is improbable that we will ever know in which song either of them first appeared.

Often two lines are encountered in one song, while it one without the other is found in other songs. Examples are "the New Cut road" and "the Tarrepin and the Toad," which appear in Charleston Gals in Allen (SSUS), 88, but show up separately in other songs. We find Miss Tarrepin and Miss Toad in a piece in Talley, 162. Both lines are together again in versions of Hold My Mule and Picayene Butler in Scarborough (NFS), 105 and Sandburg (NAS), 37. These two songs also contain two additional floating lines:

My old mistis promised me
When she died she'd set me free.

(1).78-79

The "I love coffee, I love tea" line is another well-known floater, though usually in slightly altered form. The oldest form of it I have seen is in the English nursery jingle, I Love Coffee and Billy Loves Tea, recorded in Halliwell (NRE), 86. It shows up, too, as "she loves coffee and I love tea" and "he loves sugar and tea." The most recent use of the line "I love coffee, I love tea" is in the 1940s Decca record hit by the Ink Spots, Java Jive.

A large number of "floaters" are found in spirituals.

For example, Run, Mary, Run and Tell All the World, John share the line: "I know the other world is not like this." In Goin' Down to Jordan, reported in Odum (NHS), 124, we find two sets of floaters:

"Ole Satan's a liar an' a conjurer too,

If you don't mind he'll conjure you"

and

"Ole Satan mad an' I am glad,
He missed a soul he thought he had."

In the same collection, Odum (NHS), 140, we find two lines that appear in dozens of songs:

"Who is that yonder dressed in red?"

"It look like the children Moses led."

Other lines found in many songs are "Sally's got a house in Baltimore and it's full of chicken pie," and "I've got a girl in Baltimore and she's sixteen stories high."

For examples of such variations, see: Baltimore I in this MB and Riding in a Buggy, Miss Mary Jane in Seeger

Occasionally a song is found to be made up almost entirely of lines from various songs. Roll That Brown Jug Down to Town in Seeger (1), 88-89, consists of many lines from The Drunken Sailor, Way Down in Alabam, and Sandy Land. In the same collection, Seeger (1), 145 & 96-97, the chorus of one song is given as the second

Rises) sports the chorus of Liza Jane.

One of the most frequently encountered stanzas in various versions of traditional songs is

Fare you well, my own true love,

O fare you well for a while;

But I will surely come back again,

If I go ten thousand mile.

For examples, see <u>The False True Lover</u> (1st stanza) in Belden (BS), 480-482, <u>The True Lover's Farewell</u> (2nd stanza) in Butterworth, 20-21, and the same title (6th stanza) in Sharp, II, 114-116 D. The stanza serves as a chorus for <u>Winter's Night</u> in Arnold, 14-15.

Perhaps the most famous and widely distributed floating stanzas are

Who will shoe your pretty little feet?
Who will glove your hand?
Who will kiss your red, rosy lipe
While I'm in some foreign land?

Papa will shoe my pretty little feet,

Mama will glove my hand;

You will kies my red, rosy lips

When you return from some foreign land.

These two stanzas, usually identified with versions of the Lass of Roch Royal, are found in versions of the following songs: The Blue-Eyed Boy, Careless Love, Cold Winter's Night, The False Young Man, The Foolish Girl, Free Little Bird, The Gambling Man, The House Carpenter, The Irish Girl, John Hardy, John Henry, Kitty Kline, Lord Randal, My Dearest Dear, My Lady's Slipper, The New-Slain Knight, The Rejected Lover, Storms Are Over the Ocean, True Lover's Farewell, Wild Bill Jones, plus innumerable others. In addition, the same two stanzas are frequently encountered on their

own, as a song in their own right. "Such lyric matter," writes Flanders, II, 175, "belongs to no one song and cannot be used to identify texts. Originally it must have wandered into Child 76 much as it has wandered into ten thousand other places."

Another stanza that floats from song to song is

O don't you see that turtle dove

A-skipping from vine to vine,

A-mourning the loss of its own true love

Just as I mourn for mine?

American singers were extremely fond of certain ideas and images, and expressed them over and over again. One such idea is "getting away from it all." Apparently the most popular way to "get away from it all" is to move up high, like

I'll build me a castle
On a mountain so high,
Where my true love can see me
When she passes by.

The third and fourth lines are often varied, and may be expressed thusly:

Where the wild geese can hear me As they do pass by.

OR

Where the bluebirds and white doves Can't hear my cry.

The above declarations are uttered in such songs as Clinch Mountain (Unahppy Lover III C) and Lula III in MB; The Hard Working Miner in Fuson, 141; Farewell, Sweet Mary in Cox (FSS), 433; Pretty Mollie in Arnold, 5; I'm Sad and Lonely in Cambiaire, 84 and Henry (FSSH), 274, 278; Jack O' Diamonds in Lomax (CS-1919), 293, or (CS-1938), 254; The Rabble Soldier in Sandburg (AS), 258; The Troubled Soldier in Sandburg (AS), 138; and The Waggoner's Lad in Scarborough (SC), 282 H. The same ex-

pression is also part of <u>The Coo Coo Bird</u> in Robinson (YF), 90; <u>I'm Troubled</u> in Lomax (FSNA), 208; and <u>LuLu</u> in Smith (SCB), 20.

The early American believed in "rugged individualism" and, being an independent cuss, he would have the world know that he intended to live just as he pleased. It is an attitude clearly expressed in the following floaters:

I'll eat when I'm hungry,
And drink when I'm dry...

Or, again:

It's beefsteak when I'm hungry, Whiskey when I'm dry....

It sounds American, but it isn't really. The expression is proverbial. In Northall (1892), 501, we find this English forerunner:

Bread when you're hungry,
Drink when you're dry,
Rest when you're weary,
And heaven when you die.

Going back, we find almost the identical words in an English broadside of 1737 (Roxburghe Ballads, VIII, 613):

He eats when he's hungry,
And drinks when he's dry...

A streak of self-pity ran the heart of American pioneers, and was usually revealed when love went wrong. Of course there was nothing original about self-pity expressed in these words:

<u>I wish I had never been born,</u> <u>Or died when I was young...</u>

Those lines appear in more than a dozen old songs, including James Harris, or The Demon Lover (The Carpenter's Wife in MB).

Other popular traditional ideas were expressed in song by ballad singers. When he meant to go out and overtake a departed love, he sang

Saddle me the milk-white horse,

Saddle me the brown,

Saddle me the swifted horse

That ever laid foot on ground.

Many adventures were started with

I Went up on the mountain top,

To give my horn a blow.

When it came to marriage the American singer knew exactly what he'd do with a bossy wife:

If I had a scolding wife

I'd whip her, sure as she's born...

OR:

I'd take her down to some old town
And trade her off for corn.

In more songs than is possible to recite here, the rural pioneer solved problems in unusual ways, some of which were taken from one song and placed in another as was the case with

I went to the river and couldn't get across

Jumped on an alligator and thought it was a

horse.

The rural pioneer knew all about animals, of course, and delighted in stretching the truth a little. The following lines are repeated in hundreds of songs:

Jaybird sittin' on a hickory limb,
He winked at me and I winked at him,

OR

Possum sittin' on a 'simmon tree,
Looked so cunnin' down at me,

OR

Rabbit in the 'simmon tree,

Possum on the ground

The folk had an obvious liking for "bushy tails" on various animals, and in song after song we hear

Raccoon got a bushy tail,

Possum tail is bare,

Rabbit got no tail at all,

Nothing but a bunch of hair!

The bushy tail was on the fox, the rabbit, or the squirrel, depending on the preference of the singer.

"Wishing" was another folk favorite, and the singer was always wishing he was this or that, or had one thing or another. Examples of frequently repeated and floating "wishes" are

I wish I was an apple, hanging on a tree, OR

I wish I had a great big house, OR

I wish I had someone to love me.

There was a decided preference for "if only" lines, which also floated in and out of songs:

If I'd a-listened to what mama said,

I wouldn't be here today, OR

I'd be sleeping in a feather bed.

Or, it was:

If I had the wings of and angel

OR

If I had died when I was young

OR

If whiskey don't kill me.

When it came to religion, both black and white folk expressed certain ideas over and over, in one song after the other. In at least fifteen revival hymns, we find the same stanza:

Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone,

And I don't expect to stay much longer here;

He whom I fix my hopes upon,

And I don't expect to stay much longer here.

And, being believers, they want to be with Jesus. So they express this desire repeatedly in lines that float from song to song, such as:

Farewell, vain world, I'm going home....

This World is not my home

I don't expect to stay much longer here...

There is a tree in Paradise

On Jordan's stormy banks I stand

They also knew how they wanted to be buried. For those who survive them, they leave this set of directions:

Dig my grave and dig it deep,
And lay me down and let me sleep...

OR:

Upon my breast place a snow-white dove,

To show the world I died for love.

When tired of singing, or when endings of songs had been forgotten, the problem or subject was placed repeatedly in the hands of the listeners, with these two lines:

There's bread and cheese upon the shelf,

If you want more, then sing it yourself!

Throughout this <u>Master Book</u> the lines and stanzas set down above will be encountered in dozens of different songs. And this is not the whole of it. Every kind of traditional song has floating lines, sometimes variated, sometimes not; and with rare exception, we do not know which song first contained them.

No. 517

FLOP-EARED MULE

According to Ford, "Flop-Eared Mule is derived from College Schottisch." The tune is also sometimes used for an old English stall ballad, The Monkey Turned Barber. Here in America the tune is a fiddle piece, used for Hoedowns and Square Dancing. There are no known words except those set to the tune, such as De Ole Mule's Tail in Thede, 129.

See tune in TUNES, Master Book. For other versions, see Ford (OTFM), 10 and (TMA), 121.

No. 518

FLORA MacDONALD also known as

Flora MacDonald and the King Speed, Bonnie Boat

Traditional American versions of this old song are usually derived from the Scottish piece, Skye Boat Song—words by Sir Harold Boulton and James Hogg, and music by Annie MacLeod and Neil Gow. It is the most familiar of the many songs about Bonnie Prince Charlie and has always been easily available in print.

Historically, this song is related to the battle between the Duke of Cumberland and the forces of Charles Edward Stuart, Pretender to the British throne. After the Battle of Culloden in 1746, Charles escaped to the Isle of Skye, in the Begrides, with the aid of a Jacobite, Flora MacDonald.

In 1774 Flora MacDonald emigrated with her family to the Cape Fear region of North Carolina. She was already famous in song and story, not only for her aid to Charles but also for having been visited (in 1773) by Dr. Samuel Johnson and James Boswell. Flora departed North Carolina for Scotland in 1779.

Brown, III, 439, has a North Carolina ballad known as Flora MacDonald's Lament which begins:

Over the hill and lofty mountains
Where the valleys were covered with snow,
Hear the murmuring of the fountains
Where the crystal waters did flow.

Yet another Flora's Lament is given in Macquoid, 266-267 and Hudson (SC), 34-35, and it begins:

Sweet is the rose that's budding on you thorn,

Down in you valley saw cheery,

But sweeter the flower that does my bosom adorn,

And springs from the breast of my dearie.

For a poem called <u>Prince Charles</u> and <u>Flora MacDonald's</u> <u>Welcome to Skye</u>, see Hudson (SC), 32 and Macqoid, 241. Fragment of a Scots song called <u>Flora MacDonald</u> is in Greig & Duncan, No. 132.

REFERENCES

Best, 95
Brewster (BSI), 326-327
Cole, 162-163
Gilbert (100), 21
Hopekirk, 39-41

Hudson (SC), 58-59 Leisy (LAS), 100-101 Macfarren, 216-217 Maine, 137 Moore (BFSS), 147-148

Flora MacDonald

Speed, bonny boat, like a bird on the wing, Over the sea to Skye! Carry the lad who was born for a king, Over the sea to Skye! Loud the waves roar, beat on the shore, Ocean's the Royal Bay; And while you sleep, Flora will keep watch O'er your weary head.

Burned are our houses, exile and death Scatter our loyal men; Before the sword is cool in the sheath, Prince Charles will come again.

Speed, bonny boat, like a bird on the wing, Over the sea to Skye! Carry the lad who was born to be king Over the sea to Skye!

No. 519

FLOWERS, OARS AND SAILS also known as

Choose Your Partner
Flower in the Garden
Gents to the Center
Oars on the Boat
Old Folks Say
Rose in the Garden
Sailing at High Tide

Sailing at High Tide
Sailing in the Boat when
the Tide Runs High
Sailing up the River
Sails Upon the River
There's a Rose in the
Garden
When the Tide Runs High

A general title is supplied for this game song because it is found in many versions. Our title contains words prominent in all the versions in circulation. It does appear to be compounded, using lines and stanzas that float in and out of songs of a like character. The tune, of course, is the well-known Irish Washerwoman. Writing of this and similar pieces, Gardner said they are "Songs of little sense which merely furnish the

singers with some excuse for skipping about kissing."
Newell classified it as a "Love Game," in which "a
single player stands in the centre of the ring, which
circles and sings" the words.

Two versions are given below. The A version is commonly known as <u>Oars on the Boat</u>, or <u>Gents to the Center</u>.

Version B is commonly known as <u>Sailing at High Tide</u>, or <u>Flower in the Garden</u>.

REFERENCES

Backus, 296

Botkin (AFL). 812-813

Botkin (APPS), 184-185

Brown, I, 127-128

Cox (SG), 203-204

Gardner (FSH), 243-244

Gardner (SPPG), 122

Hamilton, 299

Lomax (FSNA), 29

Newell, 110, 238-239

Quarterly (SFL), VI, No. 4,

203-204

Scott (FSS), 12

Seeger (1), 160

Silverman, I, 87

Wilson (BA), 77-78

Flowers, Oars and Sails

Version A

Gents to the center as the tide rolls high, Gents to the center as the tide rolls high, Gents to the center as the tide rolls high, Waiting for a pretty girl to come by-and-by.

Choose your partner, stay till day (3) We don't care what the Old Folks say.

Oars on the boat and she won't go round (3) Swing that pretty girl you just found.

Ladies to the center as the tide rolls high (3) Waiting for a handsome man to come whirling by.

Old folks say that the very best way (3)

Is court all night and sleep all day.

MB

Oars on the boat and she won't go round (3)
Till you kiss that pretty girl you just found.

VERSION B

Sailing in the boat when the tide runs high (3) Waiting for some pretty girl to dance on by.

Here she comes all fresh and fair,

Sky-blue eyes and curly hair,

Rosy pink cheek, dimple in her chin—

Say, young man, but you can't come in.

Flower in the garden for you, young man (3)
Better take care, choose the very best you can.

Promised you'd marry me 'neath the moon (3)
Better keep your promise, and keep it very soon.

Mama told my papa and he told me (3)
That a wedding like ours hadn't oughta be.

No. 520

FLOYD COLLINS also known as

The Death of Floyd Collins Floyd Collins' Death

This is a "tragic event" song, and one that earned a lot of money—but not for the author and composer. The song appear in 1925, shortly after Floyd Collins was trapped in a Kentucky cave. The facts are a matter of public record.

On January 30, 1925, Floyd Collins descended into a "sandhole" cave near Mammoth Cave, Kentucky, where he was trapped by a landslide. He was found the next day by his brother who sought immediate help. Attempts

to rescue him continued until February 16. The tragedy and the attempted rescue excited the whole country, and the song was an instant success. Collins remained alive for six days, and in full view of men working around the clock to rescue him. Just prior to the time they finally reched him, Floyd Collins died.

According to Jean Thomas (<u>Blue Ridge Mountain Country</u>, New York, 1942, p. 237): "This ballad was written by fifty-year-old Adam Crisp who lived in Fletcher, North Carolina, at the time of Collins' death."

According to D. K. Wilgus, the song was written by Rev. Andrew Jenkins and Irene Spain of Atlanta, Georgia. I happen to know that Thomas was incorrect and that Wilgus was right. Jenkins, who was a blind writer and singer, not only wrote Floyd Collins but other popular songs, including Little Marion Parker and Ben Dewberry's <u>Pinal</u> Run. I know, because a friend of mine bought the song and made it a national hit. His name is Frank Walker, and he was a pioneer in the recording industry and one of its leading executives for more than forty years. He purchased Floyd Collins from an Atlanta based promoter named Polk Brockman, who had previously purchased it from Rev. Andrew Jenkins for twenty-five dollars. In fact, Jenkins wrote the song after Brockman suggested that he do so. A copyright was issued to P. C. Brockman in 1925, and he turned it over to Frank Walker who immediately recorded the song with Vernon Dalhart, a popular recording artist. After the Dalhart recording became a hit, Walker and Brockman assigned the copyright to Shapiro, Bernstein & Co., Inc., New York City. The sheet music is still available under a renewed copyright. The song is used here with permission of the copyright owner.

REFERENCES

Brown, II, 498-500 Bulletin (TFS), XVI, 29f Cambiaire, 90-91
Gardner (BSSM), 307-308

Green (OAM), 124-126 Henry (SSSA), 82-83 Laws (AB), G 22 Roberts (IP), 153-155
Thomas (BMMK), 110-111

Floyd Collins

Now come all you young people,
And listen while I tell
The fate of Floyd Collins,
A lad we all knew well.
His face was fair and handsome,
His heart was true and brave;
His body now is sleeping
In a lonely sand-stone cave.

O mother, please don't worry;
And, father, don't be sad.

I'll tell you all my troubles—
Oh, what a dream I had!

I dreamed I was a prisoner,
My life I could not save;
It seemed that I would perish
Within a sand-stone cave.

The rescue party labored,
They worked both night and day
To move the mighty barriers
That stood within the way.
"We'll rescue Floyd Collins,"
This was the battle cry.
"We'll never, no, we'll never
Let Floyd Collins die!"
Now on that fatal morning
The sun rose in the skies,
The workers still were busy:

"We'll save him by and by."

But, oh! how sad the ending; His life they could not save! His body then was sleeping In a lonely sand-stone cave.

Young people, please take warning From Floyd Collins' fate,
And get straight with your Maker Before it is too late.
It may not be a sand-stone cave In which you find a tomb,
But at the bar of Judgment
We all must meet our doom.

No. 521

THE FLY HAS MARRIED THE BUMBLE BEE also known as Fiddle Dee Dee

This is a nursery song that dates, probably, from the colonial era. Songs about animals acting like human beings have always been popular with children. This one was no exception.

REFERENCES

Bertail, 77 Emrich (CBF), 12 Ives (SB), 21 Leisy (LAS), 56 Linscott, 196
Wier (YAM), I, 90
Yolen, 200-201

The Fly Has Married the Bumble Bee

Fiddle dee dee, fiddle dee dee,
The Fly has married the Bumble Bee!
Says the Fly, says he, "Will you marry me,
And live with me, sweet Bumble Bee?"

Says the Bee, says she, "I will marry you, And live with you, and happily." Fiddle dee dee, fiddle dee dee, The Fly has married the Bumble Bee!

The Fly has married the Bumble Bee!

Says the Bee, says she, "If you bring the ring,

I'll share your wing and never sting."

Says the Fly, says he, "I will bring the ring,

Then wing to wing we'll buzz and sing."

Fiddle dee dee, fiddle dee dee,

The Fly has married the Bumble Bee!

No. 522

THE FLYING CLOUD also known as

Edward Holland

Edward Hollander

This ballad of piracy was popular with sailors at sea and with lumbermen in the woods. It is probably from Irish-English broadside sources, though I have seen no proof. Doerflinger thought it "may have originated as early as about 1830." Colcord dates it 1819-1825. The Flying Cloud of this song should not be confused with a ship of the same name built by Donald McKay, at Boston. McKay's ship sailed to San Francisco in 89 days in 1851.

According to the text (not always reliable), this <u>Flying</u> <u>Cloud</u> was a famous pirate ship. Thus far, however, no record has come to light of a pirate ship called the <u>Flying Cloud</u>. As Belden observed, "The name is one that may well have been given to more than one vessel in the palmy days of American shipping."

REFERENCES

Beck (FLM), 247-251
Belden (BS), 128-131
Botkin (AFL), 845-847
Colcord, 73-75, or 145-147
Creighton (SBNS), 126-130
Dean, 1-2
Doerflinger, 136-139
Eckstorm, 214-216
Finger (FB), 84-87
Friedman, 411-415
Gordon (OSM)-11/8/1926,
206-207
Gray, 116-123
Greenleaf, 349-353

Hugill (1), 526
Hugill (2), 224-226
Jour (AFL), XXXV, 370-372;
XLVIII, 351
Leach (BB), 778-781
Lomax (ABFS), 504-507
Mackenzie, 283-285
Mackenzie (QB), 151-153
Peacock, III, 842-845
Rickaby, 145-149
Shay (ASSC), 183-186
Shay (IMWS), 183-186
Shay (PF-2), 151-155

Shay (PF-3), 210-212

The Flying Cloud

My name is Edward Hallahan, and you must understand, I came from County Waterford, in Ireland's happy land. When I was young and in my prime, fair Fortune on me smiled;

My parents reared me honestly—I was their only child.

My father bound me to a trade, to work in Trenton town; A *prentice to a cooper there, whose name was William Brown.

I served my master faithfully for eighteen months or more,

Then shipped aboard the Ocean Queen, bound for a foreign shore.

Now when I reached that foreign shore, I met a Captain Moore,

Commander of the Flying Cloud that sailed from Baltimore.

He cordially invited me, and asked if I would go
To haul the slaves from Africa, where sugar cane
does grow.

We all agreed except for five, and those we had to land.

Now two of them were Boston men, and two from Hindustan;

The other was an Irishman, who came from Baltimore—

If only I had joined them, and stayed with them on shore.

THE STATE OF THE S

The Flying Cloud was Clipper built, four hundred tons or more,

And she could out-sail any ship I'd ever seen before. Her sails were white as driven snow, a ship I could respect;

She carried thirty-two brass guns upon her polished deck.

We sailed away with no delay and struck Africa's dark shore;

Eighteen hundred of those poor blacks away with us bore. We made them walk upon the planks, we stored them down below:

Some eighteen inches to the man was all that she would go.

Next day we sailed away to sea with our cargo of slaves.

They would have been much better off had they been in their graves.

The plague and fever came aboard and struck most dreadfully;

We dragged the dead up to the deck and flung them in the sea.

We sailed along about a week, then came to Cuba's shore; We sold the slaves to planters there, to toil forever more.

In rice and coffee fields to slave beneath the Cuban sun, We left a band of human beings and went to have some fun.

and the second of the second

Our money soon was spent and gone, so we put out to sea; Then Captain Moore stood on the deck as happy as could be.

He said, "There's gold and silver, boys, if you will all remain;

We'll hoist aloft the skull and bones, and sail the Spanish Main."

We robbed and plundered many ships upon the raging main, And many men did plead with us to spare their lives in vain.

We made them stand and walk the plank, ignoring all their wails.

The captain often said to us that dead men tell no tales.

They took us down to Newgate, all fastened with a chain, And charged us all with piracy upon the Spanish Main.

Now whiskey and bad company have made a wretch of me, So you young men a warning take: Avoid all piracy!

No. 523
THE FOGGY DEW
also known as

Chill of the Foggy Dew To Keep Her From the Foggy Dew The Foggy, Foggy Dew The Weaver

This song dates quite far back in British folklore. It is old but still popular. Not always sung to the same tune (see <u>Version B</u> below), we find that the versions recovered in America are considerably different from their British sources. According to Randolph, the song "is clearly related to the <u>Slago Town</u> and <u>Bugaboo</u> songs which Combs (FSMEU), 167, 214-215, found in the Kentucky mountains." It is not related, however, to two other

songs of like title, one of which was specially written by E. H. Milligan for a 1910 publication, Songs of the Irish Harpers. The other, and possibly older song, is in-Kidson (TT), 165-166, who informs us that the air was "taken from a book of manuscript airs for the violin, noted down about 1825 by a Yorkshire performer. In the Ms. no words are appended, but these are here supplied from a broadside." The Kidson text begins:

What shepherd was like me so blest,
To tend his fleecy care,
For welcome unto yonder hills,
I freely did repair.

Milligan's 1910 Irish text begins:

Down the hills I went one morn, A lovely maid I spied; Down the hills I went one morn, She looked at me and smiled.

A fuller, more complete text of Milligan's song may be seen in the following collections: Peacock, II, 520-521; Randolph, I, 397; and Silber (HSB), 59.

Of the two versions, \underline{A} and \underline{B} , given below, version \underline{A} is the one most widely known in America. It's popularity in our town is due in no small measure to the singing of balladeer Burl Ives.

REFERENCES

Agay (1), 6-7
Arnett, 37
Best, 43
Downes (1940), 192
Farnsworth, 14-15
Hubbard, 115-116
Ives (SA), 22-23
Ives (SB), 64-65, 60-61
Jour (FSS), I, 134;
III, 295

Leisy, 103-106
Leisy (SPS), 66-67
Lomax (FSNA), 89-91
Lomax (PB), 34
Morris, 160-161
Peacock, II, 518-519
Quarterly (SFL), VIII,
191-192
Randolph, I, 394-397
Reeves, 45, 111-113
Sandburg (AS), 14-15, 460

Scott (BA), 39 Sedley, 179-180 Sharp, II, 174 Sharp (FSFS), No. 17 Shay (PF-1), 54-55 Shay (PF-3), 26 Silverman, I, 138

The Foggy Dew

Version A

When I was a bachelor and lived all alone,
I worked at the weaver's trade;
And the one and only thing I ever did wrong
Was to woo a fair young maid.
I wooed her in the winter-time,
And part of the summer too;
The one and only thing I ever did wrong
Was keep her from the foggy, foggy dew.

One night she knelt beside my bed
While I lay fast asleep;
She threw her arms around my neck,
And she began to weep.
She wept, she cried, she tore her hair—
Ah, me! What could I do?
All night long I held her in my arms,
To keep her from the foggy, foggy dew.

Again I'm a bachelor, I live with my son, We work at the weaver's trade;
And every time I look in his eyes,
He reminds me of the fair young maid.
Reminds me of the winter-time,
And part of the summer too—
Of all the nights I held in my arms,
To keep her from the foggy, foggy dew.

: - -

VERSION B

One night as I lay in my bed,

As I lay fast asleep,

My own sweet love stood beside my head,

And bitterly she did weep.

She wrung her hands and she tore her hair,

Asking, "What shall I do?

For they say the love that men-folk bear

Dries off like the foggy dew, dew, dew,

More swift than the foggy dew.

Watch on, dear love, the lee long night,
And the morning will be here.
Then rise, pretty maid, and don't be afraid—
Men love, be it mist or clear.
So dry your eyes and kiss me, dear,
As once you used to do:
For the only cold that you need fear
Is the chill of the foggy dew, dew, dew,
Is the chill of the foggy dew.

No. 524

FOGGY MOUNTAIN TOP

also known as

If I Was on Some Foggy Mountain Top

This song is usually ignored by scholastic collectors of traditional songs, probably because it was and is one of those so-called country songs featured by "country music" performers.

A song that may be distantly related, The Rocky Mountain Top, is in Quarterly (SFL), II, 75-76 and Sharp, II, 110. The version below was taught me by Ollie Bunn, Wilson, N. C., when we were both broadcasting over radio station

WIS, S. C., in the 1930s. Of course, the song is older because A. P. Carter, John Lair, and others, had been performing it for years prier to the 1930s.

REFERENCES

Brown, III, 433 Randolph, IV, 318 Silverman, II, 130

Foggy Mountain Top

If I was on a foggy mountain top,
I'd sail away to the west;
I'd fly all around this whole wide worl,
To the one I love the best,
To the one I love the best.

That girl caused me to weep and made me moan, And caused me to leave my home.

Oh, for the lonesome pines and good old times, And the comforts that are gone! (2)

Too blue to weep, too sad to care, And too far down to roam; But just the same I'm on my way, 'Cause I ain't got no home! (2)

If ever you meet that gal of mine,
There's something you can tell her:
I'd walk all around this whole wide world,
Just to be her loving feller. (2)

If I'd a-listened to what mama said, I wouldn't be here today, A-lyin' 'round this old jail-house And a-livin' this-a way! (2)

No. 525

FOLLOW THE DRINKING GOURD

also known as

The Drinking Gourd

This song has historical interest. A pre-civil War piece, it was a code message disguised in song and used by escaping slaves and those who aided and abetted them. According to tradition, an old sailor with a "peg leg" led young blacks from the country north of Mobile, Alabama, to the Ohio River by way of the Little Tombigbee. To make certain that the escaping slaves would know where to meet him, it is said he would teach them the following song:

Where the little river
Meet the great big one,
The old man waits—
Follow the drinking gourd.

"Gourd" meant the "Big Dipper" and the "great big one" meant-the Ohio River.

This song was revived in rewritten form in modern times by professional folk singers, freedom marchers, and black demonstrators.

REFERENCES

Arnett, 62
Berger, 40-41
Bikel (FF), 176-177
Botkin (SFL), 478
Brewer, 184
Greenway, 99-100

Leisy, 106-108
Leisy (SPS), 35
Lomax (ABFS), 227-228
Lomax (PB), 95
Okun, 115-116
Whitman, 90

Follow the Drinking Gourd

When the sun comes up and the first quail calls, Follow the drinking gourd.

There is a man who's waiting for to carry you to freedom,

Follow the drinking gourd.

Chorus

Follow the drinking gourd,
Follow the drinking gourd,
There's a man out there who's waiting
For to carry you to freedom,
Follow the drinking gourd.

No. 526

FOREIGN LANGUAGE BALLADS AND SONGS

Foreign language ballads and songs were generally ignored by American folk song collectors. A dozen or so specialists did pay attention to some foreign language material, but most apparently assumed that all American tradition was in English. Some collecting was done among the Pennsylvania Dutch, or Germans, some was done among the Indiana, Missouri and Louisiana French, and even more was done among the Mexican-American settlements of the Southwest and California. But little or no attention was paid to others. For example, I have never seen or heard a Chinese-American folk song, and this despite the high number of Chinese who came and worked and helped to build this nation.

Long before the English, Scottish, or Irish songs were sung on the North American continent, the songs of the French and Spanish echoed in the land. The Spaniards were first, of course, and from the first they sang songs that have persisted, some even into our own time. In the old chronicals are numerous references to Spanish folk songs, generally romances (as their ballads were called), and we learned from these references that the songs were the common property of all classes.

Among the Spanish-American folk songs there is a threefold repertoire: The traditional romances brought over from

Spain during the Conquest, the <u>decima</u> so popular in the 19th century, and the diversified <u>cancion</u> that arrived during the previous century from Mexico. The line cannot be drawn definitely between the beginning of one type of song and the end of a former one.

In California and the Southwest, where Mexicans settled long ago, the guitar and violin lead all other instruments in musical expression. Singing was a popular pasttime, and Spaniards took their singing seriously. Nearly a hundred years before the English planted their first permanent colony in New England, the Spaniards had established music schools in Mexico. Unfortunately, they made no effort to preserve native music—yet, the common people, i. e. lower classes, kept their songs alive by the simple process of singing them. The music schools were primarily for the church and religiously approved music.

The Spanish singing tradition is still with us. No other people in this country, with the possible exception of the Southern blacks, is more given to vocalizing than the Spanish-speaking population. Yet they were not as attached to Spain as one might think. This is understandable when we remember that so few of them came directly from Spain. The soldiery originated in Mexico, where Spanish colonizers sexually involved themselves with the natives, taking mistresses and wives. Then, too, Spaniards have an innate tendency to identify themselves with the soil of the land in which they happen to live. So once they crossed the Rio Grande, traveling northward, their old songs began to change. They did what the English settlers did later: they adapted their songs to their new environment and altered their meaning. Like many of the old English ballads of the Southern mountaineers, many of the Spanish folk songs extant in the Southwest can be traced back to Old World origins.

English-speaking Americans might appreciate these Spanish

language songs more were it not for the problem of translation. Since most of us <u>must</u> sing in English, we lose a chance to delight in many foreign language songs. It is not too difficult to translate Spanish into English, but it is extremely difficult, if not impossible, to make translated words match the tunes. One is often forced to depart from the exact meaning of the original words. In this work, however, every attempt has been made to provide English words that tell the same story, that are easy to sing, and that remain as close as possible to the original thought and feeling.

After the Spaniards came the French. But there was a difference between the Spanish and French that had nothing to do with the differences in their languages. The typical singer of French language songs was not a settler but a trader, a trapper and a boatman. French traversed the continent, leaving their footprints and their songs over much of what is not a very large part of the United States. But we should not forget that not too long ago the Gulf Coast area from New Orleans to the Texas border was primarily French in language and culture. This area is the Cajun or "Evangeline" country, many of whose people are descended from the French settlers of Acadia, a region of Canada near Nova Scotia. The French made a mark on the land and waterways that cannot be erased. When New England was a mere colony, with a few clusters of settlements. New France was an Empire. In the 1630s French explorers were already pushing their canoes into the heart of the continent. By 1704 they had mapped the interior waterways. They left a ring of French names on the Western waters: Detroit, Sault Ste. Marie, St. Croix, La Crosse, Prairie du Chien, Dubuque, St. Louis, and Vincennes. All these places began as stations in the wilderness, with the flag of France beside a trading hut and a bark chapel lifting a cedar cross.

In a very few years, New France was an enterprise flung over the waterways from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the Gulf or Mexico. Yet it was a thin line, so thin one looks hard to trace it through the wilderness. In 1700 there were only 12,000 Frenchmen in all New France, while ten times that many English were enlarging their colonies. A clash was bound to occur, and it did.

In the contest that ensued, the French won early victories, but the English won the war. At the Treaty of Paris, in 1763, New France passed into history and England came into possession of-all the territory east of the Mississippi. Nevertheless. the French did not leave. Neither did their songs. And these songs, like those of the Spaniards, descended from a romantic past; they conjured up bright images of fabulous kings and princes with silver guns a-hunting, or told tales like the King of Spain's Daughter who desired to have her gallant cavalier dive to the bottom of the sea and retrieve her lost ring. The French in North America were apparently satisfied with their ancient songs, for, as Marius Barbeau reminds us, they created new words and tunes for comparatively few of them, and most of these deal with the lumberjack experience which was too different from French life to borrow its songs.

Although many of the French songs are preserved in better versions in French Canada, many were also recovered in Illinois, Indiana, Louisiana, and Missouri. The largest and most diverse number were recovered in Louisiana, where the French, Spanish and English Americans finally came together.

In Louisiana there was the problem of dialect to contend with. As Irene Whitfield said, the "folk songs are so varied that a rigid classification is practically impossible." Whitfield, in her collection, grouped the

Louisiana songs into three types "according to the French used in them—Louisiana-French, Acadian or Cajun-French, and Negro-French or Creole dialect." Because they originated in Louisiana, the cajun and creole dialects are important to songs in American folk tradition.

The cajun songs seem endless, for they are played over and over and over again. They match the "pulling and pushing" of the accordian, the principal instrument in cajun music. There is little or no religious element in cajun song, which is somehow surprising. Also, in many cajun songs, there seems to be no semblance of scientific rules of composition, nor development according to a plan of preconceived ideas.

Creole songs, like the cajun, lack the religious element, but they are often short. Generally they represent a lover—not so gallant perhaps, but none the less sincere. Elements found in creole songs are: satire, ridicule, or mockery, a sort of suggestive vulgarity, and references to food. The creole dialect is the language of the blacks of Louisiana who were formerly slaves, owned by French masters, and who evolved this dialect from the French of their owners.

Aside from the foreign language songs already discussed, there are numerous others. Unfortunately not many of these others were collected, studied and published. The German songs in Pennsylvania were extensively investigated and gathered, but were primarily those in the "Pennsylvania Dutch" catergory. Swedish songs were not collected in great number either, though a few are extant in the land. Italian songs play no part in American tradition, and this despite the fact that Italians possess a large number of folk songs. Hebrew folk songs are also conspicuous by their absence from American folk collections.

The nature of this work requires only that I report on those folk songs available in print, as part of an American collection that is recognized as belonging to American traditional music and song. Therefore, if large bodies of songs were not thus collected and published, I have no way of recording them herein. For this is primarily a reference collection, and the points of reference are published collections of folk songs. The foreign language songs in this Master Book are less numerous than those in the English language and are, therefore, merely representative of the vast body of material that exists.

No. 527

FORGOTTEN LOVER also known as

The False Lover
Forlorn Lover
The Rejected Lover

The Servant Man
You Can't Come Again

This is a "rejected lover" song that seems to be one of those compounded pieces made up almost entriely of lines and stanzas borrowed from other songs. For example, Sharp gives ten versions and each one is different from the others. The version given here is also different from those versions in Sharp's collection.

REFERENCES

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Jour (AFL), XLV, 111-112;
LII, 17-18
Lomax (OSC), 130-140
Sharp, II, 96-102
Sharp (AEFS), 53-57

Forgotten Lover

Oh, once I met a pretty little girl,
And I loved her more than life.
I'd give away all that I own
Just to have her as my wife.
Just to have her as my wife.

But I was gone six months or more, And it caused her too much pain; She wrote to me with her own hand, Saying, Don't come back again. (2)

I wrote to her my only answer,
And I let my true love know:
A man would be quite foolish
To show where he could not go. (2)

I never heard from her again, Tho' I heard that she had wed; And then I started drinking wine And wishing I was dead. (2)

Give heed to me you fair young men, And listen close to me: Don't place all your affection, boys, On a green growing tree. (2)

The pretty leaves will wither soon, And the roots will soon decay; And all the love within your heart Will quickly fade away. (2)

No. 528

FOR REASONS STATED also known as

All in the Scenes of Winter
Forlorn Lover
If One Won't, Another Will
I've Found a New Sweetheart
The Lonesome Scenes of
Winter

Pretty Polly
The Rambling Beauty
The Rejected Lover
The Scenes of Winter
The Scornful Lover
Since You Threw Me Over

This form of the "rejected Lover" presents a different attitude than the one expressed in the <u>Forgotten Lover</u> (above). Here we have a "now we're even" ending, which could classify it also as a "revenge" song. For a song with a similar theme but very little verbal resemblance, see <u>Proud Nancy</u> in Karpeles, 47-51. Also see and compare Dean, 108.

REFERENCES

Belden (BS), 195-196
Henry (FSSH), 298-300
Henry (SSSA), 136-137
Jour (AFL), XX, 273; XXIX,
200; XLV, 111

Laws (AB), Nos. 10, 11 & 12 Owens (TFS), 59-60 Roberts (IP), 158-159 Shellans, 38-39 Wyman (TKMS), 94-97

For Reasons Stated

How lonesome is the winter,

How chilling is the snow;

The dark clouds hover 'round about me,

I heard the cold wind blow.

I went to see my true love,
As happy as could be,
But when I said I loved her,
She would not answer me.

The little birds sang sweetly Upon each bush and vine; I told her how I loved her, And asked her to be mine.

The roosters started crowing Just at the break of day; I told her I was waiting, To hear what she would say.

"If it's you I must marry,
I'll live a single life;
I've never really loved you
Enough to be your wife.

"So take this for an answer,
And seek another bride;
For I've found a new sweetheart
And you must step aside."

It took about one summer

For her to change her mind.

She wrote me then a letter,

And said she had been blind.

She told me that she loved me, And said I should have known; She wrote, "I'm waiting for you To claim be as your own."

I sent her back this answer,
And got it off with speed:
"I loved you once, my darling,
I loved you once indeed,

"But since you threw me over
I've learned to play the game—
I've found me a new sweetheart,
And you must do the same."

No. 529

FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY

Americans were extremely fond of the <u>Yankee Doodle</u> tune in olden times. I have seen hundreds of songs set to its air. This one dates back to at least 1829, when it appeared in the <u>Southern and Western Songster</u>, a small book of songs published in Philadelphia by J. Grigg. For modern reprints, see Jackson (ESUS), 84 and Luther, 77.

For the Fourth of July Tune: Yankee Doodle

Oh! Yankee Doodle is the tune
Americans delight in!
'Twill do to whistle, sing or play,
And just the thing for fighting.

Chorus

Yankee Doodle, boys, hurrah! Down outside, up the middle, Yankee Doodle, boys, hurrah! Trumpet, drum and fiddle.

Now should Great Britain, Spain or France Wage war upon our shore, Sir, We'll lead them such a woundy dance They'll find their feet are sore, Sir.

America's a dandy place,
The people all are brothers;
If one has got a pumpkin pie,
He shares it with the others.

The land we till is all our own, Whate'er the price—we paid it. And we will fight till all is blue Should any dare invade it!

No. 530

THE FOX

also known as

The Black Duck
The Brown Duck
The Brown Duck
The Brown Duck
The Fox and Geese
The Fox and the Gray
The Moonlit Night
Goose
The Old Black Duck
The Fox Is On the Town O!
Old Man Fox

The Fox Traveled Out Old Mother Flip-Flop
The Fox Walked Out Old Mother Flipper-Flapper

Long famous in English tradition, this son has been entertaining English-speaking people for centuries. Around the latter part of the 18th century it became a nursery song. Nevertheless, it has remained a favorite of adults. The Fox is known in all areas of the United States.

REFERENCES

Emrich (CBF), 29 Baring-Gould (BNSR), 10 Flanders (VFSB), 119-120 Baring-Gould (EFSS), 64-65 Baring-Gould (SW), No. 55 Fuson, 181-182 Gardner (BSSM), 465 Best. 10-11 Graham (TNR), 37 Brewster (BSI), 323 Halliwell (NR), 30-34 Brown. III, 178-181; V, Hubbard, 385 107 Ives (SB), 26-28 Brown (BLNC), 12 Coleman, 12 Jour (AFL), XXXVI, 377; LVI, 105 Cox (FSS), 474-475, 531 Karpeles (EFS), II, No. Cox (TBFS), 172 Creighton (TSNS), 248-250 333 Leach (BB). 749 Davis (FSV), 207-208

Dunstan, 4-6

Eddy, 213-214

Leach (BB), 749

Leisy (LAS), 86-87

Linscott, 202-204

Logan, 292
McCollum, 105
Memoirs (AFLS), XXIX, 42-44
Moorat, 26-27
Moore (BFSS), 261-264
Notes, 1st series, 371
Okun, 196-197
Opie, No. 171
Peacock, I, 12-13
Quarterly (SFL), IV, 148149
Randolph, I, 386-391

Roberts (SBS), 191-192 Scott (FSS), 15 Seeger (3), 32-33 Seeger (6), 80 Sharp, II, 332-333 Shekerjian, 44-45 Silverman, I, 305 Stout, 42-44 Talley, 40, 100 White, 177 Williams (FSUT), 247-248 Winn, 60 Yolen, 86-87

The Fox

The fox went out on a starry night,

And he prayed that the moon wouldn't

shine too bright;

He had many a mile to go that night

- Company of the contract of t

He had many a mile to go that night
Before he reached the town 0, town 0,
town 0,

He had many a mile to go that night Before he reached the town 0!

At last he came to a poultry bin,

And he saw all the ducks and the geese

locked in;

Said a couple of you gonna grease my chin Before I leave this town 0, etc.

He stuffed a goose in a gunny-sack,

And threw a brown duck over his back,

And the little brown duck went "quack!

quack! quack!

With legs all dangling down 0, etc.

The farmer's old wife jumped out of bed, She ran to the window and shook her head. Well! for crying out loud! the lady said, The fox is on the town 0, etc.

The farmer ran to the highest hill,
And he blew on his horn rather loud and
shrill:

But the little old fox said, "From that hill He'll never spot my trail 0", etc.

The fox then ran till he reached his den; His wife saw the sack when she let him in, And she said, "Maybe you should go back again, For that's a real fine town 0", etc.

They carved the duck with a long, sharp knife,
Then they are the old goose and he told his
wife.

"Never had it so good in all my life!
And now let's chew the bones 0!", etc.

No. 531

FRANKIE AND ALBERT

also known as

Frances She Shot Albert Frankie

Frankie Blues Little Frankie

The origin of this American song has never been clearly explained. Consequently, its history also remains unclear. According to Thomas Beer (The Mauve Decade, p. 120), the song "was known on the Mississippi in the (18)50s and was chanted by the Federal troops besieging Vicksburg in 1863; a copy of twelve stanzas was made by a young officer and is preserved."

Belden (BS), 330, referring to Beer's statement, writes: "I have not been able to get any documentation of these claims." I should add, "Neither have I."

John Huston, who turned the story into a play (Frankie and Johnny) in 1930, thought the song derived from the killing of Allen Britt by Frankie Baker—figures in the negro underworld of St. Louis in 1899. Or so Carl Sandburg reported.

In a review of Henry (SSSA), Phillips Barry in Bulletin (FSSN), X, 24, expressed the opinion that the song was based on the killing of Charles Silver by his wife Frankie at Toe River, North Carolina, in 1831, on the same provocation that led to the shooting of Albert (Johnny) in the song as we now have it.

All agree, however, that the song was of Negro origin. The same story, with slight changes, is told in several other songs, including Josie in Sandburg (AS), 84-85 and Sadie (a woman's version) in Sandburg (AS), 86.

Also see Frankie and Johnny and The Murder of Charlie Silver in this Master Book.

REFERENCES

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293
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75-77
Cambiaire, 5-8
Cox (FSS), 218-220
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Hudson (FSM), 189-191
Jour (AFL), XXIV, 366-367;
XLII, 285; XLV, 141

Kincaid No. 1, 41

Lomax (ABFS), 103-110

Lomax (NFS), 192

Lomax (USA), 312-313

Ozark Life VI, No. 2

Perrow, XXVIII, 178

Randolph, II, 127-133

Roberts (SBS), 112-113

Sandburg (AS), 75, 82

Scarborough (NFS), 80-84

Spaeth (REW), 34-39

White, 217-214

Frankie and Albert

Frankie and Albert were lovers,

O Lordy, how they could love!

Swore to be true to each other,

True as the stars above—

He was her man, but he done her wrong.

Frankie she was a good woman,

Just like every one knows,

She sprent a hundred dollars

For a suit of Albert's clothes—

He was her man, but he done her wrong.

Frankie went down to Memphis,

She rode on the evening train.

She spent one hundred dollars

To buy him a watch and chain.

He was her man, but she done him wrong.

Frankie lived in a crib house,
A house with only two doors;
Her money went to Albert
Who spent it on call-house whores.
He was her man, but he done her wrong.

Frankie and Albert fighting,
They fought and quarreled all day,
And Albert said to Frankie,
"Goodbye, babe, I'm going away.
I was your man, but now I'm gone."

Frankie went down to the pawnshop,

And she didn't go for fun;

She hocked all her jewelry

And bought her a forty-four gun,

For to get her man who was doing her wrong.

Frankie went down to the hotel,

And she rang the hotel bell.

"Stand back all you chippies,

Or I'll blow you all straight to hell!

I want my man, for he's done me wrong.

Albert grabbed off his Stetson,

"Good Lord, Frankie, don't shoot!"

But Frankie pulled the trigger,

The gun went root-a-toot toot!

He was her man, but she shot him down!

First time she shot him he staggered,
The next time she shot he fell;
Third time she shot him, Lordy,
There was a new face in hell!
She killed her man; he had done her wrong.

Frankie she stood by the coffin, She looked down on Albert's face; She said, "Have mercy on me, Lord! Wish I could take his place. He was my man and I done him wrong.

Judge Gillum he told the jury,
"It's plain as plain can be,
This woman here is guilty—
It's murder of second degree.
She shot her man, but he done her wrong."

"Oh, bring a thousand policemen,
Bring them around today,
And lock me in that dungeon
And throw the key away.
I killed my man 'cause he done me wrong.

Frankie walked up that scaffold

As calm as you ever did see;

She raised her eyes to heaven and cried,

"Good Lord, please have mercy on me!

He was my man, and I done him wrong."

No. 532

FRANKIE AND JOHNNY also known as

Aggie and Alfred Frankee Lee Frankie Baker He Done Her Wrong

Until 1911 this song was known as Frankie and Albert (see preceding song). The Leighton Brothers, a popular vaudeville team of the time, took the old song and rewrote it. They changed "Albert" to "Johnny" and rearranged lines, stanzas and melody. Then they sold the song as an original composition to a music firm in New York City-Shapiro, Bernstein & Company, Inc. The combination of professional performers and professional music promoters resulted in a nationwide hit song. Frankie and Johnny, though patently a rewrite, became and remained the more popular version of the tale. The tune has been borrowed by several other "pop" song writers, including Irvin Berlin, who used it for the verse of She's My Baby. The story itself was adapted by several writers and turned into novels, plays and motion picture scripts. Republic Pictures released its production of Frankie and Johnny starring Helen Morgan and Chester Morris in 1939. Frankie Baker, who shot and killed Allen Britt in St. Louis in 1899, promptly sued Republic for two hundred thousand dollars, claiming defamation of character and invasion of privacy. She shot Britt

on October 15, 1899, and he died four days later. At her trial she pleaded self-defense, and was acquitted. She moved to Portland, Oregon, where she operated a shoe-shine stand. John Huston, author of the play, supported her claim that the song originated as a result of her affair, trial and acquittal. But she lost the suit, receiving nothing, when the presiding judge dismissed the case. That was in 1942. Another film version, starring Elvis Presley, was released in 1966; but the only thing the story of that production had in common with the song was its title.

According to Professor T. Williams (Missouri Historical Review, No. 34, pp 292-293), the song antedates the Civil War.

Whatever the date or source of its origin, the song is a genuine American folk piece and deserves recognition as such.

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Hudson (FSM), 189-191

Ives (SA), 224-225 Johnson (BBLL), 22-27, 43-48 Jour (AFL), XXIV, 366; XXVIII, 178; XLII, 285; XLV, 141 Kennedy (AB), 141-145 Kennedy (TAB), 305-310 Kincaid No. 1, 41 Laws (NAB), 232 Leach (BB),761-765 Leisy, 115-119 Leisy (SPS), 41-43 Lomax (ABFS), 103-110 Lomax (FSNA), 569-570 Lomax (PB), 121 Morris, 126-128 Niles (SMM), 170 Odum (NHS), 228-230 Okun, 214-215

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Richardardson (AMS), 38-39
Sandburg (AS), 78-81
Scarborough (NFS), 79-85
Seeger (6), 64
Shay (PF-1), 65-71

Shay (PF-3), 31-36 Silverman, II, 370 Spaeth (REW), 34-39 Spectator, 845 Thomas (SCFS), 12 White, 214

Frankie and Johnny

Prankie and Johnny were sweethearts,
O Lordy, how they did love!
Swore to be true to each other,
Just as true as the stars above.
He was her man, but he done her wrong.

Frankie, she was a good woman,
O Lordy, everyone knows,
Gave her man a hundred dollars
Just to buy him a suit of clothes.
He was her man, but he done her wrong.

Frankie went down to the barroom,
Ordered a big glass of beer;
She then said, "Mister Bartender,
Has my loving Johnny been here?
He is my man, but he's doing me wrong."

"I won't tell you no stories,
And I won't tell you no lie;
Johnny left here 'bout an hour ago
With a girl named Nellie Bly.
If he's your man, he's doin' you wrong."

Frankie went down to the pawnshop,
Bought herself a big forty-four;
She aimed it up at the ceiling,
Shot a great big hole in the floor.
He was her man, but he done her wrong.

Frankie went down to the hotel,

She rang that hotel bell:

"Stand back, all you floozies,

Or I'll blow you all to hell!"

He was her man, but he done her wrong.

Prankie looked over the transom,
And there before her eye,
She saw her loving Johnny
Makin' out with Nelly Ply.
He was her man, but he done her wrong.

Frankie drew back her kimono,

Took out that big forty-four;

Root-a-toot toot! went the bullets,

Right through that hardwood door.

He was her man, but he done her wrong.

Frankie went to the funereal,

She went along for the ride;

Looked at Johnny in his coffin,

And she tore her hair and cried:

"He was my man, but he done me wrong!"

Bring on your rubber-tired carriage,
Bring on your rubber-tired hack,
Take my Johnny to the graveyard,
But he's never coming back!
He was my man, but he done me wrong.

They took Frankie to the jail-house, And they locked her in a cell; Frankie turned and told the jailer, "Now I reckon I'll go to hell! I shot my man, but he done me wrong."

Sheriff came around the next morning,
He said, "It's all for the best."
Then he said her lover, Johnny,
Was a low-down, dirty pest.
He was her man, but he done her wrong.

Frankie now sits in the parlor,
Cooled by an electric fan,
Telling all her little sisters
To beware of a gawddamn man.
"They'll do you wrong! Yes, they'll do
you wrong!"

Now this story has no moral,
This story it has no end,
This story just goes to show
That there ain't no good in men.
He was her man, but he done her wrong.

No. 533

FRANKLIN AND HIS CREW also known as

Franklin and His Bold Crew
Franklin and His Ship's
Crew

Franklin's Crew

The Lady Franklin

Lady Franklin's Lament

The Sailor Boy's Dream

The Sailor's Dream

This song is about an event that aroused world-wide interest and remained a mystery for fourteen years. Sir John Franklin, an English explorer, organized an expedition to search the Artic for the elusive North-west Passage. With more than two hundred men, Franklin sailed with two ships, the <u>Erebus</u> and <u>Terror</u>, in 1845. According to Doerflinger, "After an early report from a whaling skipper who fell in with them near Baffin Land," Franklin, his ships and crew "vanished without a trace in the wastes of the Artic." In the years that followed, Lady Franklin managed to secure funding support for several expeditions, all of which failed to learn what happened. Finally, in 1859, the mystery

was solved. As reported by Colcord, "An expedition which she (Lady Franklin) had organized and sent out under Captain McClintock was successful in finding the cairn in which the Franklin expedition had left an account of the loss of two ships in the ice, and their attempts to reach safety overland." The final entry was made in April, 1848. The message, which was found on King William Land, told how the ships had been trapped in the ice and said that Franklin had died; the rest of the crew pushed on, over the ice, in an attempt to reach the distant mainland. They did not make it. As Eskimo woman told Captain McClintock that "the men fell down and died as they walked."

An old version of the song is in Joseph Faulkner's Eighteen Months on a Greenland Whaler, 1878, p. 73

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Delaney, No. 23, 26
Doerflinger, 145-147
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Creighton (MFS), 145

Greenleaf, 308-310
Greig & Duncan, No. 16
Laws (AB), 144
Songster (183), I, 444
Wehman (CS), No. 10, 24

Franklin and His Crew

Homeward sailing across the deep,
All in my hammock I fell asleep,
And dreamed a dream that I think is true,
About Sir Franklin and his brave crew.

As we drew near old England's shore I heard a lady lamenting sore; She wept aloud and I heard her say, "Alas, my Franklin is long away.

"For long years now those ships of fame, Have bore my husband upon the main; One hundred seamen of courage stout Accompnaied him as he sailed out.

To find passage by the cold North Pole, Where storms do rage and wild waters roll; 'Tis more than any man can do, With heart undaunted to see him through.

Now they sailed east, and they sailed west, Along Greenland's coast which they knew best; Against hard ship they vainly strove, And into the ice their ships they drove.

In Baffin's Bay where big whales blow, The fate of Franklin no one does know. O many wives were left to mourn, To weep and pray for their safe return.

No. 534

THE FROG AND THE MOUSE also known as

The First Came In It Was

A Froggie Did A-Courtin'

Go

Froggie's Courtship

Froggie Went A-courtin',

He Did Ride

Froggy Went A-Courting

Frog He Did A-Wooing Go,

or Ride

The Frog He Went A-Courting
Frog He Would A-Wooing Go

Frog's Courting, or Court-

Ship

Frog Song

Frog Went A-Courting
The Gentleman Frog. or

Froggie

It Was a Mouse

Mister Frog

Mister Frog and Missy Mouse

Mister Frog Went A-Courting,

or A-Wooing

The Mouse's Courting Song

A Toad Went A-Courting

Uncle Rat, or Uncle Rat's
Courtship

Wedding of the Frog and the Mouse

Wedding Postponed

Songs in which various birds marry birds of a different species are known and sung in most European countries, and have been for centuries. It remained for the English to bring the intermarriage of the animal kingdom down to earth. English folklore concentrated on the marriage of creatures like the owl and the cat and the frog and the mouse. A poem called A Most Strange Weddinge of the Frogge and the Mouse was circulating through England as long ago as 1580. A condensed version, set to music, was published in Ravencrofts Melismata in 1611. The version given below is a folk derivative, directly related to the old ballad.

This song has spread through the whole English-speaking world. Almost every section of America has its own version, and it seems to be as popular in the cities as it is in the rural areas. Today, however, it is viewed primarily as a song for children.

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McIatosh (FSSG), 49-51 Moffat (LSLA), 53 Moore (BFSS), 251-252 Morris. 407-415 Notes (1st series), II, 75 Odum (NWS), 187 Opie, No. 175 Owens (TFS), 136-139 Payne (TVFC), 5-48 Perrow, XXVI, 134 Quarterly (SFL), VIII, 179 Randolph, I, 402-410 Reeves (EC), 116 Richardson (AMS), 78-79 Rimbault (ONR), 26-27 Roberts (IP), 115-117 Roberts (SBS), 194-195 Sandburg (AS), 143 Scarborough (NFS), 46-50 Scarborough (SC). 244. 420 Scott (BA), 339-341 Scott (SA), 27 Seeger (1), 116-117 Seeger (6), 56 Sharp, II, 312-319 Sharpe (BB), No. 30 Shoemaker (MMP), 268-269 Silverman, I, 306 Stout, 30-32 Talley, 190-195 Thomas (DD), 154-155 Wells, 165-166 White, 176, 218 Wier (YAM), I, 118 Yolen, 116-117

The Frog and the Mouse

Mister Frog went a-wooing, and he did ride, Uh-huh. Uh-huh.

Mister Frog went a-wooing, and he did ride, A sword and a pistol at his side, Uh-huh, ah-ha, uh-huh.

He rode up to Molly Mouse's door, etc.
As he had done many times before, etc.

Miss Molly Mouse, may I come in?, etc.
So glad you came! How have you been?, etc

Well he took Molly Mouse upon his knee, etc.

And said, Missy Mouse, will you marry me? etc

Oh, without my Uncle Rat's consent, etc.

I would not marry the Pres-I-dent! etc.

Uncle Rat he laughed and held his side, etc.

To think his niece would be a bride, etc.

Well, her Uncle Rat gave his consent, etc.
And the weasel wrote the publishment, etc.

When the news got round to the Bumble Bee, etc. He danced a little jig with a one-eyed flea, etc.

Well, the owl did hoot and the birds did sing, etc.

And a cigar band was the wedding ring, etc.

Hey, what will the wedding breakfast be? etc.
A kernal of corn and a black-eyed pea, etc.

They all sailed across a shallow lake, etc.

And got gobbled up by a big, black snake! etc.

No. 535

FROG IN THE WELL also known as

Frog in a Mill
The Frog in the Spring
Kitty Alone

Kitty Alone and I There Was an Old Frog

This is a distinct version of the previous song, The Frog and the Mouse. It goes back to the 18th century. Although it is sung to an entirely different melody, it is obvious that the words of Frog in the Well is a derivative text. The line, "a frog lived in a well," is used to open many versions of The Frog and the Mouse. However, some versions are so remote that it is difficult to relate them with any degree of certainty. For example, Brown, III, 149-150 gives a lullaby version that does not mention the mouse, the courtship or the wedding.

The "kitty alone" refrain also shows up in a great number of songs, including an old one recorded by Baring-Gould which he related to The Frog and the Mouse.

For an entirely different song, see <u>Kitty Alone</u> and <u>I</u> in this Master Book.

Many of the works referred to below contain confusing versions of this piece as well as to The Frog and the Mouse, but this fact is unavoidable since those collectors made such choices in their own reference lists.

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Morris, 408-409
Pub (TFLS), V, 18-25

Seeger (3), 48-49
Sharp, II, 323
Sturgis (SHV), 18-21
Talley, 67
Williams (FSUT), 133
Winn, 28

Frog in the Well

There was a frog lived in a well,

Hi diddle dee dee 0!

There was a frog lived in a well,

Dip tee die!

There was a frog lived in a well,

Missy Mouse lived at the Mill,

Kitty alone, kitty alone,

Kitty alone and I.

Frog had a wife and he liked her fine, etc.
Kept her busy all the time, etc.

She hopped around and carried on, etc. Every day when he was gone, etc.

One day she hopped into the lake, etc.

Got eat'n up by a snake, etc.

And now the frog lives all alove, etc. Hops about and croaks this song, etc.

No. 336

FROG POND

This is a children's game song. Text and tune were taken from Newell, 116-117, who found it in Georgia.

Frog Pond

Come, neighbors, the moon is up,
It's pleasant out here on the bank.
Come, stick your heads out of the tank,
And let us, before we sup
Go kough, kough, kough,
And let us, before we sup,
Go kough, kough, kough.

Hush, yonder is the waddling duck;
He's coming, I don't mean to stay.
We'd better by half hop our way,
If we don't he will gobble us up
With a kough, kough,
If we don't he will gobble us up
With a kough, kough, kough.

No. 537

GALILEE I

also known as

Below Galilee

In Old Galilee

This is a kissing game song, and is closely related to the old English game song, Hog Drovers (see in MB). For directions on how the game is played, see Botkin (AFL), 811 or Newell, 232-234.

Galilee I

Come under, come under, My honey, sweet love, so happily, Come under, come under, In old Galilee.

We've caught and will hold you, etc.

I'll hug you and kiss you, etc.

No. 538

GALILEE II

also known as

Down in Galilee In the Wilderness On to Galilee

A ring-game, dancing-type song, with only a reference to <u>Galilee</u> in common with the previous song. For game directions, see Botkin (APPS), 288-289.

Galilee II Tune: Out of the Wilderness II

Sweet little lady in the wilderness, In the wilderness, in the wilderness, Sweet little lady in the wilderness, Down in Galilee.

Chorus

Raise hands! and go around that lady, Round that lady, round that lady, Raise hands! and go around that lady, Down in Galilee.

Swing that lady out of the wilderness, etc.

Next little lady in the wilderness, etc.

One more young lady in the wilderness, etc.

No. 539

THE GALLOWS TREE also known as

The Briery Bush By a Lover Saved Down By the Green Willow Tree Dreary Gallows Tree The Farmer's Daughter The Gallent Tree The Gallows Pole The Gallus Tree The Girl Freed from the Gallows The Girl to Be Hanged for Stealing a Comb The Golden Ball Granny and the Golden Ball The Hangman Hangman, Slack on the Line Hangman, Slack Your Rope

The Hangman's Rope The Hangman's Song The Hangman Tree Hangman's Tree Hang's a Man Hangs Man Tree The Highwayman Hold Your Hands, Old Man James Derry Johnny Low Lord James The Lover Freed from the Gallows The Miller's Daughter My Golden Ball The Prickly Brier The Prickly Bush The Raspel Pole

Ropesman
Slack Your Rope
The Steets of Derry
The Sycamore Tree

True Love
Under the Creep-O-Mellow
Tree
The Weep-O-Mellow Tree

The story told by this song is a familiar one in European folklore, although each country seems to have a slightly different version of the tale. All American versions thus far recovered from oral tradition are derived from English versions of the song. According to Child, who gave it as No. 95, "All English versions are defective and distorted." In most American versions the story is far from complete; it is limited to a plea from the victim to a succession of peopleto buy her or his freedom. In most versions no member of the victim's family responds favorably. In the end, however, a sweetheart agrees to purchase the desired freedom and the victim is saved. Why the victim is about to be hanged is not explained. Nor is any explanation given for the refusal of the father, mother, sister and brother to come forward and pay the ransom. Despite all the unexplained gaps in the story, however, the song enjoys a wide and surprising popularity in the United States. Version B, below, is the one sung by country music performers.

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Amer (10), Vol. 1, No.
4, 247

Arnold, 68-69

Barry (BBM), 206-213,
389-393, 483

Belden (BS), 66-67

Botkin (AFL), 822-824

Brewster (BSI), 125-127

Broadwood (ECS), 112-113
Brown, II, 143-149; IV,
76-81
Brown (BLNC), 9
Buchan (ABS), II, 190
Bulletin (TFS), III, 4, 95
Bulletin (VFS), Nos. 2 & 6,
8-10

Cambiaire, 15-16 Campbell & Sharp, No. 24 Chappell (FSRA), 35-36 Child, II, 346-355; V, 417 **Coffin**, 96-99 Cox (FSS). 115-119 Cox (TBFS), 38 Creighton (TSNS), 109-112 Davis (MTBV), 221-228 Davis (TBV), 360-382, 583 Dean-Smith, 86 Downes (1940), 40-42 Downes (1943), 44-45 Eddy, 62-64 Flanders, III, 15-41 Flanders (NGMS), 117-118 Folklore (FC), No. 105, 1-2 Friedman, 131-137 Fuson. 113-114 Gainer, 64-65 Gardner (BSSM), 146-148 Greig & Duncan, No. 248 Henry (BMFS), No. 9 Henry (FSSH), 93-99 Houseman, 140-142 Hudson (FSM), 111-114 Jekyll. 58-59 Jour (AFL), XIX, 22; XXI, 56; XXIV. 337; XXVI. 175; XXX. 318; XXXIX, 105; XLII, 272 Jour (FSS), V, 231

Kirkland, 71

Leach (BB), 295-300 Leisy, 153-154 McIntosh (FSSG), 39-41 Modern Philology, XXVIII, 129 Moore (BFSS), 74-76, 179-181 Morris, 295-300 Muir, 171-172 Niles (BB), 217-223 0kun, 101-102 Owens (TFS), 26-27 Pound. 31-33 Pub (MLA), XXXIX, 475-476 Pub (TFLS), XXIII, 45-47 Quarterly (NYF), II, 139 Quarterly (SFL), II, 71; ▼. 25 Randolph, I, 143-148 Reeves, 153-154 Reeves (EC), 184-185 Ritchie (FS), 33 Ritchie (SFC), 152-154 Roberts (IP), 61-64 Roberts (SBS), 96-97 Sandburg (AS), 35-37 Sandburg (NAS), 71 Scarborough (NFS), 35-37, 39. 283-284 Scarborough (SC), 196-200, 408-409 Scott (BA), 14-15, 207 Sharp, I, 208-214 Sharp (FSFS), 54-55 Sharp (100), 42-43

Silverman, I, 201, 219 Smith (SCB), 80-94 Thomas (DD), 164-165 Wells, 115-116 Whiting (TBB), 18-21
Williams (FSUT), 281-283
Wyman (LT), 44-48

The Gallows Tree Version A

Slack your rope; hangs a man, O slack it for awhile; I think I see my father there, He's walked many a mile.

Father, have you brought me gold?
And have you paid my fee?
Or have you come to see you hang
Upon the Gallows tree?

Repeat above sequence with mother, brother, sister, uncle, etc., and conclude with the following:

Slack your rope! hangs a man.

O slack it for awhile;

I think I see my sweetheart now—

She's walked many a mile.

Sweetheart, have you brought me gold?
And have you paid my fee?
Or have you come to see me hang
Upon the Gallows tree?

Yes, Love, I've brought you gold, And I have paid your fee; I could not bear to see you hang Upon the Gallows tree.

VERSION B

Oh, wait Mr. Judge! Oh, Judge, please wait! Oh, wait for a little while. I think I see my dear sweetheart, She's walked for many a mile.

Sweetheart, have you brought me silver? Sweetheart, have you brought me gold? Or have you walked this long, long way To see me on the high scaffold?

Oh, yes, I've brought you silver, Love, And I have brought you gold.
I did not walk this long, long way
To see you on the high scaffold.

She saved me from the scaffold,

She untied my hands;

She held me in her arms and cried,

I love this highwayman!

She loves this highwayman, poor girl, She loves this highwayman! She bowed her head and cried, poor girl, She loves this highwayman!

No. 540

GAMBLING ON THE SABBATH DAY

This is a "condemned criminal" song, the origin of which has not been clearly established. According to Randolph, a persistent legend has it that "this song was written by Bill Walker, one of a group of night-riders known as Bald Knobbers, who was hanged at Ozark, Mo., May 10, 1889." Of course Randolph did not endorse or believe the legend.

This song is probably an off-shoot of The Murder of Macafee's Wife (see in MB), a popular murder song with textual similarities.

Finger (FB), 42-43 gives three stanzas of this piece and attributes them to Macafee. That song, too, was supposedly written by the murderer himself.

For other versions, see Botkin (WFL), 778-779 and Randolph, II, 40-44.

Gambling on the Sabbath Day

A young and foolish boy who dares
To disregard a father's cares,
And laughs at all his sister's tears,
And even scorns his mother's prayers.

From all their words he turned away, And then with gambling went astray; A fellow gambler he did slay While gambling on the Sabbath day.

His weeping parents standing by, To hear the Sheriff tell them why Their boy in prison had to lie Until the time when he must die.

Don't weep for me, they heard him say, When I at last am laid away; For with my life now I must pay, For gambling on the Sabbath day.

The hangman cut the ghastly cord, And sent his soul back to the Lord. The doctor then pronounced him dead And walked away with heavy tread.

His parents wept and cried aloud,
"God save and pity all this crowd!
And may they all be turned away
From gambling on the Sabbath day."

No. 541

GAME AND PLAY-PARTY SONGS

Game and Play-Perty songs represent a wide and numerous group of traditional songs, and they all have one thing in common—participation. Dance songs and tunes are known to all cultures and all peoples, primitive as well as civilized, but only in America were songs specially contrived for play-parties. Such songs were developed to satisfy a social need, mainly as entertainment pieces at "play-parties." The Play-Party was game-dance-song all in one piece, an adult form of the singing games of children. It was a form of unself-conscious togetherness rarely witnessed in our time.

Game songs have been around for centuries, and they have played an effective role in the social structure of all English-speaking peoples. In America, during the Colonial period and throughout the 19th century. there were game songs for adults and for children. The adult group usually had to do with choosing, chasing, kissing. or stealing a partner- and such games formed a large part of play-party activity. Game songs for children were generally simpler and, of course, lass romantic. Otherwise, the game songs for children and the game songs for adults were more or less the same. When considering games of either type. it is wise to bear in mind that both have come to us from a society no longer in existence. We should not make the mistake of judging them in the context of the mores of our time instead of their own—particularly play-party songs. Game songs for children have remained more or less the same over the years. It is only now, in our electronic age, that distinctive differences can be observed.

Unfortunately, students of American culture and tra-

and songs than did the English. For example, there was a seventy year lapse between the first and second serious collections published in the United States. The first, William Wells Newell's Games and Songs of American Children, was published in 1893; and the second, Paul Brewster's American Non-Singing Games, was published in 1953.

There hasn't been a lack of song books for children over the years, but most of these, as Dorothy Howard observed, could as truthfully be called fakelore as folklore, since none of them can be accepted as serious studies in child folklore. Yet, to their credit, such books are largely responsible for the preservation of many game songs that may otherwise have disappeared. Traditionally speaking, however, the major credit for the preservation of game songs used by children must go to the children themselves. Recognizing this fact in 1893, Newell wrote: "Children have preserved formulas so old as to have lost all reasonable meaning." This is not surprising, since children are more interested in sound than in meaning. In the final analysis children are genuine conseratives. Therefore, it is among the youngest children that tradition survives longest; they demand the same stories and songs over and over again, and, as any parent can testify, they insist that the words do not vary from time to time. Of course this is no longer as true as it once was. Modern life, modern education, and television have all but destroyed tradition.

Sad but true, today our children are subjected to an adult prescribed play, organized and supervised by teachers and other adults. The children are little victims of technicolor memory-tracks unreeled from the minds of adults who cannot recall the dark,

mysterious corners of childhood. Thus it is, today, that available traditional material is used by overworked school teachers as "supplemental" reading material, and by unimaginative educationalists who take it upon themselves to revamp the old games to fit supervised play programs. None of this is nearly so effective as the traditional ways, because too much adult-thinking robs children of their freedom of expression and thus kills tradition—not to mention imagination.

The Play-party is, of course, dead and gone, and there is no chance of revival. The environment for "play-parties" no longer exists. Young adults—now called "teenagers"—no longer require subterfuge for courting. In the 18th and 19th centuries, however, the "play-party" was a necessary social activity. Religious leaders frowned on music and dancing, and they preached that such things led directly to drinking whiskey and illicit love-making. Some religious people hold and preach that view in our time, but without success. That point of view never meant much to very many people. The rigid doctrines of strict religion were, even in the earliest and most religious of times, quite powerless against the music and dancing of centuries of tradition.

Our forefathers didn't actually go so far as to condemn the singing games of children, even though many of these were actually "round" dances. It was to these songs, therefore, and these games, that older boys and girls naturally turned for an outlet, adapting them to their own special needs. As a result, the "play-party" was accepted by adults as innocent amusement.

That is all in the past. Young people of today have no use for the Play-Party. Yet, if they would take a look, and listen, they might discover that their modern music is not as far removed from the ancient songs as ignorance

of their structure has led most of them to believe. For example, many of the game songs in this Master Book would have a familiar ring to modern youth, because more than a few of them have been modernized by living songwriters and passed along to an unknowing market of eager teenagers as original creations. The game songs for both children and adults that are set down in this work are presented with words and music. At no point in the selection of material was consideration given to "games" and "rhymes" that were played or recited without melodic accompaniment. Nor was any attempt made to include descriptions of, or directions for, the games themselves. Such information is not important to the purposes of this work. From the outset it was determined that this work would be concerned only with traditional music and songs.

No. 542

GARRY OWEN also known as Gerry Owen

Garryowen is Irish and means, in English, Owen's Garden; it is a suburb of Limerick, Ireland. The tune was printed in many old collections containing Irish airs and dates back to at least 1802. It was the Regimental Song of the Seventh Cavalry and General Armstrong Custer's favorite tune. It is given here because the song is of historical as well as traditional interest, the tune having served for other songs regarded as genuine folk pieces.

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Garry Owen

Let Bacchus' sons be not dismayed,
But join with me each jovial blade;
Come booze and sing, and lend your aid,
To help me with the chorus.

Chorus

Instead of Spa we'll drink down ale, And pay the reck'ning on the nail; No man for debt shall go to jail, From Garryowen in glory.

We are the boys that take delight in Smashing the Limerick lights when lighting, Through the streets like sporters fighting, And tearing all before us.

We'll break windows, we'll break doors, The watch knock down by threes and fours; Then let the doctors work their cures, And tinker up our bruises.

We'll beat the bailiffs out of fun, We'll make the mayors and sheriffs run; We are the boys no man dares dun, If he regards a whole skin.

Our hearts so stout have got us fame, For soon 'tis known from whence we came; Where'er we go they dread the name Of Garryowen in glory.

No. 543

THE GAY CABALLERO

also known as

I Am a Gay Caballero

The Spanish Nobillio

This is one of those songs that really circulates and survives via oral transmission. For another song set to this melody, see <u>The Filipino Hombre</u> in this <u>Master Book</u>.

Due to its bawdy text this song is seldom encountered in published folk song collections.

The Gay Caballero

O I am a gay caballero,
A good hand at shooting the bull O!
I carry with me my wee tremble-tree,
And both of my wee tremble-li-toes.

I once met a gay senorita,

There never was one more sweeta;

She tickled my chin and bade me come in,

Then gave me a case of clapita.

O I am a gay caballero,
A great one for spending dinero;
But Oh! what a shame I did not remain
Back home in Rio de Janiero.

No. 544

THE GAY COWBOY

also known as

The Lavender Cowboy

A version of this song appeared first as a poem in Harold Hersey's <u>Singing Rawhide</u>. It shows up again, this time as a song, in Lomax (CS-1938), 304-305.

However, a version was recorded prior to Lomax on the RCA-Bluebird label (B-8229A) as The Lavender Cowboy, sung by Vernon Dalhart. That record was released in the late 1920s. Burl Ives recorded a version in the 1940s, which gave it a wider and more popular circulation.

The version below is somewhat different from the others, but there is no doubt that it is the same song. Our version, with its more explicit title, is from Dickson Hall.

REFERENCES

Fife, 114 Ives (SA), 212-213 Lee (TTGC), 120, 209

The Gay Cowboy

He was such a delicate creature,
With eyes of heavenly blue,
And he longed to follow the heroes
And fight like the he-men all do.
But he was inwardly troubled
By a fear that gave him no rest:
O how could he be a real hero
With only two hairs on his chest?

Hair oils and other such tonics
Were rubbed on his chest ev'ry night,
But each time he looked in the mirror
The same two hairs were in sight.
But at last he conquered his complex,
Decided that he'd face the test;
He purchased two pearl-handled pistols,
And with 'em he started out West.

He rode o'er mountain and prairie, A-singing his song light and gay; And he rode his pony side-saddle— He said he preferred it that way. Now he meant to be a brave cowboy, To fight for justice and strive To be the very first hero To smell of Chanel Number Five!

At last he came to Dodge City,
Out there where the fellows play rough;
They made him the new city marshal
And gave him his chance to be tough.
He fought for Red Nellie's honor
And he cleaned out an outlaw's nest,
And he died with both guns a-smoking—
With only two hairs on his chest!

No. 545

GENTLY, JOHNNY, BE GENTLE O!

also known as

Gently, Johnny, My Jingalo

An American version of an old English song, and one usually considered too ribald for polite society. It is generally encountered in collections of sea songs, such as Farnsworth's. Here, however, we have a land version from Ohio; it was given to me in 1944 by Louis "Bud" Sherman.

For a shanty adaptation, see <u>Early in the Morning III</u> in this Master <u>Book</u>.

REFERENCES

Best, 95 Cole, 46-47 Farnsworth, 60-61 Leisy, 121-122 Leisy (SPS), 91 Reeves, 113-114 Sharp (100), 146-147 I took her hand into my own,
Fair maid is a dilly, 0!
She said, "If you love me alone,
Come to me, but gently;
Do not do me injury—
Gently, Johnny, be gentle 0!"

I said, "You know I love you, dear,"
Fair maid is a dilly, 0!
She whispered softly in my ear:
"Come to me, but gently;
Do not do me injury—
Gently, Johnny, be gentle 0!"

I placed my army around her waist,

Fair maid is a dilly, 0!

She laughed and turned away her face:

"Come to me, but gently;

Do not do me injury—

Gently, Johnny, be gentle 0!"

I kissed her lips like rubies red,
Fair maid is a dilly, 0!
She blushed, and tenderly she said:
"Come to me, but gently;
Do not do me injury—
Gently, Johnny, be gentle 0!"

I slipped a ring into her hand,
Fair maid is a dilly, 0!
She said, "The parson's near at hand.
Come to me, but gently;
Do not do me injury—
Gently, Johnny, be gentle 0!"

No. 546

GEORDIE

also known as

Charley's Escape
The Death of Geordie
Geordie Lukelie, or
Lukely
George E. Wedlock
George Stoole
Georgia, or Georgie
Georgie and Sally
Georgie Stoole

Origin and development of this ballad is in dispute, with some opting for one form as opposed to another. Child has 14 versions, none American, and the earliest version is one contributed to Johnson (SMM) by Robert Burns. However, there are broadsides of the song from the 17th century, and Ebsworth (RB) thought these were the earliest form. The difference of opinion regarding the matter came about because of two quite similar broadsides, Georgie Stoole (early 1600s) and The Life and Death of George of Oxford (issued first in 1700). Both these songs are involved in the background of Geordie, which may have been first, second or third. All three forms of the song may have developed, it's said, from an as yet unidentified traditional form. We do know, however, that 19th century broadside publishers issued their versions and that, with few exceptions, all American versions are derived therefrom. Henry (FSSH), 142-145, has a ballad (The Judge and the Jury) which, in his view, is a derivative of George of Oxford.

Barry (BBM), 475 Belden (BS), 76-78 Broadwood (ETSC), 32 Brown, II, 168-169; IV, 91-95 Buchan, II, 143 Buchan (ABS), I, 133 Bulletin (VFS), Nos. 7 & Campbell & Sharp. No. 28 Chappell (FSRA), 37 Child, IV, 123-142 Christie, I, 53; II. 44 Coffin, 126-127 Cox (FSS). 135-136 Creighton (MFS), 27 Creighton (TFS). 18-19 Creighton (TSNS), 73-75 Davis (MTBV), 262-266 Davis (TBV), 435, 592 Dean-Smith, 68 Ebsworth (RB), VII, 67 Edwards (CHSB), 48 Flanders, III, 231-235 Flanders (VFSB), 241-243 Gainer, 75-76 Gardner (BSSM), 317 Greenleaf, 40 Greig, I, art. 75 Greig & Keith. 130-133 Hudson (SC), 8 Johnson (SMM), No. 346

Jour (AFL), XX, 319; XXXII, 504; LX, 245 Jour (FSS), I, 164; II, 27, 47, 208; III, 191; IV, 89, 332 Kidson (FSNC), 14-15 Kidson (TT), 24-25 Kinloch (ASB), 187-192 Kinsley, 557-559 Leach (BB), 554-559 MacColl & Seeger, 91-95 Moore (BFSS), 101-102 Niles (BB), 285-287 Niles (SHF), 12-13 Ord, 408-410, 456-457 Pound (SFSN), I, 13 Randolph (OMF), 224-225 Roberts (IP), 71-73 Scarborough (SC), 213, 411 Sharp, I, 240-243 Sharp (ECFS), 89-91 Sharp (FSE), II, 47 Sharp (FSFS), I, 5 Sharp (100), 24-25 Shoemaker (MMP), 162-163 Shoemaker (NPM), 158-159 Silverman, I, 225 Wells, 118-119 Wetmore, 13-15 Williams (EFS), 42 Williams (FSEC), 47

There was a battle in the North,
And troubles there were many;
And they have killed poor Charlie Hay,
And laid the blame on Geordie.

He has written a long letter,
And sent it to his lady,
"You must come up to Edinboro town,
To see your loving Geordie."

When first she saw the letter, Her face blushed red and rosy; When she had read a word or two, She had to read it over.

She mounted then her best white steed,
And galloped off with ferver;
And she did neither eat nor drink
Till Edinboro town did see her.

At first appeared the fatal block, And soon the axe to head him; Then Geordie he came down the stair With bands of iron on him.

O down she went on bended knees, Her face so pale and weary; "O pardon, noble king," she cried, "Please give me back my dearie.

"I've borne to him some seven sons, And they all need their father; To take his life would serve them ill, And waste away their mother."

"Go bid the headin' man make haste,"
The king replied quite lordly.
"O Noble king, take all that's mine,
But give me back my Geordie!"

Beside the king there stood a lord, He said, "O king, but hear me: Tell her to pay ten thousand pounds, And give her back her dearie."

Some gave her marks, some gave her crowns, Some gave her dollars many; And she put down ten thousand pounds, And that was more than plenty.

Then Geordie took her in his arms
And kissed her lips so rosy—
"The fairest flower of woman kind
Is my sweet, bonnie lady!"

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No. 547

GEORGE COLLINS also known as

Dame Alice Was Sittin' on Jiles Scroggins John Collins Widow's Walk Earl Colvin John Harman Johnny Collins George Allien Lady Alice George Carey A Lover's Farewell George Coleman Song Ballad of George George Collum George Promer Collins Young Collins Giles Collins

This English ballad circulated extensively east of the Mississippi, particularly during the first three quarters of the 19th century. Child, who has it as No. 85, considered it to be "a sort of counterpart to Lord Lovel." Bronson gives 43 tunes, although several of them are quite similar. An English form of the song is in Gammer Gurton's Garland, 1810, p. 38, under the title: Gile Collins and Proud Lady Anna.

The old ballad has been professionally "refined and

A parody, Giles Scroggins, was written by William Reeve (1757-1815). In fairness, however, it must be pointed out that many others attributed the parody to Dibdin. Authorship aside, the song was a favorite of American publishers. Flanders reports three produced in Vermont alone: The New England Pocket Songster, The Singer's Own Book (both at Woodstock, Vt., 1838), and The Songster's Companion (Brattleborugh, Vt., 1815).

Baring-Gould (EM), I, 26, reports that William Reeve "published his version in 1830." This was quite a remarkable feat considering that Reeve died in 1815.

His obituary notice may be seen in Gentleman's Magazine, Vol. 85, No. 1 (1815), p. 648.

The parody may be seen Ashton (MBS), 103-104 and Davis (TBV), 352-353.

The version below has obviously been Americanized, but the story remains similar wherever it is found.

REFERENCES

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Bell (APBS), 127
Brown, II, 131-140; IV,
69-74
Brown (BLNC), 9
Bulletin (VFS), Nos. 2 &
10
Cambiaire, 76
Campbell & Sharp, No. 22
Chappell (FSRA), 33-34
Child, II, 279-280
Combs (FSKH), 8-9

Cox (FSS), 110-114

Creighton (MFS), 85

Davis (MTBV), 199-206

Davis (TBV), 346, 581-583

Ford (BB), No. 3126

Gainer, 59-60

Gardner (BSSM), 53

Henry (BMFS), 2-3

Henry (FSSH), 89-90

Henry (SSSA), 47

Hudson (FSM), 107-111

Hudson (SMFL), No. 14

Jour (AFL), XXII, 500; XXX, 317, 340; XXXIX, 102, 148; XLV, 77; LII, 47; LVIII, 73-103

Jour (FSS), III, 299-302; IV, 106

Quiller-Couch, 795-796
Randolph, I, 139-140
Roberts (IP), 57-59
Scarborough (SC), 117, 393
Sharp, I, 196-199
Silverman, I, 59
Smith (SCB), 129, 142-143
Smith (TBSCS), No. 9
Williams (EFS), 44

George Collins

Perrow, XXVIII, 151

George Collins came home last Tuesday night,
And he took sick and died;
And when Missis Collins heard George was dead,
She bowed her head and cried.

His dear lonely bride was in the hall,
And sewing silk so fine;
When they came and told her that George
was dead,

She cast it all aside.

"O daughter, dear daughter," her mother said,
There are more men than George;
There are many young men waiting now,
To take you in their charge."

"O mother, dear mother," the daughter said,
"I'm not too blind to see;
There are many young men waiting now,
But none of them for me."

She followed him up, and followed down, Till in the grave he was laid; And she fell down on bended knee And wept, and mourned, and prayed. "O put down the coffin and raise the lid, Give me a comb so fine, And I will comb his cold, black hair, For now he can't comb mine.

"I see over yonder a lonesome dove,
It flies from pine to pine;
O it's mourning for its own true love,
As I do mourn for mine."

No. 548

GEORGE WASHINGTON I

Adam's Fall
The Trip to Cambridge

Washington's Trip to Cambridge

Little can be said of George Washington that is not already know. Every American school child is familiar with certain basic facts, such as his role as military leader of American Revolutionary forces, the name of his wife, and that he was the first elected President of the United States. However, they may not remember that he was an Independent candidate for the Presidency in 1789 and that eleven other candidates opposed him, including John Adams and John Jay.

In those days political songs were not necessarily campaign songs. In Washington's case it would have made little difference, because he did not campaign at all. When the U. S. Government began, in 1789, the candidates had not yet organized effective partisan parties. Therefore, songs were written "in praise of" or were "dedicated to" such political leaders as Washington, Adams and Jefferson.

In 1788, Eli Lewis and Edward Tyler wrote A New Federal Song and sub-tiled it: In Praise of George Washington.

Prior to that song, an anonymous author produced God Save Great Washington, and set the words to the air of

God Save the King. The text was published in the Continental Journal, Philadelphia, April 7, 1786.

However, all songs about Washington were not in praise of him. During the Revolution, when the Colonies were divided, those who remained loyal to the Crown also expressed their opinions in song.

About three weeks after the battles at Lexington and Concord, the second Continental Congress unanimously appointed George Washinton Commander-in-Chief. He immediately set out for his new headquarters at Cambridge. The news of his appointment and his trip inspired a Tory to compose a song of ridicule, which was quickly published and distributed. Sung to the well-known air of Yankee Doodle, the song enjoyed a wide popularity. It is that song which we give here.

REFERENCES

Brand (S-76), 49 Lawrence, 60 Silber (SI), 79-80

George Washington I

Tune: Yankee Doodle

When Congress sent great Washington,
All clothed in power and breeches,
To meet old Britain's warlike sons
And make some rebel speeches;

Twas then he took his gloomy way
Astride his dapple donkeys,
And traveled well, both night and day,
Until he reached the Yankees.

Away from camp, 'bout three miles off, From Lily he dismounted; His sergeant brushed his sun-burnt wig While he the specie counted. All prinked up in full bag-wig—
The shaking notwithstanding—
In leathers tight, oh! glorious sight!
He reached the Yankee landing.

The women ran, the darkeys too, And all the bells they tolled; For Britain's sons, by Doodle doo, Were sure to be consoled.

Old mother Hancock, with a pan All crowded full of butter, Until the lovely Georgius ran And added to the splutter.

Says she, "Our brindle has just calved, And John is wondrous happy; He sent a present to you, dear, As you're the 'country's papa'."

Full many a child went into camp, All dressed in homespun kersey, To set the greatest rebel scamp That ever crossed o'er Jersey.

The rebel clowns, oh! what a sight!
Too awkward was their figure.
Twas yonder stood a pious wight,
And here and there a nigger.

Upon a stump he placed himself, Great Washington did he, And through the nose of lawyer Close, Proclaimed great liberty.

The patriot brave, the patriot fair, From fervor had grown thinner; So off they marched, with patriot zeal, And took a patriot dinner!

No. 549

GEORGE WASHINGTON II also known as

General Washington
War and Washington

Ward and Washington Washington

Here we have one of the first major ballads of the American Revolution. The words, written by Jonathan Mitchell Sewall, a lawyer and minor poet who lived in Portsmouth, N. H., were set to the English tune: The British Grenadier. The name "Ward" in the last line of the first stanza refers to General Artemas Ward. Text first appeared in Dixon and Hunter's Virginia Gazette, Feb. 24, 1776. As it grew in popularity, the broadside and newspaper publishers took over and distributed it throughout the colonies. For other versions, see: Lawrence, 63 and Silber (SI), 97.

George Washington II

Vain Britons, boast no longer
With proud indignity,
By land—your conquering Legion—
Your matchiefs strength at sea
Since we, your braver sons,
Incensed, our sword have girded on.
Huzza, huzza, huzza, huzza
For Ward and Washington!
Urged on by North and vengeance,
Those valiant champions came,
Loud bellowing Tea and Treason!
And George was all on flame.
Yet sacriligious as it seems—
We rebels still live on—
And laugh at all your empty puffs,

And so does Washington.

Still deaf to mild entreaties,
Still blind to England's good,
You have for Thirty Pieces—
Betrayed your Country's blood.
Like Aesop's greedy Cur, you'll gain
A shadow for your bone.
You find us fearful Shades indeed,
Inspired by Washington!

No. 550

* GEORGE WASHINGTON III

also known as

George Washington March Hail. Columbia!

The President's March Washington's Grand March

March, but it is the one composed by Philip Phile as an inaugural march for George Washington in 1789. The words were written nine years later, at a time whem Americans were divided by their sympathies over England and France, then engaged in a war. Josephh Hopkinson, who wrote the words, made no allusion to either country in the text, which he called Hail, Columbia!; it was intended to unite the country.

REFERENCES

Agay (2), 32-33
Amer (13), 5-6
Ives (SA), 274-276
Johnson (FS), 586-589
Kobbe, 142-143
Lair (SLL), 75
Lawrence, 88-89

Linscott, 81

Lloyd, 26-27
Mackenzie (SH), 83-84
Rabson, 88-89
Silber (SI), 187-188
Vinson, 68-70
Wier (YAM), III, 42
Wilder, 84-86

George Washington III

Hail, Columbia! happy land.
Hail, ye heroes! heaven born band!
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
And when the storm of war was gone,
Enjoyed the peace your valor won.
Let Independence be our boast,
Ever mindful what it cost,
Ever grateful for the prize,
Let its altar reach the skies.

Firm, united, let us be Railing round our Liberty. As a band of brothers joined, Peace and safety we shall find.

Sound, sound the trump of fame!

Let Washington's great name

Ring thro the world with loud applause!

Ring thro the world with loud applause!

Let every clime, to freedom dear,

Listen with a joyful ear;

With equal skill, with steady power,

He governs in the fearful hour

Of horrid war, or guides with ease

The happier time of honest peace.

Behold the chief who now commands,
Once more to serve his country stands,
The rock on which the storm will beat!
The rock on which the storm will beat!
But armed in virtue, firm and true,
His hopes are fixed on Heaven and you.
When hope was sinking in dismay,
When gloom obscured Columbia's day,
His steady mind from changes free,
Resolved on death or liberty.

No. 551

GEORGIE PORGIE

English nursery rhyme. According to Opie, "numerous guesses have been hazarded that an historical character is portrayed." If so, the identity of that historical character has yet to be satisfactorily established. Despite this song's long tradition it does not appear in any of the American folk collections that I have seen. Halliwell has it in Nursery Rhymes of England, and Kidson published a version in 1904 set to the tune of Tom Loves Mary Passing Well.

REFERENCES

Bertail, 38 Opie, 185 Wier (YAM), I, 45

Georgie Porgie

Georgie Porgie, puddin' and pie, Kissed the girls and made them cry. When the boys came out to play, Georgie Porgie ran away.

No. 552

GETTING MARRIED I

Around the Ring

Choose Your Mate

Here Stands a Young Couple

Here We Go Around This Ring

Marriage

Here We Go In a Ring
In This Ring Comes a Lady
Loving Couple
Marriage

This game song originated in England. What we have here is, probably, an Americanized version of the Marriage game. Newell recovered a version that dates back to

1865, but the game is much older. The piece comes in so many forms and versions that separation and clear identification is now highly improbable. Collectors have related the song to dozens of others on the basis of similarity and floating lines. Some suggested relationships are quite far-fetched. The task of unraveling the problems involved requires much more confirmable information than I have been able to find. Therefore, I have grouped three forms together, using the same title and the device of numerals to distinguish them.

There are dozens of similar song texts in circulation and some of them are undoubtedly related to the songs given here. I have selected four such songs to serve as examples, primarily because each of them are referred to by several of the collectors in my own reference list.

Gardner (FSH), 240 has a two-stanza "kissing game" entitled Kind Companion:

Don't you want a kind companion For to soothe the cares of life? If you do I advise you to marry, Therefore go and choose a wife.

Now you're joined in bonds of wedlock, Love her as you do your life; Kiss her and promise never to forsake her So long as she remains your wife.

On p. 243, the same author offers another two-stanza "kissing game" piece entitled: Here Stands a Young Couple:

Here stands a young couple,
How well they agree;
The handsomest couple
I ever did see.

Just put your arms around her, And it's how-do-you-do; Kiss your old woman, And she will kiss you.

Gomme, I, 369-373, reports an English game song, Merry-Ma-Tansa, that may have contributed to our form of the song. Among the numerous stanzas given by Gomme are the following three:

Here we go the jingo-ring, The jingo-ring, the jingo-ring, Here we go the jingo-ring, About the merry-ma-tansa.

Come name the lad you like the best, Like the best, like the best, Come name the lad you like the best, About the merry-ma-tansa.

Now they're married we wish them joy, Wish them joy, wish they joy, Now they're married we wish them joy, About the merry-ma-tansa.

Newell, 60, gives a stanza under Marriage which he relates to this song, but it may belong to another game game piece: Green Grass (see in MB). It goes:

> On the green carpet here we stand, Take your true love by the hand; Take the one whom you profess To be the one you love the best.

For other similar pieces, see: Marriage By Knife in Amer (2), I, 267-268; Choose Your Mate in Owens (PPT), 170-171; and Susan Brown III in this Master Book. For additional variations and related items, see Getting Married II & III below.

REFERENCES

Backus, 297-298

Botkin (APPS), 185-186

Brown, V, 546

Fuson, 173

Gardner (FSH), 243

Jour (AFL), XXXII, 495; XLIX, 250-251 Newell, 240-241 Owens (ST), 63 Wolford, 43-44

Getting Married I

Here we go around this ring,

For you to choose while others sing;

Choose the one you love the best,

And I am sure 'twill please the rest.

In the center stands with pride, The waiting girl and future bride; Happiness will not be dim, If she is lucky choosing him.

Circle round the lady fair,
With sky-blue eyes and sunny hair,
Rosy cheeks and dimpled chin—
The one she chooses must go in.

Married now you must be good,

Be sure and chop your husband's wood;

Live with him for all your life,

And be a good and faithful wife.

Now you're wed I wish you joy,
For you're a fine and handsome boy;
This is all you need to do—
Just kiss her twice, if once won't do!

No. 553

GETTING MARRIED II
also known as

Loving Couple
Marriage
Yonder She Comes

Yonder Stands Two People Yonder Stands Young Couple

This form of the "marriage" genre is a Play-party as well as a game song for children. Sharp, who obtained a version in 1917 from the singing of children at the Pine Mountain Settlement School, Harlan County, Kentucky, place it among his Play-party songs, saying that it wis danced as a Longways County dance, men on one side and women on the other." Gardner listed it as a "ring game" in which all sing as they circle about a couple in the center." Botkin has it as a Play-party piece from Oklahoma. Newell said it was a dance song in Massachusetts. Similar items referred to are: Lordy, What a Man in Dudley & Payne, 29-30; Advice to Bachelors in Barrett (EFS), 88-89; I'll Be the Reaper in Gardner SPPG), 103-104; and All Over Arkansas in Randolph, III, 398. Also see Getting Married I & III in MB. See and compare: Green Grass A & B in MB.

REFERENCES

Ames (MPP), 310

Botkin (APPS), 357-358

Gardner (FSH), 241

Newell, 59-62

Piper (SPPG), 275-276 Sharp, II, 367 Wolford, 43-44

Getting Married II

Yonder stands a couple,
They're standing hand in hand,
And one is a pretty girl,
And one is a man.
Guess they'd marry
If both could agree.
March through the valley
With a lover on your knee.

Come and be my partner,
We'll join heart and hand;
You are looking for a wife,
I want me a man.
Married we will be
If you do agree—
March through the valley
With a lover on your knee.

Now they are married,
And everybody knows,
He's gone in the infantry
And wears army clothes.
War is over and
There's peace in the land;
Give me some joy
By the raising of your hand.

Yonder comes a soldier,
And it's how-do-you-do,
And how have you been, girl,
Since I last spoke to you?
War is over and
From troubles they are free;
March through the valley
Just as happy as can be.

No. 554

GETTING MARRIED III also known as

Better Dead Than Wed

The Roving Bachelor

This is an "anti-marriage" song. It is not related to either of the two preceding songs, Getting Married I & II. However, it is probably related to Advice to

Bachelors in Barrett (EFS), 88-89.

REFERENCES

Hubbard, 172-173

Tolman & Eddy, 431-432

Getting Married III

Who plan to change your life,
Be wise and don't be hasty, boys,
To choose yourselves a wife.
For women were made by God to be
A race of great variety,
More devious, the good Lord knows,
Than anything that lives and grows.

Tag Line

Remember what a wise old bachelor said:
"Love is fine, but better dead than wed!"

There was a man all in a cart,
Who faced the hangman's hand;
A messenger arrived from court
And ordered him to stand.
"By marrying a wife you may be quit."
But he refused to hear of it.
"The bargain's bad in every part;
I'll have no wife, drive on the cart."

The driver took his whip in hand,
Drove on at his command;
At lightning speed the horses flew,
And near the hangman drew.
When he arrived and stood in place,
He said, "My sorrows now erase.
Five minutes ought to do the job,
And entertain the waiting mob."

As he prepared to meet his doom,

Deep within some dark tomb,

He says, "I'd rather lose my life."

Than live with some old wife."

Then looking at Jack, who tied the rope,

He says, "I now can die in hope.

For if ten thousand years I'd live,

No joy that wedding ring would give."

No. 555

THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND I

Alma
Brighten, <u>or</u> Brighton
Camp

The Girl I Left Behind Me
The Maid I Left Behind Me
The Volunteer

This song has traveled a long way in tradition after beginning its journey in either England or Ireland—no one seems to know for certain. We can, however, trail the song from England to Scotland, to North America and, finally, to Australia. Along the way it was employed as a military march, a sailor song, a stage song, a "goodbye" song, a Play-party song and a hoedown tune. Although the words were frequently changed and adapted to meet area needs and conditions, the melody lost none of its original flavor in the process. Some texts are so far removed from the original English and Irish versions that it is often difficult to recognize them. Only the tune has served to make identification possible.

According to Chappell (PMOT), the tune was "in a manuscript in the possession of Dr. Rimbault, of date about 1770, and in several manuscript collections of military music...It is a march, and either entitled The Girl I

Left Behind Me or Brighton Camp." A version written in 1795, entitled Blyth Camp, or The Girl I Left Behind Me, is in Bell's Rhymes of the Northern Bards, 8 vols., published in 1812. It was, as Chappell observed, "s lame alteration of Brighton Camp."

John Philip Kemble, who became manager of the Drury Lane Theatre (about 1790) and subsequently of Covent Garden, introduced the melody on stage as both a Morrisdance and a march for processions.

Where, then, did the melody originate? Although he admitted the possibility of Irish origin, Chappell claimed it for England. As he added, it "is included in two collections of Irish music—in Moore's Irish Melodies, and in Bunting's last collection, 1840." Edward Bunting informs us that the air he printed was *procured from A. O'Neil, harper, A. D. 1800—author and date unknown." Later, however, in a letter to William Chappell, dated January 24, 1840, Bunting said the air "has been played for the last fifty years, to my knowledge, by the fifes and drums, and bands of the different regiments, on their leaving the towns for new quarters." Both Bunting and Moore used the English title rather than the Irish, The Sailpin Fanach, or The Rambling Laborer, words and music of which were printed in Dublin in 1791.

In the United States the melody proved no less popular than in Ireland, England and Scotland, and many a local wordsmith wrote lyrics to it. Spaeth (REW), 16, points to the song's "intimate connection" with American history, then adds: "Most people know this only as a grand fife tune, and it has probably marched more soldiers into battle than any other, besides serving as a stock farewell song on shipboard."

The Girl I Left Behind was an extremely popular song with Union troops during the Civil War and it is a matter

record that Virginia Military Institute cadets marched to the battle of Newmarket with their fifers and drum-It is also a matter mers The Girl I Left Behind Me. of record that the Seventh U. S. Infantry changed the words and used the song as a marching piece. The air was also extremely popular with hoedown fiddlers and cowboys, with the latter, in general, retaining very little of the original text. In most U. S. versions, "Girl" not only became "Gal," but the false-heartedness of the male was transplanted upon women. Variations developed rapidly, and soon there were "game" versions for children and "Play-party" versions for young adults. Such adaptations have been collected from oral sources from almost every geographic area of America.

New and sometimes rather original texts were fitted to the tune, several of which have sustained a place for themselves in tradition. Others simply enjoyed a brief popularity and then gradually faded away. One or two of the latter were rescued by the printing press, such as two in this Master Book: The Fate of John Burgoyne and I Fight Mit Segal. Another, Albert, a religious song, now all but forgotten, is in the Social Harp, 1855, p. 153.

Many bawdy songs set to the air of <u>The Girl I Left</u>

<u>Behind Me</u> have survived in oral circulation. These

were rejected by collectors because of "unacceptable

language." Hundreds of genuine folk songs never see

print for this same "unacceptable language" reason.

The title is not exclusive, as is easily determined

by the number of songs entitled <u>The Girl I Left Behind</u>

which follow.

See and compare The Girl I Left Behind Me in O'Lochlainn, 36-37.

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Johnson (FS), 503-504 Linscott, 79-80 Mackenzie (SH), 103 Oberndorfer, 110-111 Piper (SPPG), 286 Randolph, III, 354 Richman. 33 Ryan, 51 Shaw, 382 Shay (ASSC), 202-203 Shay (DFW), 124-125 Shoemaker (MMP), 155-156 Shoemaker (NPM), 150-151 Songs (15), 134 Songster (10), 229 Spaeth (REW), 16-17 Staton. 106 Whitman, 35 Wier (LS), 93 Wier (SWWS), 57

The Girl I Left Behind I

VERSION A (Irish)

The dames of France are fond and free,
And Flemish lips are willing,
And soft the maids of Italy,
And Spanish eyes are thrilling.
Still, tho' I bask beneath their smile,
Their charms fail to bind me,
And my heart falls back to Erin's Isle,
To the girl I left behind me.
For she's as fair as Shannon's side,
And purer than its water,

But she refused to be my bride,
Tho many a year I sought her.
Yet, since to France I sailed away,
Her letters oft remind me,
That I promised never to gainsay
The girl I left behind me.

She says, "My own dear love, come home,
My friends are rich and many,
Or else abraod with you I'll roam,
A soldier stout as any.
If you'll not come, nor let me go,
I'll think you have resigned me."
My heart nigh broke when I answered, "No,"
To the girl I left behind me.

For never shall my true love brave
A life of war and toiling,
And never as a skulking slave
I'll tread my native soil on.
But were it free or to be freed,
The battles close would find me
To Ireland bound, nor message need
From the girl I left behind me.

<u>VERSION</u> <u>B</u> (<u>English</u>)

I'm lonesome since I crossed the hill,
And o'er the moor and valley,
Such heavy thoughts my heart do fill,
Since parting with my Sally.
I seek no more the fine and gay,
For each but does remind me,
How swift the hours did pass away
With the girl I left behind me.

Oh, ne'er shall I forget the night
The stars were bright above me,
And gently lent their silvery light
When first she vowed to love me.
But now I'm bound to Brighton Camp—
Kind Heaven, then, pray guide me,
And send me safely back again
To the girl I left behind me.

With all the skill of Homer,
The only theme should fill my lays—
The charms of my true lover.
So, let the night be e'er so dark,
Or e'er so wet and windy,
Kind Heaven send me back again
To the girl I've left behind me.

Her golden hair, in ringlets fair,
Her eyes like diamonds shining,
Her slender waist, with carriage chaste,
May leave the swan repining.
Ye gods above! oh, hear my prayer,
To my beauteous fair to bind me,
And send me safely back again
To the girl I've left behind me.

The bee shall honey taste no more,
The dove become a ranger,
The falling waves shall cease to roar,
Ere I shall seek to change her.
The vows we registered above
Shall ever cheer and bind me,
In constancy to her I love,—
The girl I've left behind me.

VERSION C (American)

The Regimental Song of the Seventh Infantry

The hour was sad I left the maid,
A ling'ring farewell taking,
Her sighs and tears my steps delayed,
I thought her heart was breaking.
In hurried words her name I blessed,
I breathed the vows that bind me,
And to my heart in anguish pressed
The girl I left behind me.

Then to the East we bore away,

To win a name in story,

And there, where dawns the sun today,

There dawned our sun of glory;

Both blazed in noon on Alma's heights

When in the post assigned me

I shared the glory of that fight,

Sweet girl I left behind me.

Full many a name our banners bore
Of former deeds of daring,
But they were of the days of yore,
In which we had no sharing;
But now our laurels freshly won
With the old ones shall entwined be,
Still worthy of his sire each son,
Sweet girl I left behind me.

The hope of final victory
Within my bosom burning,
Is mingling with sweet thoughts of thee
And of my fond returning.
But should I ne'er return again,
Still worth thy love thou'lt fine me;
Dishonor's breath shall never stain
The name I leave behind me.

No. 556

THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND II

This is a parody of the preceding song. Certain stanzas have been eliminated because of their vulgarity. I got the words in 1939 from Red Foley, a country singer who became nationally known through recordings.

The Girl I Left Behind II Tune: Girl I Left Behind I

I never will forget the night,
When first she said she loved me;
The stars peeped out, the moon shone bright
On the girl I left behind me.
I fooled around beneath her skirt,
And then I thought I had her,
But when I tried to slip it in,
She emptied out her bladder.

That girl! that girl! that pretty girl!

O how desire did blind me!

Her rosy lips and sexy hips,

And thighs to hold and bind me.

She said she would and teased me good,

And then she made me leave her;

All the while I knew she wanted me

Of virginity to relieve her.

She jumped in bed and covered up her head,
And swore I could not find her;
She knew damn well she lied like hell—
I jumped right in behind her!
But now I've gone to fight the foe;
In battle you will find me.
When the fighting ends the fun begins
With the girl I left behind me!

THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND III

also known as
The Gal I Left Behind Me

Cowboys were fond of using favorite melodies for songs of their own, and The Girl I Left Behind Me turned out to be one of the most suitable.

Versions of this adaptation have circulated widely, in the South as well as in the West.

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Clark (CS), 36 Lomax (CS-1910), 342-343
Finger, 63 Lomax (CS-1938), 58-60
Frey, 94-95 Patterson (SRR), 19-20
Hudson (FSM), 229-230 Silverman, I, 54
Lingenfelter, 390-391 Thorp (1921), 69-70
Wilder, 112-113

The Girl I Left Behind III Tune: Girl I Left Behind I

I rode the trail in seventy-nine,
The herd strung out behind me;
As we crossed the plains
My thoughts returned
To the gal I left behind me.
In the still of night,
When stars are bright,
I see her face before me;
And I long to be back home again
With the gal who does adore me.

She wrote ahead to where I said, And never wrote unkindly; She said, "I'm true And still love you. And here is where you'll find me."
One day, when I get off the trail,
And Indians don't find me,
I'll hurry back to that sweet gal,
To the gal I left behind me.

The trail was slow, the wind did blow,
And rain did fall and blind me,
And every inch was danger-rent,
With redskins to remind me.
At end of drive we sold the herd,
And homeward thoughts inclined me,
To the fastest train across the plain,
To the girl I left behind me.

No. 558

THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND IV

also known as
The Frieds I Left Behind Me

This appears to be a goldrush era adaptation of <u>The Girl I Left Behind Me</u>. The gold-seekers, like the cowboys, were fond of singing songs about themselves and their adventure, and they usually set words to familiar tunes. For examples, see the series of songs entitled <u>GOLD SEEKER I through XXV</u> in this <u>Master Book</u>.

According to Fife, a version of this song appeared in <u>The Oregon Spectator</u>, <u>July 4</u>, <u>1854</u>. Another version is in Pub (TFLS), I, 1916, 28-29. Both versions are reprinted in Fife, 170-172.

The Girl I Left Behind IV Tune: Girl I Left Behind I

I'm lonesome since I crossed the plains,
And fleeting are my joys;
For all that's near and dear to me,
I left in Illinois.
When I think back upon those days
My tears incline to blind me;
How I long to see old Illinois,
And the friends I left behind me.

I heard of California's gold,
And thought I ought to try it;
I packed my grip to make the trip,
And surely can't deny it.
When traveling 'cross our far-flung land,
I prayed that luck would find me;
All the while I longed for home sweet home,
And the friends I left behind me.

I live in California now,
The gold fields I am raking;
I write and tell my friends back home
A fortune I am making.
Sometimes I meet good people here,
And often they remind me
Of my fam'ly back in Illinois,
And the friends I left behind me.

I'll stay and rock my cradle well
In places where they mine it;
And if a fortune can be found,
I'll do my best to find it.
May heaven soon upon me smile,
And fortune quickly find,
And speed me back to Illinois,
To the friends I left behind me.

THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND V also known as

Down in New Orleans
The Gal I Left Behind Me

Promenade the Girl Behind You

Swing the Girls

This is a Play-party or dance version of <u>The Girl I Left</u>

<u>Behind Me</u>. All sorts of lines and stanzas have floated

in and out of this version, but it has been found, in one

version or another, all over the country.

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Durlacher, 56
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Lair, 30

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McIntosh (FSSG), 73, 76
Owens (TFS), 153-154
Piper (SPPG), 286
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Randolph (OPP), 230-231
Wolford, 46-47

The Girl I Left Behind Y Tune: Girl I Left Behind I

I traveled down to New Orleans,
I landed there on Sunday;
They threw me in the calaboose,
And turned me loose on Monday.
Oh! that gal! that pretty gal,
That gal I left behind me!
The more I drink, the less I think
Of that gal I left behind me!
First young gent to opposite lady,
And take her by the hand!
Now swing your partner by the left,
And promenade the girl behind you!

Oh, that gal! that sweet little gal,
That gal I left behind me!
I'll laugh and cry until I die
O'er the gal I left behind me!

Next young gent to opposite lady,
And swing her by the right hand;
Now swing your partner by the left
And promenade the girl behind you.
If I travel this road again,
And passion doesn't blind me,
I'll stop and see that pretty gal,
The gal I left behind me.

Oh, I could buy such girls as you

For thirty cents a dozen;

But I'm going home tomorrow night

And marry my country cousin!

I'll sleep tonight 'neath yonder tree,

Where her ol' Pa can't find me;

On the grass so green perhaps I'll dream

Of the gal I left behind me.

The same cl' boy, a brand new gal,
So swing her by the right hand;
Now swing your partner by the left,
And promenade the gal behind you.
If ever I get drunk again,
And whiskey doesn't blind me,
I'll go right back to that ol' shack,
To the gal I left behind me.

Now if by chance I lose my job, I'm sure I'll find another; I know I won't, and if I don't I'll move in with her mother.

Oh, that gal! that pretty little gal, That gal I left behind me! I think I'll go and spend the night With the gal I left behind me.

No. 560

THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND VI also known as

The False-hearted Lover
The Gal I Left in Arkansas
The Girl I Left on New
River
Janey Ferguson
Lament of the Wandering Boy

Janey Ferguson
Lament of the Wandering Bo
The Lover's Lament
Maggie Walker
The Maid I Left Behind

My Parents Raised, or Reared,
or Treated Me Tenderly
Peggy Walker
The Rambling Boy
The Rambling Cowboy(s)
A Rover Bold
The Roving Lad
The Tennessee Girl
There Was a Wealthy Gentleman

In its original form, this song was a broadside ballad. Several collectors have related it to The Girl I Left Behind I A & B (see headnotes to that song in this MB). Belden has three versions under the title Peggy Walker, and writes: "It is a derivative of, or at least owes its temper-giving line to, The Girl I Left Behind Me, since the eighteenth century the favorite farewell song of British soldiers and sailors." Several other collectors have taken Belden's position, and some of them elected to go a step further, stating flatly that all American versions of this song are derivatives of The Girl I Left Behind Me. It is not, in my opinion, a very tenable position. A floating stanza or line, even a title line, is insufficient grounds upon which to build a case for derivation. Sensitive to this

point, Belden added: "The British stall ballad which gives us the American Peggy Walker was printed by Such as The Lover's Lament; or, The Girl I Left Behind Me; also by Bebbington, and by Walker of Durham."

In other words, The Lover's Lament, the song with which we are here concerned, was a British broadside subtitled The Girl I Left Behind Me. See herdnotes to The Girl I Left Behind I for additional information.

American versions of The Lover's Lament were published under many different titles, with most being variations of the subtitle used for it by British broadside publishers, The Girl I Left Behind Me.

Cox (FSS) gives a version from Virginia, My Parents Reared Me Tenderly, and remarks: "This text is very close to The Meid I Left Behind in The Forget-Me-Not-Songster (New York, Nafis & Cornish), p. 220, running line for line with that song and showing only trifling variations in phraseology."

For songs that make interesting comparison studies, see Lackey Bill in Lomax (CS-1910), 83-86, or (CS-1938), 187-189, and I'll Never Forget the Parting in Ord, 45-47.

The A and B versions below are geographical variants, not different songs.

REFERENCES

Allen (CL), 20
Belden (BS), 198-200
Brown, II, 378-385
Bulletin (CFS), III, 6
Cambiaire, 47-49
Chappell (FSRA), 137-139
Cox (FSS), 300-301
Creighton (FSNB), 106-107
Oreighton (MFS), 76-77
Doerflinger, 305-306
Fife, 173-174

Finger (FB), 63-64

Gardner (BSSM), 98-100

Glass (SFRF), 11-13

Greig, Nos. 83 & 157

Henry (FSSH), 354-358

Jour (AFS), XXVI, 133; XXVII, 297; XXXIII, 99; XLII, 150; XLVIII, 351

Jour (FSS), VIII, 262-263

Laws (AB), 20, 248

Laws (NAB), P 1-B

Leach, 322
Lingenfelter, 392-393
Lomax (CS-1910), 244-245
Lomax (CS-1938), 192-194
Lomax (FSNA), 318-320
MacColl & Seeger, 219-220
Manny, 241-242
Moore (BFSS), 202-205
Ohrlin, 200-201

Peacock, II, 449-450
Perrow, XXVIII, 161
Randolph, I, 283-288
Sharp, II, 62-65
Shearin (SKFS), 23
Shoemaker (NPM), 150-151
Thorp (1921), 134-135
Treat, 38-40
Wyman (LT), 76-78

The Girl I Left Behind VI

VERSION A

I knew a rich old rancher,

He lived in the valley near-by,

And had a lovely daughter

Who caught my roving eye.

She was handsome, sweet and gentle—

So beautiful and fair;

There was no other girl in the country

That could to her compare.

I went unto my own true love
To say I soon must go;
With aching heart and broken sighs,
She shared my grief and woe.
O would it make a difference
If I should cross the plains?
She said, "You know I will surely miss you
'Til you come back again."

Her eyes were sad with weeping,
And her bosom suppressed a sigh.
"My love," said she, "fear not for me;
True love can never die."

And then she said, "I had a dream,

A dream I can't believe—

That distance breaks the link of love

And leaves a maid to grieve."

I lightly kissed my darling
And told her she mustn't fear;
I swore by God in heaven
That I would prove sincere.
She said that she would wait for me
'Til death did prove unkind;
We kissed, embraced, and said goodbye—
I left my girl behind.

When first I left ol' Texas,
To Kansas I was bound;
When I arrived in Witchita,
I roamed the country 'round.
The jobs and pay were plentiful,
The girls were free and kind;
My love began to fade a bit
For the girl I left behind.

I took a walk one morning,
And walked to the public square;
I saw the stage coach roll in,
And met the driver there.
He gave to me an envelope
That wrecked my every plan—
The girl I left behind me, boys,
Had wed another man.

VERSION B

My parents raised me carefully— They had no child but me; But I was bent on rambling,
The world I had to see.
So I became a rover bold,
Which grieved their hearts full sore;
I left my aging parents,
And went the world to explore.

There was a wealthy gentleman Residing in that part
Who had a handsome daughter,
And I had won her heart.
She was a noble-minded girl,
And beautiful and fair;
With heaven's fairest angel
She easily could compare.

I told her my intention was
To sail across the sea;
I asked her to be faithful,
And not prove false to me.
She threw her arms around me then,
Her bosom heaved a sigh;
"Fear not for me," she whispered,
"My love will never die."

According to agreement signed,
I went aboard my ship,
And to the town of Glsgow
I had a pleasant trip.
And gold I found in plenty there,
And maids of special kind;
My love began to weaken
For her I left behind.

I next sailed down to Dumfies town, A most hospitable land, Where handsome Peggy Anders
First took me by the hand.
She said, "I've gold a plenty here,
That you may share in kind,"
And soon I had forgotten
The girl I left behind.

Says she, "If you will marry me,
And no more you'll roam,
The gold I have will be yours,
And this shall be your home.
Your parents dear and other friends—
All those you've left behind—
You must forget to love them,
And banish them from mind."

To all of this I did consent,
I own it to my shame;
A man cannot be happy
While knowing he's to blame.
It's true I've gold a plenty now,
And that my wife is kind,
But still my heart is haunted
By the girl I left behind.

GIVE ME JESUS

This is a campground as well as a slave spiritual, or was.

Now it is almost never encountered among strictly white

religious groups. The tune is obviously adapted from

Sweet William and Lady Margaret (see Margaret's Ghost in

MB).

The version below is from the repertoire of the Original Fisk Jubilee Singers.

REFERENCES

Chambers (TNS), 36-37 Marsh (SJS), 140

Jackson (SFS), 210 Odum (NHS), 94

Johnson (BANS), 160-161 Pike, 180, 222

Jour (FSS), VIII, 88 Work (ANSS), 80

Jubilee (PS), 13

Give Me Jesus

O when I come to die,
O when I come to die,
O when I come to die,
Give me Jesus.
Give me Jesus, give me Jesus,
You can have all this world,
Give me Jesus.

In the morning when I rise, (3) Give me Jesus, etc.

Dark mid-night was my cry, (3) Give me Jesus, etc.

I jus' heard the mourner say, (3) Give me Jesus, etc.

GIVE ME THE WINGS also known as Oh! Give Me the Wings

Early 19th century spiritual. This version is also from the repertoire of the Original Fisk Jubilee Singers. See Marsh (SJS), 263.

Give Me the Wings

Oh, child of Christ is my real name, And oh, glory! And I will live and die the same, And oh, glory!

Chorus

Oh! give me the wings, O good Lord, Give me the wings, and Oh! Give me the wings, my good Lord, Give me the wings for to move along.

I love the shouting Methodist,
And oh, glory!
Because they sing and pray the best,
And oh, glory!

I'm born of God, like every man, And oh, glory! Now, friend, deny it if you can, And oh, glory!

GIVE ME TIME TO KNEEL AND PRAY

Give Me Little Time
to Pray

I, or I've Been in the Storm so Long

Revivalist song that was taken over by slaves and turned into a spiritual.

See and compare: I've Been 'Buked and I've Been Scorned in Okun, 98 and I've Been Toilin' at de Hill in Dett, 226.

For other versions of this song, see Carawan, 134-135 and Marsh (SJS), 174.

Give Me Time to Kneel and Pray

Oh! let me tell my mother how I came along,
Oh! give me time to kneel and pray!
With a bowed down head and an aching heart,
Oh! give me time to kneel and pray!

Chorus

I've been in the storm so long,
I've been in the storm so long, children,
I've been in the storm so long,
Oh! give me time to kneel and pray.

(repeat chorus)

Oh! when I get to heaven, I'll walk all about, etc. There'll be nobody there, to turn me out, etc.

I'll go straight up to heaven and take my seat, etc.
And I'll cast my crown at Jesus' feet, etc.

GLORY HALLELUJAH!

also known as

Antioch

I Have a Home

I Know That My Redeemer

Lives

Let Us Praise Him O Glory, O Glory Shout On, Children Shout On. Pray On

This is a revivalist-type hymn and spiritual. The tune, which is older than any of the known texts, has been credited to more than one composer. For example, Jackson (DES), says "the core of the text is by Samuel Medley, 1738-1799." Then Jackson (SFS), referring to the same text, says it "is attributed to Daniel Medley, about 1784."

The tune, too, comes in for several claims. Under the title Antioch in The Social Harp, where it first appeared, the tune is attributed to F. C. Wood. Under the title Church's Desolation, in the Original Sacred Harp, the tune is attributed to J. T. White. Under the same title, in Walker's Christian Harmony, the tune is claimed by William Walker.

The tune bears some resemblance to the older Scottish ballad, Wae's Me For Prince Charlie, and is recognizable in the following: Barbara Allen in Smith (AA), 30; The Cruel Mother in Sharp, I, 58; and Edward in Sharp, I, 47. Spirituals and hymns using the same tune, are: Burges in the Social Harp, 106; Let Us Praise Him in Dett, 195 or Jackson (WSSU), 260; Shout Along and Pray Along in Brown, III, 688 & V, 392; Shout On, Children in Allen (SSUS), 60, or 109; Shout, Shout, We're Gaining Ground in McDowell, 53 or Randolph, IV, 72-73; We'll Go On in Hillman, 252; and I Know That My Redeemer Lives in this Master Book.

The version below is from Herman Blackwell, Goldsboro, North Carolina.

REFERENCES

Cobb (SH), 189

Dett, 195

Jackson (DES), 263

Jackson (SFS), 179, 180

Jackson (WSSU), 227, 259

James, 277

Mackenzie (SH), 170-171

McCurry, 158

Swan, 68

White & King, 277

Glory Hallelujah!

I know that my Redeemer lives, Glory hallelujah! What comfort such sweet knowledge gives, Glory hallelujah!

Chorus

Let us praise Him, let us praise Him, Glory hallelujah! Let us praise Him, O praise, O praise, Glory hallelujah!

Believe in Him and never die, Glory hallelujah! No need on earth to mourn or cry, Glory hallelujah!

Shout on, children, we're gaining ground, Glory hallelujah!
The dead's alive, the lost is found, Glory hallelujah!

When Gabriel blows that silver horn, Glory hallelujah!
He'll come for me on Judgment morn, Glory hallelujah!

When I arrive on Heaven's shore, Glory hallelujah! I'll live with Him for evermore, Glory hallelujah!

GO CALL THE DOCTOR

also known as

Calomel

Mister A. B.

Dose of Calomel

Old Doctor Grey

Go Call the Doctor and Be Quick

This song, written by J. J. Hutchinson, is a satirical music hall piece about the old-fashioned American doctor. It was published by Firth and Hall, New York, 1843, and was popularized by the Hutchinson Family Singers. Calomel is a medicine.

REFERENCES

Arnold, 40

Belden (BS). 441-442

Brewster (BSI). 308-310

Brown, III, 389-390

Henry (FSSH), 412-413

Hudson (FSM), 217

Jordan, 234-237

Jour (AFL), XII, 250

Memoirs (AFL), XXIX, 100

Pound. 126-127

Spaeth (WSM), 203

Go Call the Doctor

Physicians of the highest rank,
To pay their fees you'd need a bank,
Combine all wisdom, art and skill,
Science and sense, in calomel,
Calomel, calomel,

When Mister "a" or "B" is sick,

Go call the doctor, and be quick!

The doctor comes with such good will,

But ne'er forgets his calomel, etc.

He takes the patient by the hand And compliments him as his friend;

He sits awhile his pulse to feel, And then takes out his calomel, etc.

He then deals out the precious grain,
"Now this," he says, "will ease the pain.
Once in three hours, at tone of bell,
Just take a dose of calomel, etc."

The man grows worse quite fast indeed: Go call the doctor, ride with speed. The doctor comes, like post with mail, Doubling his dose of calomel, etc.

The man near death begins to moan—
The fatal job for him is done;
He dies alas, but sure to tell,
A sacrifice to calomel, etc.

O when I must resign my breath, Pray let me die a natural death, And bid the world a long farewell Without a dose of calomel, etc.

No. 566

GO DOWN, MOSES

also known as

Let My People Go

A classic spiritual, and one that is still going strong. The song has been recorded and published innumerable times. The version here was taken from Marsh (SJS), 142-143, and is the first version ever published.

REFERENCES

Agay (1), 62 Best, 153 Brown, III, 621; V, 360 Carawan, 136-137 Chambers (TNS), 38

Dett, 108-109

Downes (1940), 168-169

Downes (1962), 198-199

Edwards (BSS), 28

Fisher (NSS), 131

Gainer, 213-215

Gilbert (100), 108

Hayes, 22-23

Jackson (WNS), 181

Johnson (BANS), 51-53

Jubilee (PS), 4-5

Kolb, 210
Leisy (LAS), 137-138
Leisy (SPS), 204
Lomax (PB), 82
Lomax (USA), 372-373
Luther, 218-219
Mackenzie (SH), 105-106
Marsh (SJS), 142-143
Pike, 182, or 224
Silverman, II, 103
Waite, 72-73
Whitman, 14-15
Work (ANSS), 165

Go Down, Moses

When Israel was in Egypt's land, Let my people go, Oppress'd so hard they could not stand, Let my people go.

Chorus

Go down, Moses, way down in Egypt land, Tell ole Pharaoh, Let my people go!

Thus spoke the Lord, Ole Moses said, etc.,

If not I'll smite your first-born dead, etc.

No more shall they in bondage toil, etc., They shall come out with Egypt's spoil, etc.

O let us all from bondage flee, etc.,

O let us all walk proud and free, etc.

Why must we always weep and moan? etc.

A man is not a thing to own, etc.

O what a great day that will be, etc., When every man is walking free, etc.

GOING DOWN TO TOWN

also known as

Down to Lynchburg Town

Hawkie Is a Schemin' Bird

Get Along Down Town

I'se Gwine Down Town

Get On Down to Richmond

Lynchburg Town

Town

This began as a minstrel-show song about the middle of the 19th century. Taken over by the folk, both blacks and whites developed versions and both incorporated lines and stanzas from other songs. Every stanza in the version below, for example, is also found in versions of other songs, such as Old Joe Clark and Liza Jane.

REFERENCES

Brown, III, 398-401; V,

277-280

Coleman. 54

Jour (AFL), XXII, 249

Lomax (FSNA), 507-508

Lomax (OSC), 60-62

Minstrel, 140-141

Perrow, XXVIII, 139

Randolph, II, 360

Roberts (IP), 284-286

Sandburg (AS), 145

Scarborough (NFS), 192

Scott (FSS), 32

Seeger (1), 158-159

Shearin (SKFS), 20

Silverman, I. 366

White. 178

Wilgus (FSUS). 231

Going Down to Town

I used to have an old gray horse, He weighed five thousand pound; And ev'ry tooth in his stubborn head Was sixteen inches round.

Chorus

I'm a-going down to town,
I'm a-going dwon to town,
I'm a-going down to Lynchburg town,
To carry my tobacco down.

I used to have a pretty gal, She lived down in the South; The only thing I found wrong with her, She had a great big mouth.

I went up on the mountain top,
To give my horn a blow,
I thought I heard my true love say:
O yonder comes my beau.

Ol' Hawkie he's a clever bird, He sails away up high, And dives into my chicken-yard And makes my chickens fly.

I wish I was a great big bird,
I'll tell you where I'd go;
I'd fly up over Washington
And chirp and let 'er go!

No. 568

GOING TO BOSTON also known as

Boston
Goodbye, Girl's, I'm
Going to Boston

How You Go A-Courtin'
Quite Early in the Morning
We'll All Go to Boston

This 19th century "Play-party" and dance tune has a long and popular tradition in the South. It is in use today as a number for Square dancing.

REFERENCES

Botkin (APPS), 148-150 Dudley & Payne, 16-17 Jour (AFL), XX, 275 Lloyd, 47 Lomax (ABFS), 297-298
Lomax (PB), 66
Owens (TFS), 154
Randolph, III, 315-316
Randolph (OPP), 215-216

Randolph (Ozarks), 158-159 Ritchie (FS), 25 Sharp, II, 371 Shearin (SKFS), 36 Wolford, 49

Going to Boston

Goodbye, Girls, I'm off to Boston! Goodbye, Girls, I'm off to Boston! Goodbye, Girls, I'm off to Boston! Quite early in the morning.

Rights and lefts play the better (3), Quite early in the morning.

You're so pretty on the dance floor, (3)
Quite early in the morning.

Go and promenade, one, two, three, (3)
Quite early in the morning.

Turn around and kiss your partner, (3) Quite early in the morning.

No. 569

GOING UP

also known as

Gwine Up to See de Hebbenly Land Oh, Yes, I'm Going Up I'm Going Up

Pre-Civil War spiritual that was obviously adapted from <u>View That Heavenly Land</u>, which is given elsewhere in this Master Book. Also see and compare: Going Up, Going Up, To See the Lord in White, 125.

Other versions of this spiritual are in Dett, 34-35 and Johnson (BANS), 118-119. For a similar spiritual, see Work (FSAN), 66.

Going Up

Oh, yes, I'm goin' up, goin' up, Goin' all the way, Lord, Goin' up, goin' up, To see the Heavenly Land.

Oh, Lord, I can't wait, can't wait, Can't wait to get there, Goin' up, goin' up, To see the Heavenly Land.

No. 570

GO IN THE WILDERNESS

also known as

If You Want to See Jesus

Leaning on the Lord

A version of this spiritual was in Atlantic Monthly 19, June 1867, p. 690. It is similar to the Methodist hymn, Ain't I Glad I Got Out of the Wilderness.

See and compare: Out of the Wilderness I & II in MB.

REFERENCES

Allen (SSUS), 14, or 45

Dett, 208-209
Jubilee (PS), 14

Go in the Wilderness

If you want to meet Jesus,

Go in the wilderness,

Go in the wilderness,

Go in the wilderness,

If you want to meet Jesus,

Go in the wilderness

Leaning on the Lord.

I felt so happy when I came out of the wilderness,

Came out of the wilderness, Came out of the wilderness,

I felt so happy when I came out of the wilderness,

Leaning on the Lord.

TAG Refrain

Oh, leaning on the Lord, Leaning on the Lord,, Oh, leaning upon the Lamb of God, Who was slain on Calvary.

No. 571

GOLD BUCKLES

This is one of those fiddle tunes known by practically every fiddler that plays old-time music. There is no text. See under <u>TUNES</u>.

THE GOLD DUST FIRE

This is a "roustabout" or "riverboat" song that was recovered by Wheeler (SD), 43.

The focus of the song is on an actual disaster. On August 7, 1882, the packet Gold Dust sailed away from Hickman, Kentucky and was destroyed when her boilers exploded. Seventeen people were killed, and forty-seven wounded. Mark Twain had been a passenger on the Gold Dust, and he wrote about his journey and the disaster in his Life on the Mississippi.

The Gold Dust Fire

Ain't that a pity, O Lord?
Ain't that a pity, O Lord?
Ain't that a pity, O Lord?
Ain't that a pity 'bout the Gold Dust men?
Some got scalded, some got drownded,
Some got burnt up in the Gold Dust fire.

Boilers exploded, 0 Lord (3)
Boilers exploded, set the boat on fire.
Some was cryin', some was dyin',
Some got burnt up in the Gold Dust fire.

No. 573

GOLDEN CITY

Another roustabout boat song recovered and published by Wheeler (SD), 52.

According to Wheeler, The Golden City, a stern-wheel packet, was built in Cincinnati in 1876. It burned at

Memphis in 1882. Several river steamers are mentioned in song's text, the <u>Golden City</u>, <u>Golden Crown</u>, <u>Paris C.</u>

<u>Brown</u> and <u>W. A. Johnson</u>. All except the <u>Golden Crown</u>

were destroyed by fire.

The tune is an adaptation of Oh! Dem Golden Sleippers.

Golden City

The Golden City an' the Golden Crown,

Pig Iron Johnson an' the Paris C. Brown,

All uv them boats got to go to town

To be unloaded in the mornin'.

Chorus

Oh, that Golden City,
Oh, that Golden City,
Golden City is a big fine boat;
She's got to be unloaded in the mornin'.

No. 574

GOLDEN SLIPPERS also known as

Chariot in the Morn Going Up My Old Banjo
Oh! Dem Golden Slippers

This was originally published as a "popular" song, with words and music by James A. Bland. It was copyrighted and published by the John F. Perry Comapny, 1879. After the 1930s, when the copyright expired, versions immediately appeared in song folios issued by various publishers. The tune became and remained a favorite with fiddlers and najoists.

The chorus has been used in other songs, such as Karo

Town (see in MB), and Raccoon Up in de 'Simmon Tree in Scarborough (NFS), 172.

REFERENCES

Best, 24
Brown, III, 622-623; V,
361-362
Ford (TMA), 113, 410-411
Henry (FSSH), 413-414
Johnson (RAS), 154
Loesser, 122-125
Lloyd, 160-161
Luther, 245

Mackenzie (SH), 45-46

Minstrel, 195-197
Scarborough (NFS), 172
Shaw, 383
Silverman, II, 82
Waite, 30-31
Wehman, I, 68
White, 106-107
Wier (SWWS), 211-212
Zanzig, 97

Golden Slippers

Oh, my golden slippers am laid away,

Kaze I don't 'spect to wear 'em till my weddin' day,

And my long-tailed coat dat I loved so well,

I will wear up in de chariot in de morn.

And my long white robe dat I bought last June,

I'm gwine to get changed kaze it fits too soon,

And de ole gray hose dat I used to drive,

I will hitch him to de chariot in de morn.

Chorus

Oh, dem golden slippers! Oh, dem golden slippers!

Golden slippers I'se gwine to wear bekaze they look
so neat.

Oh, dem golden slippers! Oh, dem golden slippers!

Golden slippers I'se gwine to wear to walk de golden

street.

Oh, my old banjo hangs on the wall,
And it ain't been tuned since 'way last fall,
But the folks all say we'll have a good time,
When we ride up in the chariot in the morn.
There's old brother Ben and his sister Luce,
They will telegraph the news to Uncle Bacco Juice.
What a great camp meetin' there will be that day,
When we ride up in the chariot in the morn.

Oh, it's goodbye, children, I will have to go,
Where the rain don't fall and the wind don't blow,
And your overcoats you will never need,
When you ride up in the chariot in the morn.
But your golden slippers must be nice and clean,
And your age must be just sweet sixteen,
And your white kid gloves you will have to wear,
When you ride up in the chariot in the morn.

No. 575

THE GOLDEN VANITY also known as

The American Ship
Bold Gallantry
The Bold Trellitee
The Cabin Boy
The Captain's Apprentice
The French Gallee
The Gallant Victory
The Golden Furnity
The Golden Vanistee
The Golden Willow Tree
The Green Willow Tree
The Little Cabin Boy

The Low Down Lonesome Low
The Lonesome Low
The Lowland Lonesome Low
Lowlands
The Lowlands Low
Mary Golden Lee
Mary Golden Tree
Sinking in the Lowlands Low
The Sweet Trinity
There Was a Little Ship
The Three Ships
The Turkey-Rogher Lee
The Turkey Shivares

The Turkish Revery The Turkish Revoloo The Virginal Three The Weeping Willow Tree
The Weep-Willow Tree
The Yellow Golden Tree

The oldest form of this ballad is the 17th century broadside, Sir Walter Raleigh Sailing in the Low Lands, copies of which may be seen in Ashton (CB), 201-204; Child, No. 286 A; Crawford, No. 1073; Euing, No. 334; Huth, II, No. 134; and Pepy's Ballads, IV, No. 189. Under various titles the ballad is one of the most widespread in American tradition. Versions from England arrived here with the first emigrants and have circulated ever since.

This ballad is sometimes confused with Edwin in the Lowlands Low, but the ballads are not related. Parodies are also widely known, particularly one known as A Boy He Had An Auger, a stanza of which is in Sandburg (AS), 343. According to Cox, the parody was also published as a favorite college piece in Waite's Carmina Colligensis (Boston, 1868), 171; White's Student Life in Song (Boston, 1879), 58; and The American College Songster (Ann Arbor, 1876), 101.

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Barry (BBM), 339-347
Belden (BS), 97-100
Berger, 26-28
Best, 128-129
Brewster (BSI), 158-163
Broadwood (ECS), 182-183
Brown, II, 191-195; IV,

120-124
Brown (BLNC), 9

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Bulletin (FSSN), V, 10-11
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Chase (AFTS), 12-121
Child, V, 135-142, 424
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Coffin, 153-155
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Shearin (BBCM), 4
Shearin (SKFS), 9
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Shoemaker (MMP), 132-133,
299
Shoemaker (NPM), 126

Silber (HSB), 19 Silverman, II, 242 Tozer, No. 15 Treat, 11-12 Wells, 53-54 Williams (EFS), 46 Williams (FSUT), 199-200 Wyman (LT), 72-75

The Golden Vanity

Our Captain sailed a ship in the North Countree, She went by the name of the Golden Vanity; He said, "I am afraid of the dreadful enemy, As we sail upon the Lowlands, Lowlands Low, As we sail upon the Lowlands Low."

"O Captain," said young Tom, our little cabin boy,
"What will you give me if them I do destroy?"
"I'll give much gold to you, and my eldest daughter,
too,

If you sink them in the Lowlands, Lowlands Low, etc."

Young Tom took up his auger and dived into the sea,
And swam along the side of the feared enemy.
*O wealthy I shall be, with a wife to care for me,
When I sink them in the Lowlands, Lowlands Low, etc.

Some men were playing cards, and some were playing dice,

And all were unaware of the auger striking twice.

Young Tom struck once again and the water rushed
right in,

And he sank her in the Lowlands, Lowlands Low, etc.

Young Tom then turned about and, swimming thro the sea, He swam along side of the Golden Vanity.

"O Captain," young Tom cried, "I've earned myself a bride!

For I sank them in the Lowlands, Lowlands Low, etc.

"Now throw me down a rope that I may climb aboard;
And fetch for me clothing fine,—the best you can afford,"
"No rope will I throw you down, for I mean to let you drown.

As we sail upon the Lowlands, Lowlands Low, etc."

Young Tom was weak and tired, but he reached the starboard-side:

We laid him on the deck, where he heaved a moan and died.

We sewed him in a sack and we threw him o'er the side,

As we sailed upon the Lowlands, Lowlands Low, etc.

No. 576

THE GOLD SEEKER I

I Come from Salem City The San Francisco Company
Oh, California

The gold fields of California were responsible for more than gold, because without them California would not have become a state as quickly as it did. As some unknown poet put it,

The miners came in '49,
The whores in '51—
They met in San Francisco
And produced the native son.

They also produced songs, and more songs, using melodies that belonged to composers unable to protect their copyrights.

The words to this song were written by John Nichols. The tune was borrowed from Stephen Foster's Oh! Susannah! Nichols' song is version \underline{A} . Version \underline{B} , written in 1849, used the same Foster melody with words by Captain Isaac W. Baker.

REFERENCES

Dwyer, 17-18 Lengyel (HB), 11

Grant, 43-46 Lingenfelter, 26-27

Lengyel, 16 Shay (ASSC), 114-117

The Gold Seeker I Version A Tune: Oh! Susannah!

I came from Salem City with my washbowl on my knee;
I'm going to California, the gold dust for to see.
It rained all night the day I left,
The weather it was dry,
With sun so hot I froze to death!
Oh, brothers, don't you cry.

Chorus

Oh! California,
That's the land for me!
I'm bound for San Francisco
With my washbowl on my knee.

I soon shall be in 'Frisco, and there I'll look around,
And when I see the gold lumps there I'll pick them off
the ground.

I'll scrape the mountain clean, my boys,
I'll drain the rivers dry;
A pocketful of rocks bring home,
So, brothers, don't you cry.

I thought of all the pleasant times we've had together here;

I thought I ought to cry a bit, but couldn't find a tear.

The pilot's beard was in my mouth,
The gold dust in my eye,
And though I'm going far away,
Dear brothers, don't you cry!

<u>Version B</u> <u>Tune: Oh! Susannah!</u>

The San Francisco Company, for San Francisco bound,
Our barque is San Francisco, too— the same name all
around.

A company of jolly boys as ever got together, All bound for California, in spite of wind and weather.

Chorus

Oh! California, we'll see you bye and bye.

If we've good luck, and if we don't, why, bless you,

don't you cry.

We started from Old Beverly, mid cheers from great and small,

We hope to get back bye and bye when we'll return them all.

The day we left the wind was fair, and pleasant was the sky.

The fair sex wept, the boys hurrah'd, and we'd no time to cry.

We doubled close 'round Beverly bar, 'twas close upon our lee,

We then hove to and called the roll, and squared away for sea.

We've forty men in Company, a cook and steward too; We've twenty pigs, a dog and cat, and what is that to you? Now here's success you'll surely say, to all you willing souls,

And may you have the joyful chance of filling all your bowls.

But not just yet, but bye and bye, and full of glittering ore.

And then return to where you wish and never want for more.

No. 577

THE GOLD SEEKER II

also known as

The Banks of the Sacramento California
For Californi-o!

On the Banks of the Sacramento

Sacramento

This is a capstan shanty, and it comes in many versions. This. too, was sung to one of Stephen Foster's popular airs, Camptown Races (see in MB). In this case, however, there is a trace of doubt among folklorists as to which came first-the shanty or Foster's tune. I have no doubt that Foster's tune came first. If Foster did any borrowing, which I doubt, he borrowed from the old campground spiritual, Roll, Jordan, Roll (see in MB). It is possible, of course, that Gold Seeker II ante-dates Foster's song, which was copyrighted Feb. 19, 1850. Hugill tells us, "This capstan song was very well known to German seamen who sang it in Plaat Deutsch under the title: Der Hamborger Veermaster." Hugill added, "Norwegians sang 'Ota Hayti!' for 'hoodah', and Swedish tars sang 'Oh, Bermudas, Oh, Bermudas!' for the same refrain." The shanty may, therefore, have had a similar

tune - so similar in fact that adaptation to Foster's tune became easy for American sailors and gold miners.

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The Gold Seeker II

Tune: Camptown Races

On the U.S. Line I waste my time, Doo dah, doo dah, Never have a lousy dime, Doo dah, doo dah day!

Chorus

Blow, boys, blow, for Californi-o!
There's plenty of gold, so I've been told,
On the banks of the Sacramento!
We're just the boys to make her go, etc.
Around the Cape in rain or snow, etc.

A bully ship, a bully crew, etc.
A bully mate and captain too, etc.

Around Cape Horn we're bound to go, etc. We're bound to see a 'Frisco show, etc.

The Spanish gals ain't got no combs, etc.

They comb their hair with old fish bones, etc.

We surely had a mighty time, etc.

Back in the days of forty-nine, etc.

No. 578

THE GOLD SEEKER III also known as

Banks of the Sacramento
California
The Californian

Ho, Boys, Ho! to California Go
Ho! for California
On the Banks of the Sacramento
Shore

This song was written for professional singers to perform on stages. Later, it was adapted and sung by miners in the gold fields. The original words were written by J. J. Hutchinson, and he wrote them to fit the tune of The Boatman's Dance (see in MB).

Along the way, the song picked up many titles which it shares in tradition with <u>Gold Seeker II</u>, but the two songs are not otherwise related.

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Eddy, 285
Howe (A49), 79
Hugill (1), 106-107
Hutchinson (BW), 22-23
Jour (AFL), XXXV, 361

Lingenfelter, 14-15
Luther, 122
Sandburg (AS), 110-111
Siegmeister, 64-65
Silber (SGAW), 9-11

The Gold Seeker III

Tune: The Boatman's Dance

We were well-manned when we formed our band To journey afar to the Promised Land; The golden ore is rich in store On the banks of the Sacramento shore.

Chorus

It's ho, boys, ho! To California go!
There's plenty of gold in the world I'm told,
On the banks of the Sacramento shore.

Altho we roam o'er the dark sea's foam,
We'll never forget all our friends back home;
On cold damp ground we'll all sleep sound,
Except when the wolves are howling 'round.

The gold is there almost every where;
We'll dig it out rich, and with time to spare;
But where it's thick, with spade and pick,
We'll take out the lumps as big as brick!

As we explore on that distant shore, We'll fill our pockets with the shining ore; O how 'twill sound, as the word goes 'round, Of our picking up gold by the pound.

In days of old prophets all foretold Of future cities all framed in gold; Now could it be they did foresee The dawning in Californ-i-ee?

No. 579

THE GOLD SEEKER IV

Rip! Goes the Boiler
A Ripping Trip

Sailing for San Francisco

This gold-rush parody of the very popular Pop! Goes the Weasel was written by John A. Stone, who wrote many such songs under the pen-name of "Old Put."

The text first appeared in Put's Golden Songster (1st edition, 1858), 46-47 and (2nd edition, 1858), 9.

REFERENCES

Black, 18-19 Dwyer, 31-32 Fife, 36-37 Grant (SF), 79-80 Handy, 434 Ives (SA), 184 Ives (SB), 273
Lengyel, 19
Lingenfelter, 28-29
Lomax (CS-1919), 407-408
Lomax (CS-1938), 387-388
Luther, 123
Sherwin (SGM), 38-39

The Gold Seeker IV

Tune: Pop! Goes the Weasel

You go aboard a leaky boat
And sail for San Francisco;
You've got to pump to keep her afloat,
Or swim there, by jingo!
The engine soon begins to squeak,
With nary a thing to oil her;
It's impossible, boys, to stop the leak—
Rip! goes the boiler!

Now pork-and-beans you can't afford, They're sold to class "a" raters; The cook is seen to fall overboard, With three sacks of taters. The engineer, a little tight,

Starts handing us all a big line;

When he finally wants to say good-night—

Rip! goes the boiler!

Cholera begins to rage,
A few came down with scurvy;
Chickens dying in their cage—
Steerage topsy-turvy.
When you get to Panama,
Greasers want a back-load;
Officers begin to jaw—
Rip! goes the railroad!

Back home, you'll tell an awful tale,
And always will be thinking
How long you had to pump and bail,
To keep the tub from sinking.
Of course, you'll take a glass of gin,
'Twill make you feel so funny;
Some city sharp will rope you in—
Rip! goes your money!

No. 580

THE GOLD SEEKER V also known as That Is Even So

This John A. Stone text was set to the tune of an old campground spiritual (see On My Journey Home I in this Master Book). Song was first published in Put's Golden Songster, 53-55. Later versions are in Dwyer, 47 and Fife, 44-45.

The Gold Seeker V Tune: On My Journey Home I

When first I heard the people tell
Of finding gold in veins,
I bade my friends a long farewell
And started o'er the plains.

And started o'er the plains,
And started o'er the plains,
I bade my friends a long farewell
And started o'er the plains.

I joined a train and traveled on, And all seem satisfied Until our grub was nearly gone, And I got alkalied.

And I got alkalied, etc.

My bowels soon began to yearn,
My legs began to ache;
My only show was to return,
Or winter at Salt Lake.
Or winter at Salt Lake, etc.

The Mormons knew that Uncle Sam
Had troops upon the route,
And Brigham prayed the Holy Lamb
Would help to clean them out.
Would help to clean them out, etc.

The distance was one thousand miles,
And in my face did stare,
For Brigham swore no damned Gentiles
Again should winter there.
Again should winter there, etc.

I reached the mines with "nary red,"
Was treated mighty cold;
I found no lumps, but found instead
I'd been completely sold,
I'd been completely sold, etc.

I hope and pray that every man,
If mineral lands are sold,
Will drop his shovel, pick and pan,
And leave the land of gold.
And leave the land of gold, etc.

No. 581

THE GOLD SEEKER VI

also known as

Arrival of the Greenhorn I've Just Got in Across the Going to the Mines Plains

Miner's Song

John A. Stone parody, California style; it is an excellent example of gold-rush humor. As always, Stone set his words to a well-known tune, this time <u>Jeannette</u> and Jeanot (see in MB).

REFERENCES

Belden (BS), 345-346 Lingenfelter, 46-48
Black, 44-46 Sherwin (SGM), 3-5
Dwyer, 45-46 Songster (144), 31-33
Grant (SF), 107-109) Vitus, 9-10

The Gold Seeker VI

Tune: Jeannette and Jeanot

I've just got in across the Plains, I'm poorer than a snail, My mules all died, but poor old Clip I pulled up by the tail. I fed him last at Chimney Rock-That's where the grass gave out-I'm proud to tell, we stood it well Along the Truckee route. But I'm very weak and lean. Tho I started plump and fat; How I wish I had that gold machine I left back on the Platte! And a pair of striped bedtick pants My Sally made for me. To wear while digging after gold, And when I left, says she: "Here, take the laudanum with you, Sam, To check the diaree."

When I left the Missouri River With my California rig, I had a shovel, pick and pan. And tools with which to dig. My mules gave out along the Platte, Where they got alkalied: And I was sick with the di-a-ree. My laudanum by my side. When I reached the Little Blue I'd one boot and a shoe. Which I thought by greasing once or twice Would last me nearly through. I had needles, thread and pills, Which my nanny did prescribe. And a flint-lock musket full. To shoot the Digger tribe-But I left them all on Goose Creek. Where I freely did imbibe.

I joined in with a train from Pike, The Indians came in that night, Stampeded all their stock. They laughed at me, said, "Go a-foot," But soon they stopped their fun, For my old mule was left behind. So poor he could not run. I crawled out and started on, And I managed very well, Until I struck the Humboldt, Which I thought was nearly hell. I traveled till I struck the sink Where outlet can't be found: The Lord got through late Saturday night-He'd finished all around, But would not work on Sunday. So he run it in the ground.

The Peyouts stole what grub I had, They left me not a bite. And now the Devil was to pay-The desert was in sight! And as the people passed along. They'd say to me, "You fool! You'll never get thro the world Unless you leave the mule." But I pushed, pulled and coaxed Till I finally made a start. And his bones, they squeaked and rattled so, I thought he'd fall apart. I killed a buzzard now and then. Gave Clip the legs and head; We crossed the Truckee thirty times. But not a tear was shed. We crossed the summit, took the trail That to Nevada led.

When I got to Sacramento, I got a little tight; I lodged aboard the Prison-brig One-half a day and night. I vamoosed when I got ashore, Went to the Northern mines And found the saying very true: "All is not gold that shines." I dug, packed and chopped, And drifted night and day, But I haven't struck a single lead That would my wages pay. At home they think we ought to have Gold on our cabin shelves, Wear high-heeled boots, well blacked, Instead of rubbers number twelves-But let them come and try it. Till they satisfy themselves.

No. 582

THE GOLD SEEKER VII also known as

I'm Off to See the Elephant Off to See the Elephant Leave, You Miners, Leave A Miner's Song

Seeing the Elephant When I Left the States for Gold

This song is sung to the tune of The Boatman's Dance. The words were written by David G. Robinson.

REFERENCES

Belden (BS), 347 Black, 50-52

Davidson (RMF), 212 Dwyer, 53-55

Lengyel, 34-36 Lengyel (HB), 14-15 Lingenfelter, 87-88 Luther, 128-129 Sherwin (SGM), 27-29 Silber (SGAW), 107-110

The Gold Seeker VII

Tune: The Boatman's Dance

Now when I went to search for gold, Everything I had was sold— My bed, my stove, and a skinny old sow, Sixteen chickens and a muley cow.

Chorus

I'm off to see the elephant, And hope to strike it big; I'm off to see the elephant, And dig, boys, dig!

Off I started, Yankee-like,
And soon fell in with a lot from Pike;
The next was, "Damn you, back, wo-haw,"
A right smart chance from Arkansas.
On the Platte we couldn't agree,
Because I had a di-a-ree;
We there split up, I made a break,
With one old mule for the Great Salt Lake.

The Mormon girls were fat as hogs, The chief production, cats and dogs; Some had ten wives, others none, Thirty-six had Brigham young.

Being brave, I cut and carved, On the desert nearly starved; My old mule laid down and died, I had no blanket, took his hide. On I traveled through the pines, At last I found the northern mines; I stole a dog, got whipt like hell, Then away I went to Marysville.

There I filled the town with lice And robbed the Chinese of their rice; The people say, "You've got the itch, Leave here, you lousy son-of-a-bitch!"

The people threatened me my life,

Because I stole a miner's wife;

They showed a rope, to give me signs,

So off I went to the Southern mines.

I mined awhile, got lean and lank,
And then I stole a monte-bank;
Went to the city, got a gambler's name
And lost my bank at the thimble game.

I met a California girl,
Her eyes were grey, her hair did curl;
She had a nose so long it touched her chin,
But when I called, I couldn't get in.

When the elephant I had seen,
I'm damned if I thought I was green;
And others say, both night and morn,
They saw him coming 'round the Horn.

No. 583

THE GOLD SEEKER VIII

also known as

Away Up on the Yuba

John A. Stone wrote the words of this song to match

Stephen Foster's extremely popular piece, <u>Old Folks At</u>
<u>Home</u> (see in <u>MB</u>). The text first appeared in <u>Put's</u>
<u>Original California Songster</u> and was reprinted in

Dwyer, 66-67.

The Gold Seeker VIII

Tune: Old Folks at Home

Away up the Yuba River,

Far up in the mines,

That's where I've been mining

Ever since we dug our rockers out of pines.

All up and down the digger nation,

Many times I've roamed;

All dirt and rags, besides starvation,

Hair that seemed it never had been combed.

Chorus

All the mines look hard and dreary, Everywhere I roam; Oh, miners, how my heart grows weary, Neter a cent, and far away from home.

All around the northern mines I wandered,
With my blankets on my back;
All I made for whiskey then I squandered,
Never had a dollar in my sack.
When I was fluming on the Feather,
I was going to make a strike,
Till I was drove out by the rainy weather,
Such thund'rin' luck! I never saw the like.

When I was mining with my partner,

He and I could not agree;

I made all the bread—did this, that and tother,

He got mad if he had to make the tea.

He was lazy as the very devil,

Swore with me he wouldn't work;

We divided; he took tent, pick and shovel—

Away he went, the lazy, lousy shirk!

No. 584

THE GOLD SEEKER IX also known as

An Honest Miner

Pig ina Bag

This is yet another humorous song using a text by John A. Stone set to the tune of a famous song:

Samuel Lover's Low-Backed Car (see in MB).

REFERENCES

Black, 12-13 Dwyer, 83-84 Grant (SF), 134-136 Lingenfelter, 132-134 Sherwin (SGM), 24-26 Songster (144), 29-30

The Gold Seeker IX

Tune: The Low-Backed Car

When first I went to mining,
I was uncommon green,
With 'gallus' rig I went to dig,
And claimed a whole ravine.
But when I could not make my grub,
With implements to gag,
An honest miner might have been seen
At night with a pig in a bag.

Chorus

As he lugged it away from the pen, Was thinking how lucky he'd been; Went into a hole, dug deep after gold, With pig in the bag tumbled in. I wandered 'round from place to place,
And no one did mistrust,
But what an honest miner had—
Most any amount of dust.
It seems a gang of thieves had robbed
A hen-roost neat and clean,
An honest miner wringing their necks,
Might possibly have been seen.

Chorus

As he thought of the elegant stew,

The rooster would make—but he flew;

He'd cook up the hens and invite in his friends,

As the dog run him out of the roost.

A certain class will drink and fight,
And gamble all the while,
And live among the prostitutes
In low, degraded style.
The people think it's with the few,
But I for one will tell,
An honest miner's often seen
Crawling out of a Spanish corral.

Chorus

And pretend to respectable be,
Will damn them for A to Z;
They're first to shout "let's run 'em out,"
And the first to get round where they be.

And raise the very devil,
But that's all right, if once a week
He's seen with pick and shovel.
Of course he'll starve before he'll steal,
But, try him a trip and see;

I've mined too long to be deceived—
I have that, yes-sir-ree!

Chorus

But we're all of us bound to live, By mining though, without or with; Though after awhile we'll all make a pile, So remember the pig in a bag.

No. 585

THE GOLD SEEKER X also known as

I'm a Lousy Miner

The Lousy Miner

John A. Stone set the words of this humorous song to the tune of <u>Fair Phoebe</u> and <u>Her Dark-Eyed Sailor</u> (see <u>Disguised Lover II</u> in this <u>Master Book</u>).

REFERENCES

Black, 24-25	Lomax (FSNA), 338
Botkin (AFL), 863-864	Sandburg (AS), 107
Dwyer, 155	Silber (SGAW), 117-119
Grant (SF), 122-123	Silverman, II, 419
Lingenfelter, 98-99	Vitus, 23

The Gold Seeker X

Tune: Disguised Lover II

It's four long years since I reached this land,
In search of gold among the rocks and sand;
And yet I'm poor when the truth is told,
I'm a lousy miner, I'm a lousy miner in search of
shining gold.

I've lived on swine till I grunt and squeal;
No one can tell how my bowels feel,
With slapjacks a-swimming round in bacon grease.
I'm a lousy miner, I'm a lousy miner—when will
my troubles cease?

I was covered with lice coming on the boat,
I threw away my fancy swallow-tailed coat,
And now they crawl up and down my back.
I'm a lousy miner, I'm a lousy miner—a pile is
all I lack.

My sweetheart vowed she'd wait for me

Till I returned; but don't you see

She's married now, sure—so I'm told,

Left her lousy miner, left her lousy miner, in

search of shining gold.

Oh, land of gold, you did me deceive,

And I intend in thee my bones to leave;

So farewell, home, now my friends grow cold,

I'm a lousy miner, I'm a lousy miner, in search

of shining gold.

No. 586

THE GOLD SEEKER XI also known as

Doo Da, Doo Da Day A Gambler's Life I Do Admire
The Gambler I'm Bound to Play All Night

This is John A. Stone's rollicking parody on Stephen Foster's Camptown Races (see in MB).

REFERENCES

Black, 40-41 Dwyer, 110-111 Sherwin (SGM), 18-19

The Gold Seeker XI

Tune: Camptown Races

A gambler's life I do admire,

Doo da, doo da,

The best of rum they do require,

Doo da, doo da day!

The poker sharps begin to pout,

Doo da, doo da,

I played all night and cleaned 'em out,

Doo da, doo da day!

Chorus

I'm bound to play all night!
I'm bound to play all day!
I bet my money on the ace and king,
Who dares bet on the trey?

There's faro, sledge, and twenty-one, etc.

Oh, boys! let's have a little fun, etc.

You gamblers better hold your tongue, etc.

The monte dealers have all been hung, etc.

I used to wear a ruffled shirt, etc.

But now I'm covered with rags and dirt, etc.

A Colt revolver and a Bowie-knife, etc.

I'm bound to gamble all my life, etc.

No. 587

THE GOLD SEEKER XII also known as

I Often Think of Writing It Keeps a Man Humping Home Round

The popular English-Irish song, Irish Molly 0!, was used by John A. Stone for this gold-rush piece, which

turned out to be one of his more popular creations. For a text of <u>Irish Molly O!</u> see elsewhere in this <u>Master Book</u>.

REFERENCES

Black, 8-9 Dwyer, 166-167 Silber (SGAW), 111-113

The Gold Seeker XII Tune: Irish Molly, O!

I often think of writing home, but very seldom write;
A letter now and then I get, which fills me with delight.
But while I'm here with Romans I'll do as Romans do,
And let it rip, till I return and tell mystory true.

Chorus

For it keeps a man humping 'round, to keep up with the times,

An' pen and ink is very scarce with people in the mines;
And writing don't amount to much, unless you have the
dimes.

If I would write them every mail I know it would them please,

But neighbors would then flock around them, like a swarm of bees;

And great would be the cry abroad that such a man's a fool, And if he was a friend of mine, I'd have him sent to school.

I've half a mind to drop a line and tell them I'm alive,
And watch the California boats whenever they arrive,
For I intend to home return, whene'er I feel inclined—
Then drop a line informing them I've lately changed my
mind.

I like to live among the hills and pleasant mountain towns,

And like the cities better since they drove away the hounds;

But were they fifty times as fair, for all I would not fail

To be a man forevermore, and write them every mail.

No. 588

THE GOLD SEEKER XIII

also known as

Gold

The Miner's Lament

John A. Stone wrote the words of this song and set them to the tune of H. S. Thompson's <u>Lilly Dale</u> (see in <u>MB</u>). Stone called his song <u>The Miner's Lament</u>, a title for at least two other gold-rush songs, one by D. G. Robinson, set to the tune of <u>Irish Dragoon</u>, and one by J. E. Johnson, set to the tune of <u>I'll Sing No More Until I Drink</u>. Both songs are in Dwyer, 160, 161.

REFERENCES

Belden (BS), 347-348

Dwyer, 158-159

The Gold Seeker XIII

Tune: Lilly Dale

When the gold fever raged, I was doing very well, With my friends all around, young and old; 'Twas a long time ago, and I bade them farewell, And embarked for the land of gold.

Chorus

Oh, miners! poor miners, hungry and cold, Though poor I'll return to my home far away; So farewell to the land of gold. 'Twas a hard thing to part from those little ones so gay,

That were playing in the yard round the door, And my wife sobbed aloud as I started away, Saying, "Farewell, I'll see you no more!"

I dreamed I was home and in the orchard tread With those loved ones so gay, it did seem, As I reached for the apples that hung o'er my head, Disappointed I woke from my dream.

I toil'd night and day with hope of gaining wealth,
Through the cold winter's rain with delight;
But, alas! sad misfortune has ruined my health,
So, my fond friends at home, all good night.

No. 589

THE GOLD SEEKER XIV also known as

Oh! What a Miner
The Prospecting Dream

The Prospector's Dream

John A. Stone turned once again to a Stephan Foster song for his words. In this case, he took the tune of Oh! Susannah.

REFERENCES

Black, 42-43 Dwyer, 74-75 Grant (SF), 114-115 Lengyel, 52-53

Lengyel (HB), 18-19 Lingenfelter, 92-93 Sherwin (SGM), 34-35 Vitus, 11 I dreamed a dream the other night,
When everything was still;
I dreamed that I was carrying
My long-tom down a hill—
My feet slipped out and I fell down,
Oh! how i jarred my liver!
I watched my long-tom till I saw
It fetch up in the river.

Chorus

Oh! what a miner, what a miner was I!
All swelled up with the scurvy,
So I really thought I'd die.

My matches, flour, and chili beans
Lay scattered all around,
I felt so bad I wished to die,
As I lay on the ground
My coffee rolled down by a rock,
My pepper I could not find,
Twas then I thought of Lena Belle,
The girl I left behind.

I took my shovel, pick and pan,
To try a piece of ground,
I dreamed I struck the richest lead
That ever had been found.
Then I wrote home that I had found
A solid lead of gold,
And I'd be home in just a month—
But what a lie I told!

I dug, I panned, and tommed awhile,
Till I had but a dollar;
I stuck it here, and right down there,
I could not raise the color.

John Chinaman he bought me out,
And pungled down the dust,
Then I had just an ounce in change
To start out on a "bust."

I went to town and I got drunk;

Next morning, to my surprise,

I found that I had got a pair

Of roaring big black eyes.

And I was strapp'd, had not a cent,

Not even pick or shovel;

My hair snarled up, my breeches torn,

I looked just like the devil!

No. 590

THE GOLD SEEKER XV

also known as

The Sensible Miner

The words of this song were set to the tune of <u>Lament</u> of the <u>Irish Emigrant</u> (see in <u>MB</u>). The words are by John A. Stone.

Another version is in Dwyer, 85-86.

The Gold Seeker XV

Tune: Lament of the Irish Emigrant.

I'm mining in a dry ravine
That may not pay at all;
I've dug a long and fancy drain,
To sluice through in the Fall.
But should the rains hold off till late,
And keep me in suspense,
I'll write a line and tell dear Kate
My hide is on the fence.

When I have filled my pockets with "rocks,"
I'll live and easy life;
I'll buy a silver pepper-box,
Likewise a bowie-knife.
No man shall rob my camp at night,
Not even if he weighs a ton!
I'll show that miners are some on the fight,
And a "right smart chance" on the run.

The money "I'm looking for!" troubles me now,
And unless I should build a balloon
To send it safe home, I've no idea how,
No more than the man in the moon.
'Twould never arrive should I send it by mail,
For they'd steal it and spend it for beer,
And sharpers would swindle me someway, or fail,
So I think I'll enjoy it here.

No. 591

THE GOLD SEEKER XVI also known as

Get Out of My Way

Striking a Lead

From the Original California Songster, 1855, comes this song with text by John A. Stone and tune from \underline{Old} \underline{Dan} Tucker (see in \underline{MB}).

Another version is in Dwyer, 73.

The Gold Seeker XVI

Tune: Old Dan Tucker

I took my shovel, pick and pan,
And went to mining like a man;
I picked up chunks that weighed a pound—
They lay like lemons on the ground.

Chorus

Get out of my way, I'm mad as fury! Get out of my way, I'm mad as fury! Get out of my way, I'm mad as fury! I'm from Pike, in old Missoury.

I laughed to see so many fools Come running with their mining tools, When up a sign went, "Whiskey out," One bit a glass for good rot-gut.

I'm going home, I've made my pile.

I'm going through in cabin style;

I'll get my money and life insured,

For fear I'd get knocked overboard.

No. 592

THE GOLD SEEKER XVII

also known as

The Golden Days Have Passed Oh, Happy Home

Those Golden Days
Those Happy Days
The Unhappy Miner

Even in the Golden Songster, where it first appear, no author's name was supplied for this song. It was specified, however, that the tune was Stephen Foster's Old Dog Tray (see in MB).

For other versions, see Black, 2-3 and Dwyer, 153-154.

The Gold Seeker XVII

Tune: Old Dog Tray

My happy days are past, the mines have failed at last, The canyons and gulches no longer will pay. There's nothing left for me, I'll never, never see My happy, happy home far away.

Chorus

Oh, happy home, now where art thou? Friends that were kind and sincere!

Alas, I do not know, my heart is full of woe, thinking of loved ones so dear.

I mine from break of day, but cannot make it pay,
Disheartened return to my cabin at night,
Where rattlesnakes crawl round my bed made on the ground,
And coiling up, lay ready to bite.

My poor old leaky lamp is always cold and damp,
My blanket is covered with something that crawls;
My bread will never rise, my coffee-pot capsize—
I'd rather live inside prison walls.

My boots are full of holes, like merchants have no soles; My hands, once soft, are harder than stone; My pants and woolen shirt are only rags and dirt; And must I live and die here alone?

I know how miners feel when pigs begin to squeal,
Or hers on their roosts do cackle and squall;
It makes my blood run cold to think it's all for gold,
And often wish that Gabriel would call!

It's "Starve or pay the dust," for merchants will not trust,

And then in the summer the diggings are dry; Of course then I am broke, swelled up by poison oak; It's even so, I really would not lie.

If I were home again, to see green fields of grain,
And all kinds of fruit hanging ripe on the trees;
I there would live and die, the gold mines bid goodbye—
Forever free from bed-bugs and fleas!

No. 593

THE GOLD SEEKER XVIII also known as

I'm a Used-Up Man Life in California A Used-Up Man

This text, set to the air of a song called Used-Up Man, was written by David G. "Doc" Robinson. It was published in Robinson's Comic Songs; or, Hits at San Francisco, 1853.

REFERENCES

Black, 4-5

Dwyer, 108-109 Silber (SGAW), 104-106

The Gold Seeker XVIII

O. I haint got no home, nor nothin' else I s'pose, Misfortune seems to follow me wherever I goes. I come to California with a heart both stout and bold, And I've been up to the diggins for to get some lumps of gold.

Chorus

But I'm a used-up man, a perfect used-up man, And if I ever get home again, I'll stay there if I can.

I lived 'way back in Maine, where I heard about the diggins, So I shipped aboard a darned old barque commanded by Joe Higgins.

I sold my little farm, and from wife and children parted; I sailed to California, and left them broken-hearted.

When I got to San Francisco, I saw such heaps of money, And the way the folks at monte played- I thought the game quite funny.

Well, I took my little pile and on the table tossed it, And the chap who dealt the cards says, "My friend, you've lost it!"

I got into a steamboat and started up the river,
Where I thought the damn mosquitos would eat away
my liver!

When I got to Sacramento I buckled on this riggin', And when I found a decent place I started right in diggin'.

I got into the water, where the fever came and took me; And after I was froze to death, it turned 'round and shook me.

But still I kept on workin', a-hopin' 'twould be better,
But the water didn't fall a bit—jus' kept a-gettin'
wetter.

I 'spose if I should die they'd take me to the Mission,
Or else Jim Riddle'd sell me to pay up my physician.
I've tried to keep up courage, and swore I wouldn't
spree it,

And here's my pile for five months work—I'd lief as not you'd see it.

I don't know what to do, for all the time I'm diggin'
To hunt up grub enough to eat and find a decent lodging.
I can't get any liquor, and no one seems to meet me;
Who'll take me by the collar now and kindly ask to treat me?

I'll go on up to "Woodcock" and see if Tom won't trust me;
Ol' Tom has got too good a heart to let the hard times
 bust me.

But if they don't know me there, or say I can't be trusted, Why, then, friends, without your help, this poor old miner's busted.

I don't know how it is, but I've a dreadful feeling

If I don't get some business soon, I'll have to take

up stealing.

I'd like some city office here, and the tax law needs correctin'-

I'd make a first-rate Mayor too, and only need electin'.

To all the friends I have here, my thanks—I can't express 'em;

For all their generosity, just let me say, God bless 'em. What they don't know of kindness, I'm sure ain't worth the knowing.

So with warmest thanks, kind friends, I think I'll be a-going.

No. 594

THE GOLD SEEKER XIX

also known as

When I Went Off To Prospect

For this rollicking satire, John A. Stone, the author, used the tune of <u>King of the Cannibal Islands</u>, <u>or Po-ca-hon-tas</u>, by J. Brougham.

REFERENCES

Black, 26-27 Dwyer, 71-72 Grant (SF), 116-118 Lengyel (HB), 21 Lingenfelter, 109-110 Silber (SGAW), 100-103 Songster (144), 46-47

The Gold Seeker XIX Tune: King of the Cannibal Islands

I heard of gold at Sutter's Mill,
At Michigan Bluff and Iowa Hill,
But never thought it was rich until
I started off to prospect.
At Yankee Jim's I bought a purse,
Inquired for Iowa Hill, of course,
And traveled on, but what was worse
Fetched up in Shirttail Canyon.